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October 2, 1937

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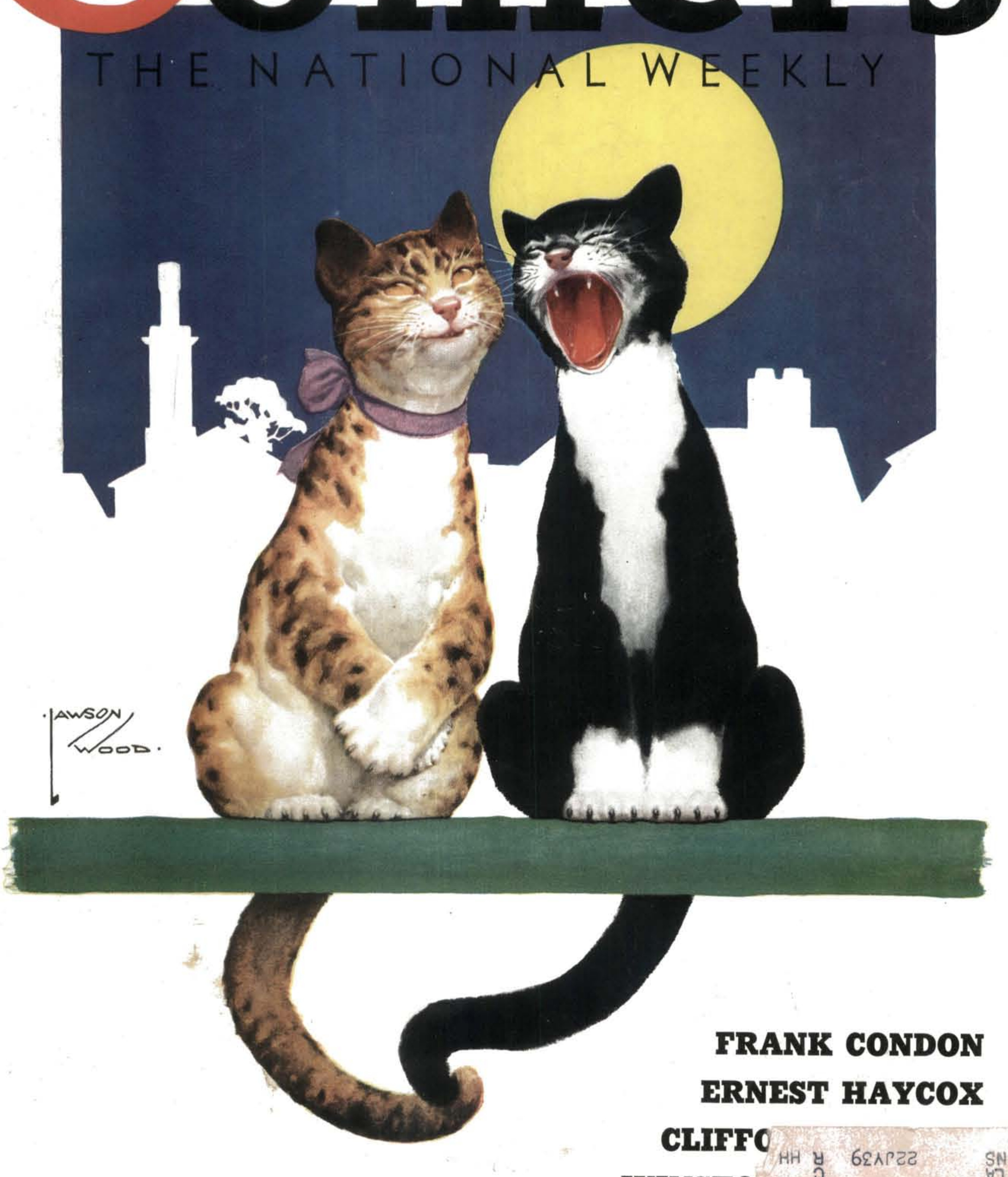
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY


LAWSON WOOD.

FRANK CONDON

ERNEST HAYCOX

CLIFFO

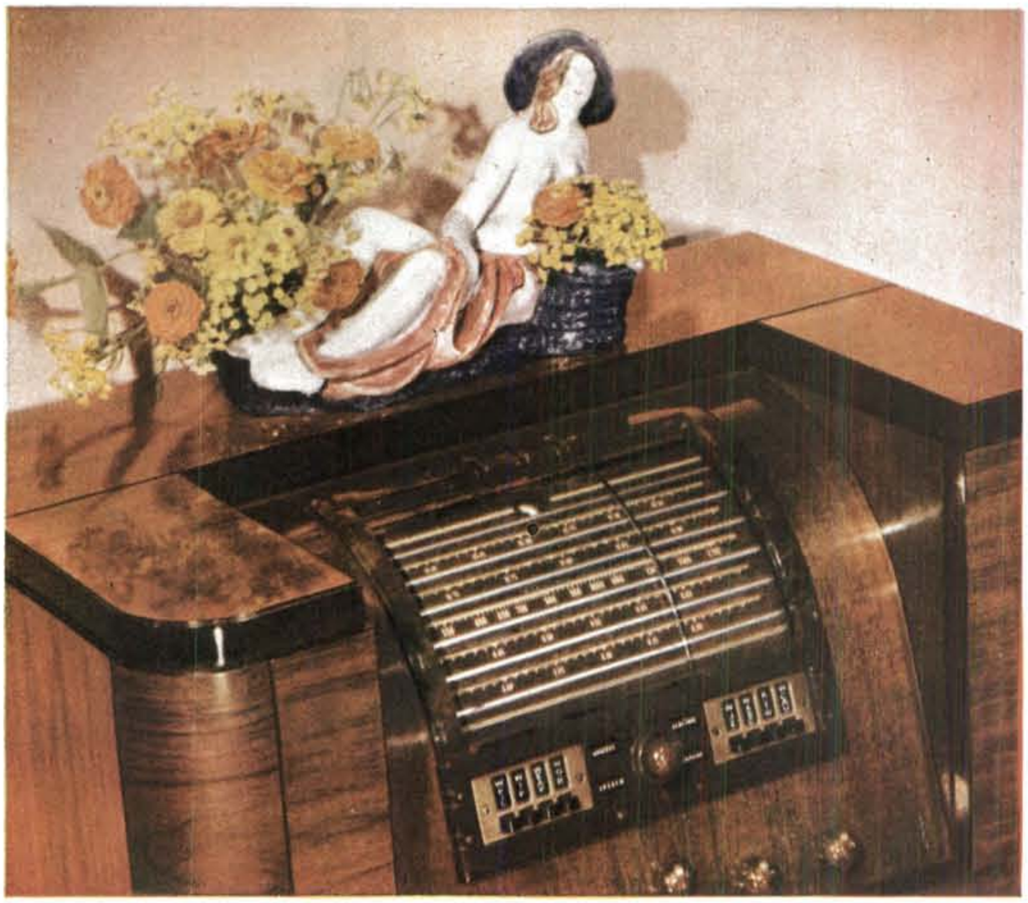
WINSTO

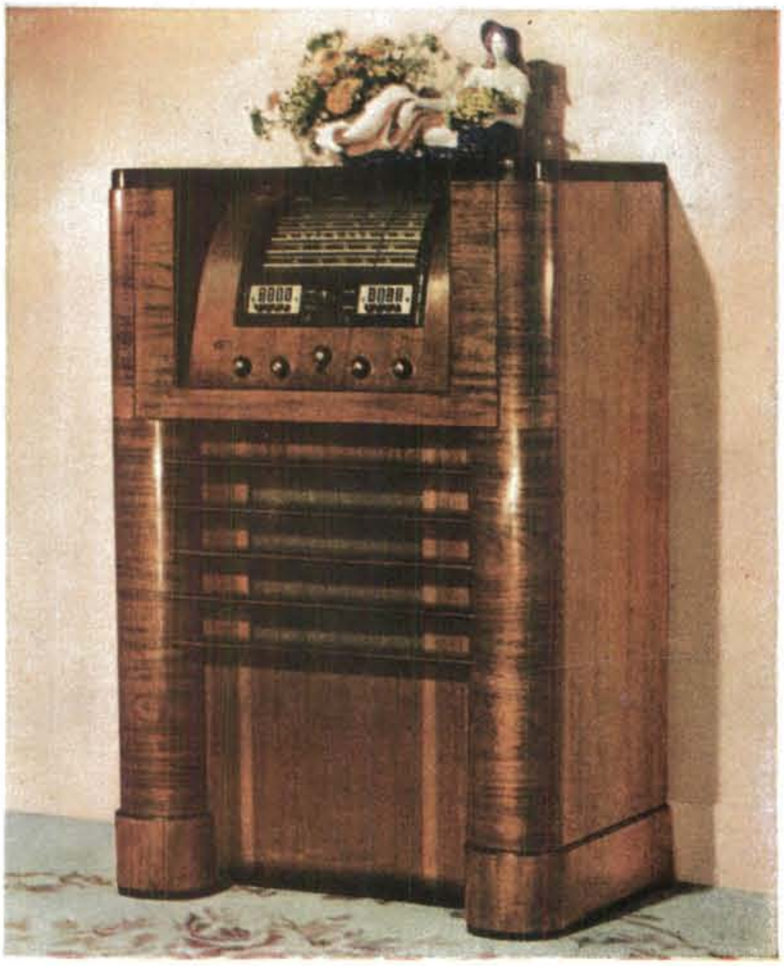
MRS JOAN HARGROVE 12
417 E MADISON
IOLA
KANS
22JY39

Oct. 2, 1937

EXCLUSIVE!

The Overseas Dial is shown below. It is offered only by RCA Victor. Note these features. **1.** Each short wave band is on a separate scale. **2.** These scales are more than 9½ inches wide. **3.** Short wave stations are 50 times farther apart than formerly. **4.** Names of cities are clearly shown on each short wave band. **5.** Only one band lights up at a time. **6.** Dial is curved back for easy reading. **7.** Arrangement of dial and control is patterned after organ console. **8.** Overseas Dial makes tuning for short wave stations as easy as tuning for domestic stations. **9.** Any one of your eight favorite stations can be tuned automatically by Electric Tuning. **10.** You can tune this radio from your favorite armchair. **11.** Can easily be made into a fine electric phonograph with RCA Victor Record Player, so that you can play records at any time.





$20* DOWN PUTS THIS SUPERB INSTRUMENT IN YOUR HOME

As distinguished in performance as in appearance, this RCA Victor Model 813K will give you a totally new conception of how fine radio can be. A 13-tube, 5-band superheterodyne, it provides all the thrilling performance extras of Electric Tuning, Overseas Dial, Sonic-Arc Magic Voice, Magic Brain, Magic Eye, RCA Metal Tubes, High Frequency Tone Control and a wealth of other features—all *proof* of RCA Victor quality and value! (Armchair Control available at slight extra cost.)

New RCA Victor Overseas Dial—

MAKES TUNING FOR SHORT WAVE STATIONS AS EASY AS FOR DOMESTIC STATIONS

Exclusive RCA Victor foreign station feature shares popularity with Electric Tuning as thousands discover thrill of "push a button—there's your station"

TUNE in on the world! RCA Victor's exclusive new Overseas Dial now makes it as easy to tune for foreign stations as for domestic broadcasts.

Above is a picture of an RCA Victor with the new Overseas Dial. Look at this amazing and exclusive feature. See how the short wave bands are spread out. Each is more than 9½ inches wide. Stations are 50 times farther apart than formerly. The Overseas Dial is like an organ console built to play world radio. On its curved dial the broadcasting stations of the world are arranged for your easy selection, whether you sit or stand by the instrument. This great new RCA Victor development means new radio thrills and enjoyment for you!

Only RCA Victor offers the Overseas Dial, the first ever planned to make foreign programs a regular part of your radio entertainment. An exclusive twin feature that goes with every Overseas Dial is RCA Victor Electric Tuning. It is really automatic. *Push a button — there's your station.* Your favorite programs tuned as simply as turning on an electric light.

New and Finer Magic Voice

RCA Victor for 1938 offers you many another important improvement. The famous Magic Voice—conceded to be radio's finest tone — has been improved. Now built on the "band shell" principle, it is called the Sonic-Arc Magic Voice . . . rings truer than ever.

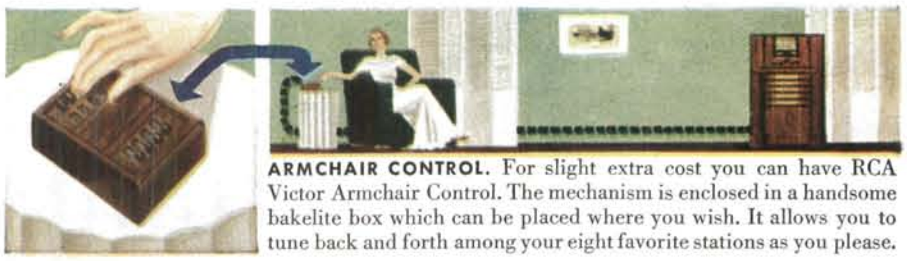
Your RCA Victor dealer will be glad to demonstrate the exciting Overseas Dial and Electric Tuning. You will see for yourself how much they add to your radio pleasure! You will be delighted, too, to find how easily you can own one of these instruments, how generous trade-in allowances and convenient terms put them within the reach of almost every family.

•

RCA METAL TUBES
Sign of a Modern Radio

You can buy RCA Victor Radios on C.I.T. Easy Payment Plan! Any radio is better with an RCA Antenna System.

*Down payment may vary slightly in various parts of the country.



ARMCHAIR CONTROL. For slight extra cost you can have RCA Victor Armchair Control. The mechanism is enclosed in a handsome bakelite box which can be placed where you wish. It allows you to tune back and forth among your eight favorite stations as you please.

RCA presents the "Magic Key" every Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m., E. S. T., on NBC Blue Network

RCA Victor

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff, as it looks under the microscope, magnified many times.

LISTERINE

THE MOST EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR

DANDRUFF

I EVER USED . . . AND SO DELIGHTFUL

Kills Pityrosporum ovale, the germ which causes dandruff, removes unsightly scales, allays itching and brings new life to the scalp. In New Jersey hair clinic 76% of patients got quick relief.

After ten years of research, dandruff has been stripped of its mystery. There is new hope for millions of sufferers.

Laboratories find that a stubborn germ, Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff. Clinical tests show that treatment should be antiseptic to kill the germ. Otherwise the chances for permanent recovery are slight.

No Guesswork—Clinical Proof

And now, to countless men and women, Listerine is bringing quick relief from this humiliating condition. Never before, they say, a treatment so positive in results—so beneficial to scalp and hair—so invigorating and delightful—and so easy to carry out. All you need to do is apply Listerine right from the bottle or with a medicine dropper, then follow with a vigorous, persistent massage.

And remember, such personal experience is corroborated by impressive clinical evidence. Such evidence is the guide of medical men. Let it be yours, also. Read carefully the brief outline of this amazing research.

Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

Rabbits given dandruff by inoculation with Pityrosporum ovale were treated on one side only, with Listerine Antiseptic, once a day. The other side was untreated.

Within four days improvement was noted, and at the end of fourteen days, on the average, a complete cure was effected. No scales, no crusts.

The sides not treated with Listerine showed evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.

Relief in Two Weeks

In a noted midwestern skin clinic, men and women dandruff patients were chosen for the Listerine treatment. A majority were instructed to massage their scalps *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The rest of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to note carefully the convincing results again achieved:

A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks, on the average. In many other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching stopped, dandruff scales were eliminated, and in some cases falling hair was terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using a non-antiseptic solution showed any improvement.*

76% Got Relief

Meanwhile, in a New Jersey clinic other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic.

At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in applying the treatment.

Try the Proved Method

If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, start now with Listerine and massage, once a day at least. Twice a day is better. Don't expect overnight miracles. Remember, dandruff is a germ disease, requiring persistent and systematic treatment, which *should be antiseptic*. Do not rely on ointments, salves or solutions, which may relieve symptoms only momentarily. Remember, Listerine's results against dandruff are a matter of laboratory and clinical record. We know no other remedy of which the same may be said.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

His story reflects the ringing enthusiasm of thousands of users:

In desperation, I called up my doctor about a severe case of dandruff which ordinary remedies hadn't done a thing for. "Try Listerine," he said. "It kills the germ that causes dandruff."

I doused on Listerine just as it came from the bottle, and followed it with massage. Those ugly flakes began to go—that annoying itching stopped. My scalp felt marvelously clean and cool.

Man, was I grateful to Listerine! I kept the treatment up every day for about three weeks, using a little olive oil because my scalp was excessively dry.

Now thanks to Listerine I haven't a trace of dandruff, and my scalp and hair have never been so healthy.

LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK Editorial Director

Collier's

October 2, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

YOU could find a bully like Smacko Bridges in any one of a hundred schools. You could find a shrimp like Georgie Hedley, too, but it wouldn't be the same. Georgie's patience had something abnormal about it, a tacit menace that chilled the others in his class without their understanding it.

The roots of Hedley's hatred ran deep. Time did not prevent its sinister blossoming. In "Everything is Fine," J. P. Marquand writes the grim conclusion of a schoolboy's feud.

IT WOULDN'T be fair to say that the Workers Alliance has a corner on oratory, but their oratory is gustier, looser, wilder than others'. The "Loyal Sons of WPA" are experts at random bursts of rhetoric—and no subjects barred. But don't be deceived by the noise and lack of direction. The Workers Alliance already represents a lot of votes, and politicians are watching it with speculative interest. Its godfather, Mr. Harry Hopkins, regards it with benign tolerance. It has, one assumes, a place in his future plans. Walter Davenport introduces you to this colorful by-product of relief.

NO ONE who knew Buck Dolan believed that he had misjudged that ball. Buck always knew where they were going—except this once. Maybe the ball had a crooked seam. Anyway, it hit him. After that Buck couldn't judge them any more. He took Anne and went away, out of the big leagues into the shadows. Quentin Reynolds writes his story in "World Series Hero."

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Dr. Robert Williams began taking bran apart to find out how it is made. There was something there that cured beriberi. What? The answer, wrung out a molecule at a time, has had important consequences far beyond the original problem. In "The Rats Said Yes," J. D. Ratcliff explains.

AS THE world's foremost illusionist Bazarada long ago solved the problem of being in two places at the same time. Sax Rohmer shows him using this gift in the cause of justice. The story's title is "The Red Doctor."

WE OUGHT to warn you that the best Short Short Story of the year, "McCabe's Girl," by Maurice Barrangon, appears next week. Kyle Crichton, Janet Lane, Walter Duranty, Agatha Christie, Ernest Haycox and others contribute articles and fiction.

This Week

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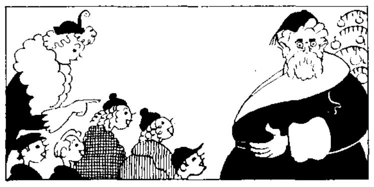
Keep Your Head, by Bruce Barton. Page 66

COVER LAWSON WOOD

Any Week

THERE may not be an extra session of Congress this year, but Mr. Stacey G. Key of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, insists on being apprehensive anyway. Doesn't think we can afford it. "I can't help thinking of what Edward Everett Hale, when he was the Senate chaplain, said to the lady who asked him what his duties were. 'Madam,' said he, 'I look at the Senate and pray for the country.' "



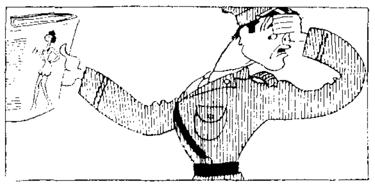
WE HAVE not seen Senator Royal S. Copeland lately. But when we do we shall try to force from him a bit of information sought by Miss Gladys McLynn of New York City: "We were discussing politics at our club and a question came up. We decided to ask you. Did Senator Royal Copeland of New York ever work as a Santa Claus in a department store?"

EVER since he was a small boy, Mr. Jack P. Hause of Butte, Montana, has been interested in America's ghost towns—mining, lumbering and industrial boom communities which, having served their purposes, have fallen into uninhabited decay. "I've always known that ghost towns could serve some useful purpose," he says. "And now I have it. Give one of these towns to each of those Utopia boys in Washington. Let him be its dictator. Give him, too, a population chosen from his followers. After two or three years of that fetch him back to Washington to his old job. That guy's going to be educated."

WE GOT a letter about a ghost town the other day. Mr. B. Frank McCord of Pocatello wrote it. "Next time you're out this way," he says, "stop off and let me take you up to White Knob and talk to Otto Cloninger. Mr. Cloninger is the watchman at White Knob which, being a ghost town, isn't so busy that he won't be able to take off a little time—say a year or two—and tell you all about what goes on, especially at midnight. The county tried to sell White Knob not long ago at auction but nobody but the auctioneer and Otto showed up. And Otto doesn't want the place. When they abandoned the mines there in 1928 they left Otto in charge. Nobody's been around to pay him. Somebody owes Otto $4,800 in wages but he isn't sure who."

HOWEVER, if we're honestly seeking a cure for ghost towns, aching ideals and similar complaints we might try Mrs. Esther B. Bosworth's plan. From Atlanta, Georgia, she asks that "the next President be selected from the vast number of able men who have never been heard of. The trouble with most Presidents is that they've been heard of so much before being nominated and elected and have had so many fine things said about them that they try to live up to all those praises. A man can get along all right until he tries to be more than a man. Then his suspenders break."

AND that gently intimate last observation by Mrs. Bosworth reminds us to print a protest from Captain Ben B. Clemens of Topeka, Kansas. The captain "would enjoy Collier's more if it was less immodest. There is," says the captain, "entirely too much underwear and other personals in your illustrations. We readers take it for granted that everybody has underwear on. It is not necessary to show us pictures of it. I am a fighting man as you see from my rank."



VEILED threats like that make us nervous. But we never go out after dark right after receiving one such as Mrs. S. I. Mornate of Paso Robles, California, has just sent us. "The truth will not set you free," she warns. "It will be your end. We will arrive when least expected. You will not know. It would do no good to tell you. The die is cast."

A FRIEND of ours who teaches English to college freshmen has just forwarded to us a bit of advice. He plucked it from a brilliant paper submitted by one of his young men. "Before libeling anybody," it read, "spare no pains to find out whether your victim is very sensitive."

AND Mr. Harry S. Youngling of Kansas City, Missouri, advises us that a CIO orator "threw discretion and everything else to the winds here the other night. After telling us what we may expect of Mr. Lewis, the lad said: 'I may as well tell you, folks, that before 1940 the man who does not hold a CIO card will not be permitted to vote. That's straight from the feedbox.' "

SIMPLIFY things, won't it?

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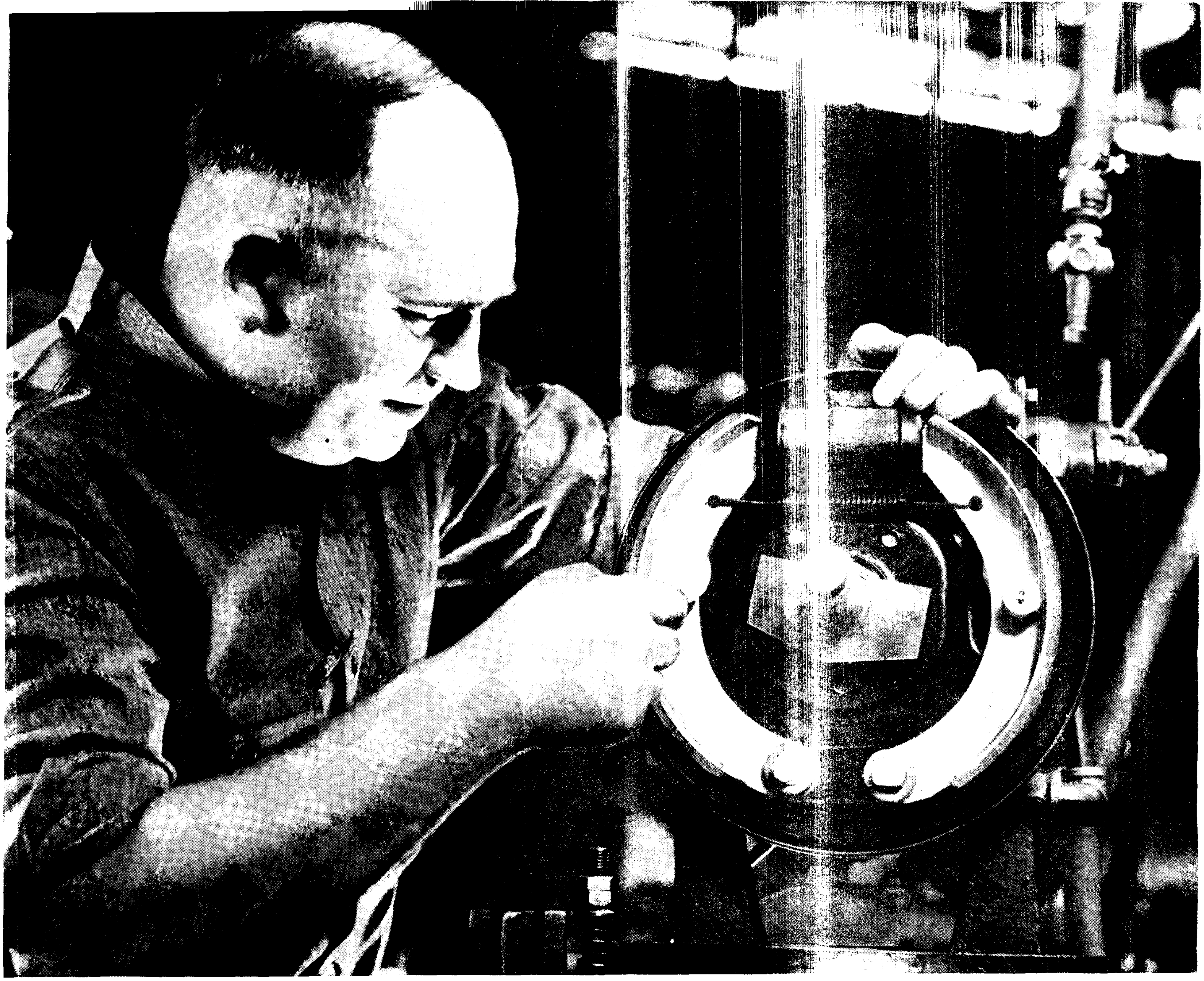


Every Plymouth's Had Them

WHY HAVE PLYMOUTH OWNERS always been so enthusiastic about their brakes?

You'll find the answer in the little black barrel under this Plymouth worker's finger-tips.

That "barrel" is an hydraulic cylinder. It holds *two* pistons that push out in two directions (toward the *front* and *back* of the car) against *two* brake shoes.

This two-way thrust is an important reason why Plymouth's brakes give smooth, level stops and why stopping is always under the *driver's control.* With *two* cylinders, the tendency to "jerk" and "grab," present in so-called "self-energizing" brakes, is overcome.

Plymouth's big brakes are generally conceded to be the safest type built. But they are only one of many features that make Plymouth a safer car for you and your family to ride in.

First among the low-priced cars with hydraulic brakes, Plymouth also pioneered the Safety-Steel body. This year, Plymouth's Safety Interior gives newly discovered protection. Scientific soundproofing protects and rests your nerves.

Any car today must perform well, ride smoothly, handle easily. *But, beyond all that, Plymouth believes a car should be made as safe as human ingenuity can build it.*

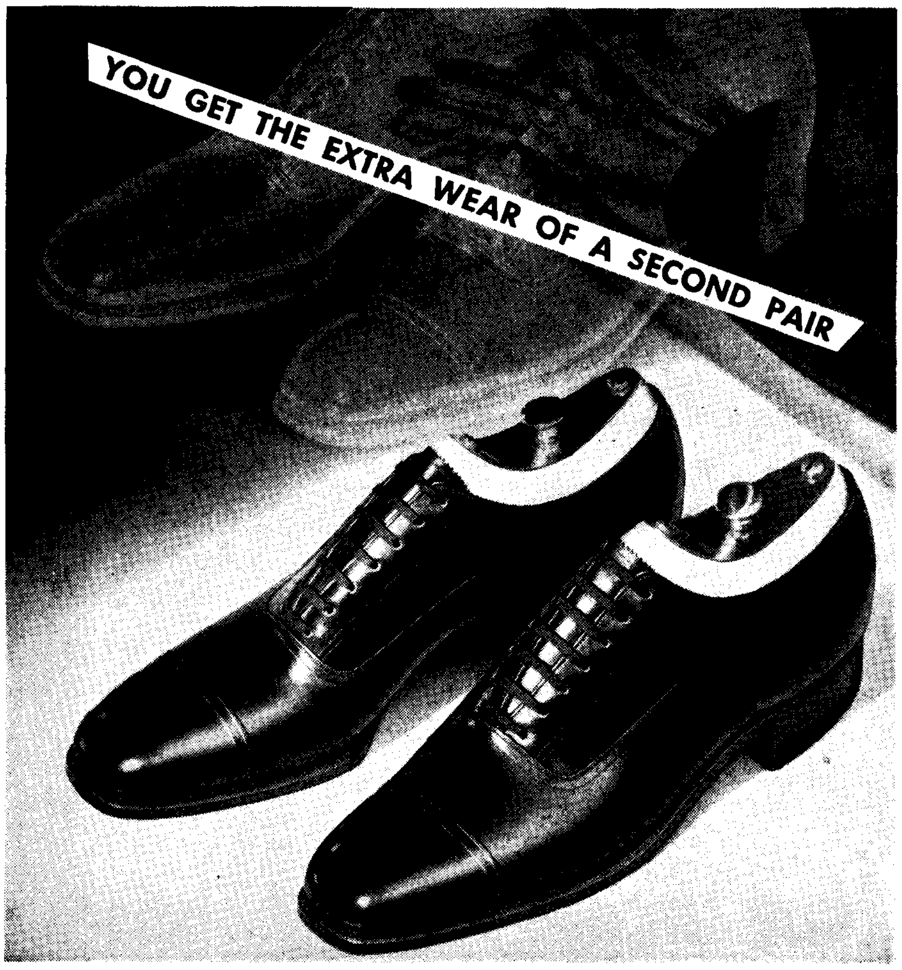
And here is a good point to remember: the same features that make Plymouth "the safest low-priced car" also help to make it *"the car that stands up best!"*—PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

EASY TO BUY

Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and you can buy a big, beautiful Plymouth on small monthly payments. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through all Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler dealers—terms which make it easy to buy a Plymouth today—*"the car that stands up best."*

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p.m., E.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



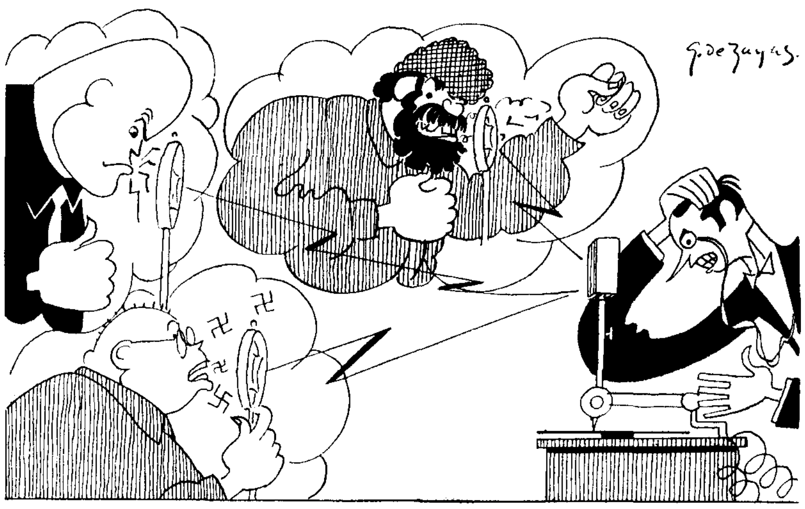
LONG *on Promise,*
LONGER *on Fulfillment*

FLORSHEIM Shoes are long on promise, and even *longer* on fulfillment. They're good to look at . . . better to wear . . . and best of all is their low-cost-per-mile. They're built to give "the extra wear of a second pair" . . . to go on achieving new mileage horizons long after ordinary shoes would have called it a day. The man who is mile-wise and dollar-smart is choosing Florsheims . . . for style, comfort *and* economy. *Illustrated,* The BROOKFIELD, S-623; *also in brown,* S-624; *Flarewedge styles that end "running-over".*

$10
MOST STYLES

THE
FLORSHEIM
SHOE

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Manufacturers · Chicago



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Radio stations in many European countries devote considerable time each day to broadcasting propaganda, much of which vilifies the policies and personalities of other nations. The British Broadcasting Company picks up and records all these talks, sending the most provocative and malicious ones to the Foreign Office.

The largest collection of books in history was once owned by Mudie's, England's famous lending library, which recently closed its doors after being in business for 95 years. Back in the nineties, when it was lending 100,000 volumes a week to 50,000 subscribers, it had 7,500,000 books on its shelves, having made purchases of up to 3,500 copies of a single edition, or more than were sold through all other channels of trade combined.

Throughout history, ships have been steered by two general methods—the direct tiller and the wheel. Now a third one—the push-button gear—is being installed on large vessels. The helmsman turns his ship in either direction—port or starboard—and to the desired degree by pressing either of two buttons.

A growing but little-known hobby is the collection of "fire marks," the metal plates which insurance companies once affixed to buildings they had insured so that their own fire brigades would be called in case of fire. America now has about 150 of these collectors and an outstanding one already owns 650 plates which he has gathered from 47 countries.

Many persons have eleven or thirteen ribs on either the right or left side of the body instead of twelve, the normal number.—*By John E. Fredericks, Iowa City, Iowa.*

Most species of wood can be identified more easily after conversion to paper than in the form of sawdust.

Massachusetts is the only state in the Union that has a law which specifically protects the national flags of other countries from desecration and mutilation.

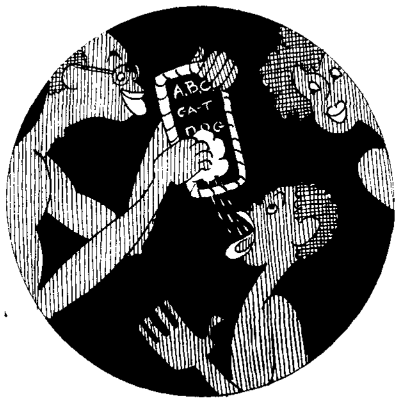
When submarine cable is laid in the deep parts of the Atlantic Ocean, it usually does not reach the bottom for more than two hours after leaving the stern of the ship. —*By Bernard Holmes, Montreal, Canada.*

Despite the fact that state police departments have proved to be invaluable in apprehending criminals, 34 states still are without their protection.

An earthquake of sufficient strength to be registered throughout half the earth's surface occurs on an average of every 44 hours.—*By Harden M. Wade, Alhambra, California.*

Centuries ago in many lands, particularly Persia, the mourning of the death of a great man was often enhanced by having his horses, as well as his family and friends, shed tears during the funeral procession. The trick was accomplished by placing mustard seed in the nostrils of the animals.—*By Pete White, New York City.*

One of the strangest ways in which man has tried to acquire knowledge was in vogue in several primitive countries up to a short time ago. An instructor would write the lesson on some smooth surface with a chalklike substance and then wash it off into a container, from which his pupils would drink the "knowledge." — *By Phillips Temple, Baltimore, Maryland.*



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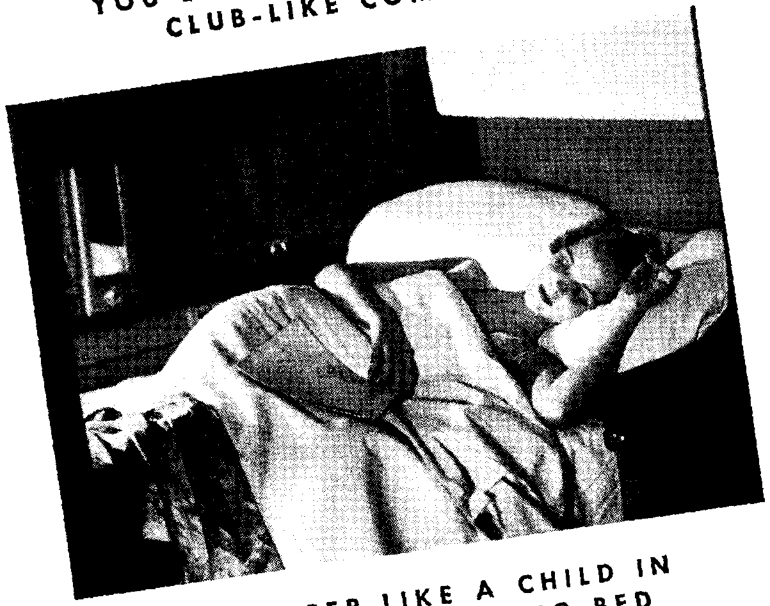
$2.50 BUYS SO MUCH IN A Pullman Car

YOU LOUNGE AND RELAX IN CLUB-LIKE COMFORT



YOU SLEEP LIKE A CHILD IN A RESTFUL, INVITING BED

YOU ENJOY THE FACILITIES OF MODERN DRESSING ROOMS

Half of all the millions of Pullman passengers pay only $2.50 each for their Pullman accommodations—the price of a lower berth on an overnight journey of about 300 miles. The other half pays more or less—depending on the accommodation selected and the distance traveled. But just consider what these millions get for their $2.50. Deep, restful sleep in comfortable beds, with plenty of covers and crisp, fresh linen. Inviting seats to lounge in by day. Spotless dressing rooms, with plenty of fresh towels, soap, hot and cold running water. In the air-conditioned cars, cool, filtered air in summer—tempered, humidified warmth in winter! And above all—unequaled safety! Not a passenger or employe fatality in a Pullman car in nearly three years! Add to these the deft, efficient service of a trained Pullman staff, and you have the utmost in travel value for your $2.50.

★

Furthermore, you can make this overnight journey of about 300 miles for only $2.00 where an upper berth is used. Or, you can enjoy a whole Pullman section for only $3.50; a private bedroom for $4.50 for one, or $2.50 each for two; a compartment at $3.50 each for two; a drawing room at only $3.00 each for three. These are examples of the reasonable cost of Pullman accommodations. For longer distances, of course, costs are in proportion.

★

Ask your ticket agent for complete information on the various Pullman accommodations available and the total cost for the next trip you plan to take. Or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

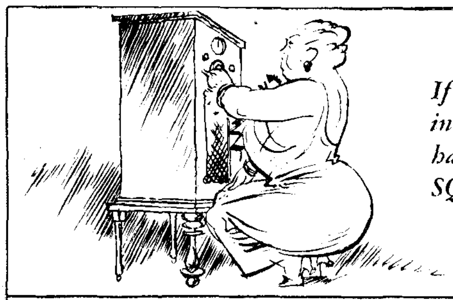
YOU ARRIVE SAFE AT YOUR DESTINATION—REFRESHED AND ALERT No matter what the weather, Pullman gets you there—without worry, without waste of time, and in *safety!*

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

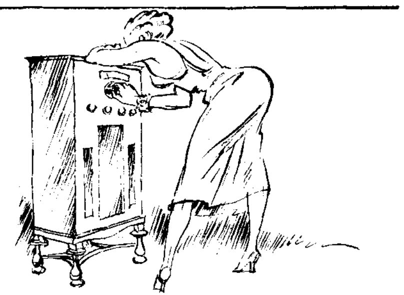
TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

Copyright 1937, The Pullman Company

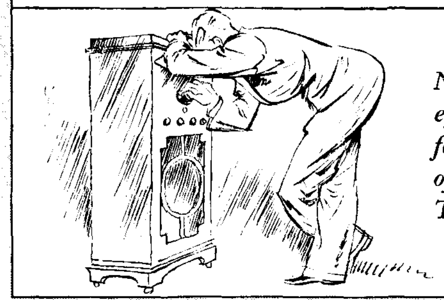
NO SQUAT
NO STOOP
NO SQUINT



If she ever saw this pose in a mirror, she'd soon have a Philco with "NO SQUAT" Tuning.



Her best friends should tell her she needs a Philco with "NO STOOP" Tuning.



Nothing wrong with his eyesight! He's just hunting for a station without the aid of Philco "NO SQUINT" Tuning.

Tune easily... gracefully... speedily... accurately... with Philco Automatic Tuning on the Inclined Control Panel!

No hesitation when you want a station! One glance shows the call letters of *all* your favorites. Philco's *Inclined Control Panel* makes that possible! A flick of your fingers . . . and there's your station! Philco Automatic Tuning takes care of that!

Only Philco gives you this combination of High-Speed Automatic Tuning and the Inclined Control Panel that eliminates squatting, stooping and squinting. Philco 116 Double-X gives you thrilling High-Fidelity reception, too. Double the tonal range of ordinary radios . . . reproduction so realistic it seems the artists have come right into your home to stage their programs!

No Squat . . . No Stoop . . . No Squint Tuning. High-Speed Automatic Tuning of *all* your favorite stations. Finer foreign reception than you have ever thought possible . . . all combined in one superb Musical Instrument of Quality . . . the fifteen tube Philco 116 Double-X!

Philco makes a complete line of Automatic Tuning Models with the Inclined Control Panel. Your present radio may be traded in as part payment or you can buy a Double-X Philco for as little as $7.95 down and $1.00 a week. Ask your Philco dealer about this Special Philco-Commercial Credit Company Plan.

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PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

Collier's The National Weekly for October 2, 1937

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Swing Your Partner

The boys were getting mighty fed up with the war along the Rapidan, so Rufe Landers, U. S. A., and Cass Jones, C. S. A., got together on the problem. A war story of moonshine and ladies rather than of gunfire and battle flags

By Clifford Dowdey

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

IN THE winter of '64 it was cold along the Rapidan. Even Rufe Landers shivered on night picket duty, and he had grown up in the zero winters of Putnam County, New York—grown up, his father said, along the general lines of a Percheron, though he was a sight harder to hitch. Rufe was made more miserable by his fellow picket, an oldster of thirty-odd. They had enlisted together after the harvest in '62 when there was the great scare over Lee's invasion. The two of them were posted in a clump of bare trees by the river bank, about a quarter of a mile from camp, and all they could do for themselves was to build windbreaks of frozen brush.

Huddled there, Rufe's companion made him more homesick by incessantly grieving for the warm kitchen back home, where of an evening folks gathered over a jug of applejack. It wasn't that they did any good being in the army, he moaned. They hadn't even sniffed the smoke of battle and the only musket they ever heard was that of some Reb picket potting at a stray rabbit. The Rebs themselves were as tame as the rabbits. The two pickets across the river harangued Rufe and his companion and all the time wanted to trade tobacco for coffee. Rufe was careful to get the best of the bargains, as that would give him something to talk about back home, but it was poor sport for a young hellion who had given up buxom lassies and country dances for soldiering.

Then one bitter night, when the river was frozen over solid, the Rebs invited them over to their side. It was Rufe's first excitement since he had marched bravely away—little knowing that for the next two years he would be stuck in camps and guarding railroads at dreary junctions. The Rebs had a little cave dug in a knoll, with brush piled in front, and it was real cozy in there. One of the Johnnies was a gray-whiskered farmer and he talked with Rufe's fellow picket about crops. The other was about Rufe's age, nineteen, though he looked older with his battle-aged eyes, and they talked of dances.

Rufe was shy at first because he thought this young Johnny, like all Virginians, danced with beautiful belles in big, columned, white houses where hundreds of slaves waited on their every move. But the Reb hadn't even seen such a house. He lived in Richmond, where his father was a machinist at the Tredegar Works. He hadn't danced at all until he was in the army and then with country girls in taverns back of the lines. They sounded just like the dances in Putnam County and Rufe grew lonelier than ever and wanted to hear all about them. But the Reb wanted to hear about the wild goings-on on the Bowery, where, he thought, everybody in New York State drank champagne with fast women and gambled and threw gold pieces to the entertainers. When Rufe told him he hadn't even seen New York City, they became friendly and exchanged names. The Reb's was Cassius Jones and they became Cass and Rufe, and no more Johnny and Yank.

LATER they played poker and Rufe saw the poor Rebs had nothing to play with except grains of corn, which were also their rations. He became ashamed of his sharp bargains then and after that he always gave Cass the best of it. They went to the Rebs' cave every night and Rufe even traded Cass dried beef out of his own rations, and told him the army had plenty of that. One night Cass found out where the beef came from and that was to make a great change in the life of Private Rufus Landers.

Cass took him aside when they were leaving the Rebs' cave.

"You been powerful good to me, Rufe, and I aim to do something for you," he whispered. "You all the time talkin' about how you pine for young gals and what store you set by dancin'. Well, you off duty tomorrow night, ain't you?"

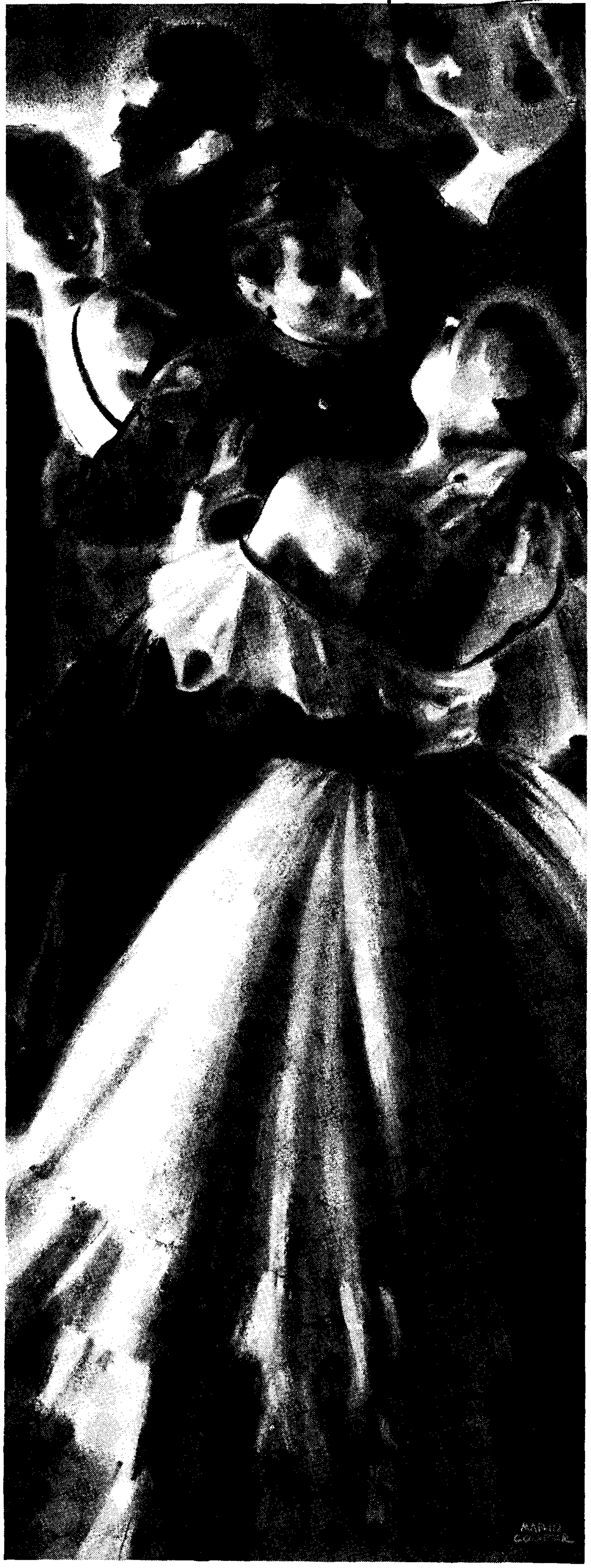
Rufe glanced cautiously around. The two old pickets were saying good night by the edge of the frozen river. The winter woods were silent. He nodded.

"Well, theah's a dance tomorrow night at this tavern I been tellin' you about wheah all us soldiers go. I can fix it up for you to come with me, like you're one of us, and have yourself a fine time."

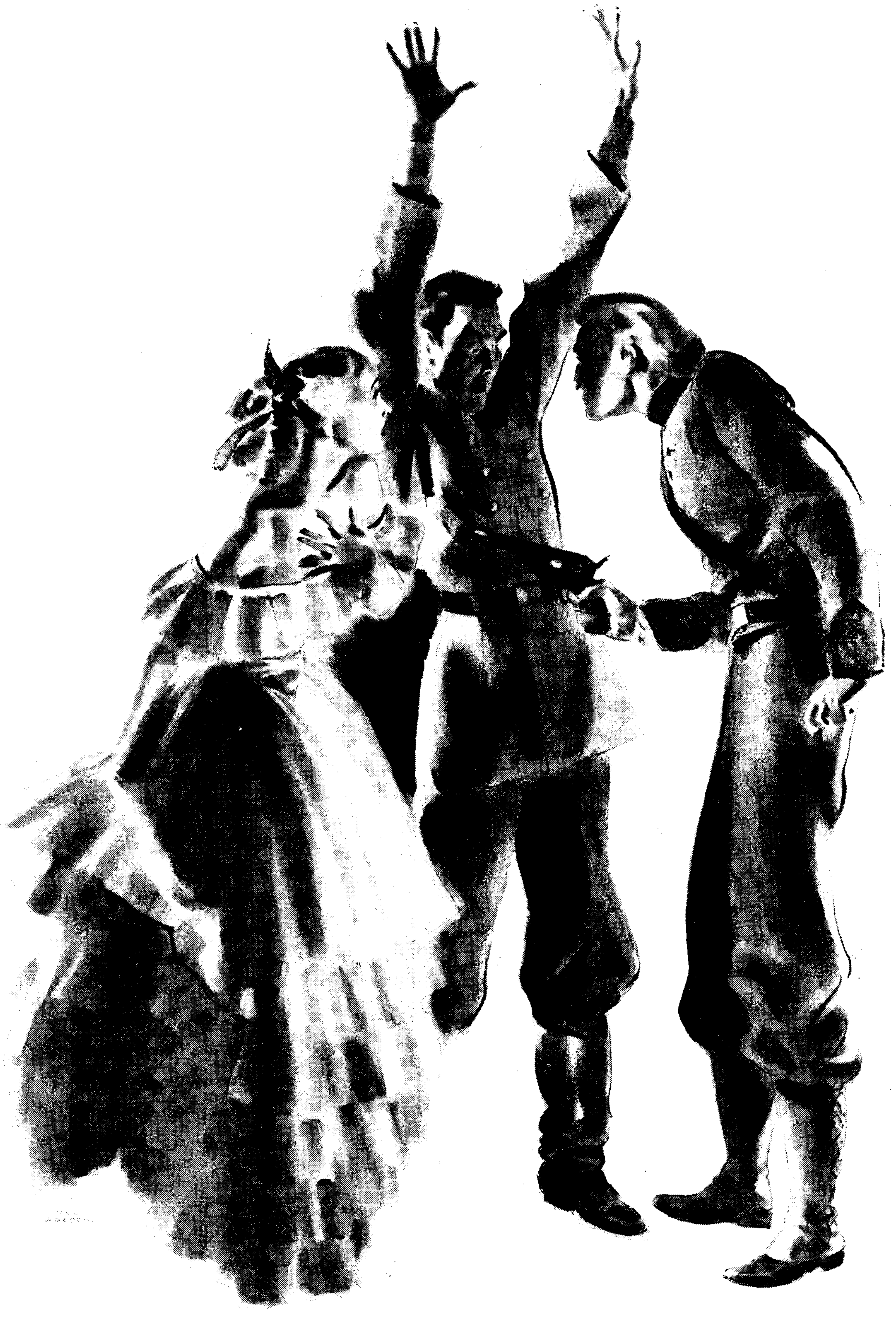
"Me at a Reb dance, Cass? They'd shoot me."

"They didn't shoot one of your officers that come over to dance."

"One of our officers?" Rufe's mouth fell open. "How'd he do it?"



"Why so silent, soldier?" Her grave, gray eyes were on him



Rufe reached so high the tips of his fingers touched the ceiling. "Now wait a minute," he said

"By lookin' like one of us, just like I'm goin' to fix it for you. My folks've sent me a new jacket for my old one, what's so ragged it's about to fall off me. I'm goin' to throw it away, but tomorrow night you could wear it. Your britches ain't so clean and they look like the ones some of our boys wear—you know how we get 'em," he added apologetically. Rufe nodded in equal embarrassment. "Well, make 'em dirtier and scruff up your boots a little and you'll look just like one of us. Can't you see that?"

"I can see that, Cass, but I can likewise see some Rebs swinging for being caught in our uniforms. They hang you for a spy when you do that."

"But you ain't no spy and theah'll just be a lot of foot soldiers like us and they wouldn't care what you were. Anyway, they'll be so tipsy from moonshine they wouldn't give you the second look."

"Real Virginia moonshine?" Rufe began to envision new pictures.

"Sho'. What else would we be havin'? And fiddlers, too!"

"FIDDLERS," Rufe said dreamily, and the picture of the spies faded altogether. There wasn't any other reason he shouldn't go. There wasn't any fighting, couldn't be in this weather. As far as he knew, there wouldn't ever be any. And when he got back to Putnam County he'd have something real to tell, instead of all those lies he'd been making up about the battles he'd been in. Only this would be better than the dances back home, with real Virginia belles and moonshine. "How'd you get me across?"

"Cross at the bend in the river wheah they ain't no trees and nary a picket in fifty yards, 'cause it's a powerful cold spot. That's wheah this officer of yours crossed when he come to the ball."

"He did? Danged if I won't too. What time?"

"Eight o'clock," Cass said and offered his hand. They shook.

Rufe was shivering so when he went back to his side of the river that his companion asked him if he had the ague. Rufe was ashamed to be so excited but he couldn't help it. This was the first thing that had happened to him since he left Putnam County.

He was still shaking the next night when he moved slowly through the stiff brush toward the bend in the river. Like Cass said, it sure was a dismal spot and the wind howled over the icy river like a soul in torment. But Rufe was grinning in the darkness as he reached the bank. A shadow moved on the other side and he heard a hoarse whisper. "That you, Rufe?"

"It's me." He could hardly get the words out.

"Then come on over heah, but stoop down and come fast."

Rufe stooped his big body, gave one last look around, and went slithering across the ice. His heart was pounding as if he were charging the Rebel lines as he stumbled up the opposite bank. He felt the hard arm of his friend around his shoulders steadying him, and he sniffed a hauntingly familiar odor.

"You're tremblin' like a leaf in a storm," Cass said solicitously. "Heah's something that'll take the chill out of you."

RUFE wasn't cold but he didn't want to say so, and, anyway, his quivering nostrils had identified the odor. Night light glimmered on white liquid as Cass raised a jug toward him. Rufe lifted the heavy jug to his lips and turned loose. Fire scorched down his throat like a burning fuse that exploded something in his stomach. He gave one gargantuan cough, strangled, groaned, and then sighed. Cass handed him his old gray jacket.

"Heah, now, Rufe, change your clothes."

Rufe dropped off his padded overcoat and snug jacket and strained into the thin, ragged thing. "You fellows wear jackets like *this?*"

"That jacket ain't so bad," Cass flared in quick pride.

"No, it ain't, Cass, but it doesn't keep out much of this cold." This time he shivered from cold, though he felt on fire too.

"This will." Cass passed him the jug again and Rufe let it go again. The chill was gone. Cass wrapped a frayed, patched blanket around him and gave him a slouch hat. Rufe placed his visored cap on his coat and pulled on the old hat. It fell over his ears.

"Too big. I'll look like a scarecrow."

"Naw. That's the way for it to fit if *you're goin' to look like one of us.* You'd fool even me now. Come on, Rufe, one more drink and we're off."

One more drink and Rufe wanted to throw away the blanket.

"Naw. Some fool officer might see us and think we're drunk."

"I know I'm drunk and I don't care who sees me. Lead the way, Cass."

CASS moved diagonally up the knoll, keeping in the shadows, until they reached the top. He held up his finger for silence and led him through an opening in the *chevaux-de-frise*—the crossed sticks with spike-sharp ends that the Rebs called "shivver-and-freeze." Rufe's eyes popped. Here he was entering the Rebel front line. Wait till they heard this back home! They climbed the icy five-foot embankment and slid down the other side. Rufe saw the triangular earthen lines of a gun embrasure.

"You keep your guns so close to the front lines, Cass?"

"Don't be noticin' things," Cass replied with sudden sharpness. "You came heah to dance."

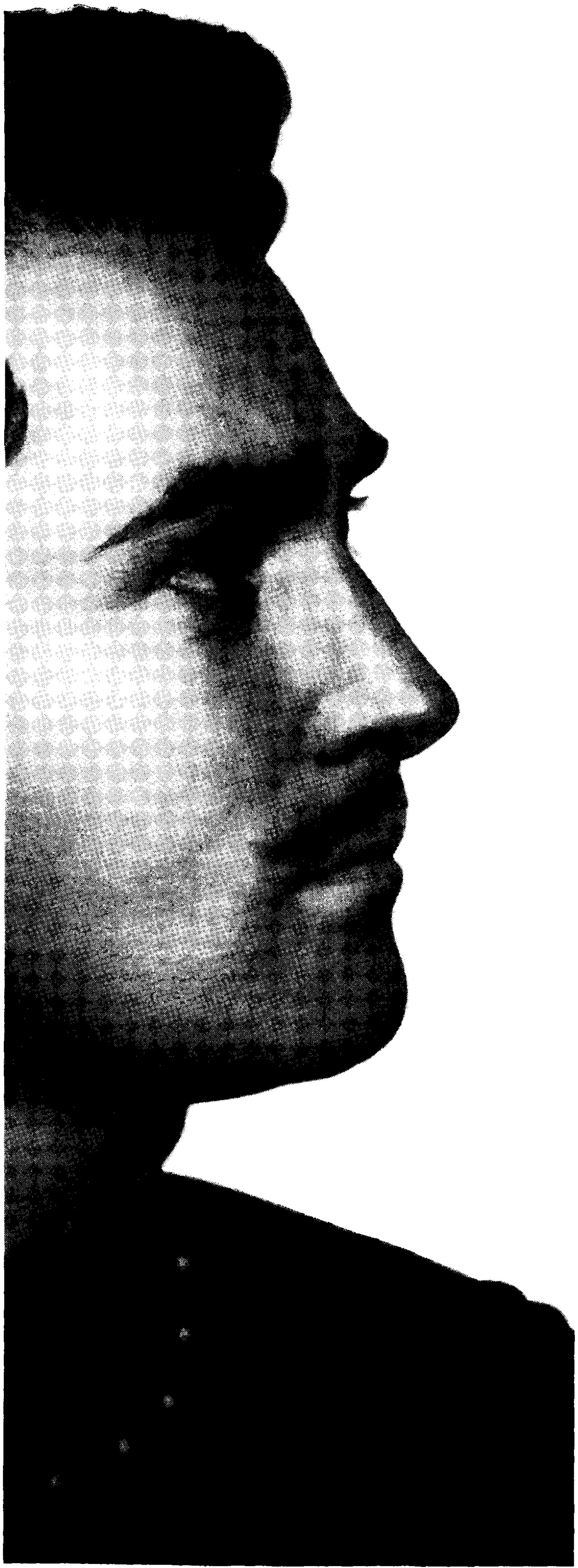
They moved silently across a cleared space and Rufe saw a row of huts. He grinned to himself to think of being in the enemy's camp. Why, back home they wouldn't even believe him. Keeping the diagonal course, Cass led him around the last hut. A campfire glowed out to the left of them.

"Sure would be easy to get in your camp," Rufe whispered, looking around.

Cass set the jug down. "You keep on noticin' things like that and I'm goin' to turn you loose. Then they'll swing you for a spy."

"I didn't mean anything by it, Cass."

(Continued on page 59)



ALFREDO VALENTE

He Likes to Fly

By Katharine Roberts

Conversely, Brian Aherne doesn't like to be tied down even to fat contracts. Which is giving the film companies a little trouble

THE late Irving Thalberg and Brian Aherne were engaged in argument. They were debating how to persuade the elusive Aherne to sign a contract for more than one picture at a time. So far, he had made a film apiece for several companies and, promptly after each, had taken flight. The usual inducements had failed again.

"No," said Mr. Aherne with the firmness he had developed as a small boy when he had objected to going on the stage.

Suddenly Thalberg's fist hit the desk. "I have it!" he cried. "There is one way to make you stay in Hollywood and that is to get you a wife who is so expensive you'll *have* to sign a long-term contract to support her." And he reached for the phone, called up his wife, Norma Shearer, and commissioned her to hunt for the lady.

"All right," agreed Aherne docilely, "I'll do it—if you can find one as nice as Norma."

Thalberg recognized an insurmountable obstacle when he saw one and gave up the battle.

Then early last spring a less gallant argument took place. There were those who pointed out with certain vigor that, if he persisted in making pictures as popular as I Live My Life and Beloved Enemy, it was time to settle down instead of trifling with the affections of one company after another. This business of bounding about had them each altruistically promoting an actor for the next one's benefit. It was not their wont.

The words "settle down" brought out all the Irish in the son of the Irish Ahernes and the Irish-Norman de Laceys. But eventually, so the report goes, tentative agreements were made, an extended contract was mapped out, and then—Aherne took a boat. Planning, however, to take another boat back from England in the early summer. And it was reliably suggested that he also had an appointment with a fountain pen and a long dotted line, though he himself wouldn't admit it. He never admits anything until it is done. There are some things he doesn't admit even then.

He returned all right as per schedule—but he did not keep the appointment on the dotted line of the long-term contract. Instead, he signed another one-picture agreement with a company for which he had never worked before and made the new film called The Great Garrick, remaining cheerfully obdurate on the long-term idea, regardless of arguments of any sort.

This recalcitrant attitude on the part of the streamlined Mr. Aherne has nothing to do with his feelings about pictures, although for some time both before and after he came to this country, he replied to all Hollywood invitations with polite but definite regrets. He had fought going into the theater until circumstances accomplished what his fond mother could not. And then he liked it. History was about to repeat itself. During his final seasons in England and his first two years in America, no arguments could lure him into films. He had memories. He had made some silent films in the early days in London when pictures consisted of a camera, a make-up box, and a prayer. He recalled the horrible yellow paste that cracked when you smiled, and other distasteful things. He was told that pictures had progressed. But he was cagey. He was very happy as he was. Not till after his appearance with Katharine Cornell in Lucrece, and its early closing, were they able to move his six feet two and a half inches of mixed reticence and volatility to Hollywood. Paramount suggested that he make The Song of Songs with Marlene Dietrich, and suddenly he capitulated. It was the psychological moment, the right argument, or something like that. Since then, from time to time between stage plays, he has made other films, among them The Fountain with Ann Harding, What Every Woman Knows with Helen Hayes, Sylvia Scarlet with Katharine Hepburn, and one English screen play, The Constant Nymph. Now he finds he likes pictures.

But contracts tie you down. And Mr. Aherne does not like to be tied down—not even conversationally. This accounts for his reputation for reticence. However, once started, he skips from one subject to another with an agility comparable only to his peregrinations about the room. Ask him to talk about himself and he speaks in short swift sentences about airplanes and albatrosses. Pretty soon you discover this is really a sort of personal identification. He isn't dodging with a cabbages-and-kings technique. He is simply more interested in flying than in anything else.

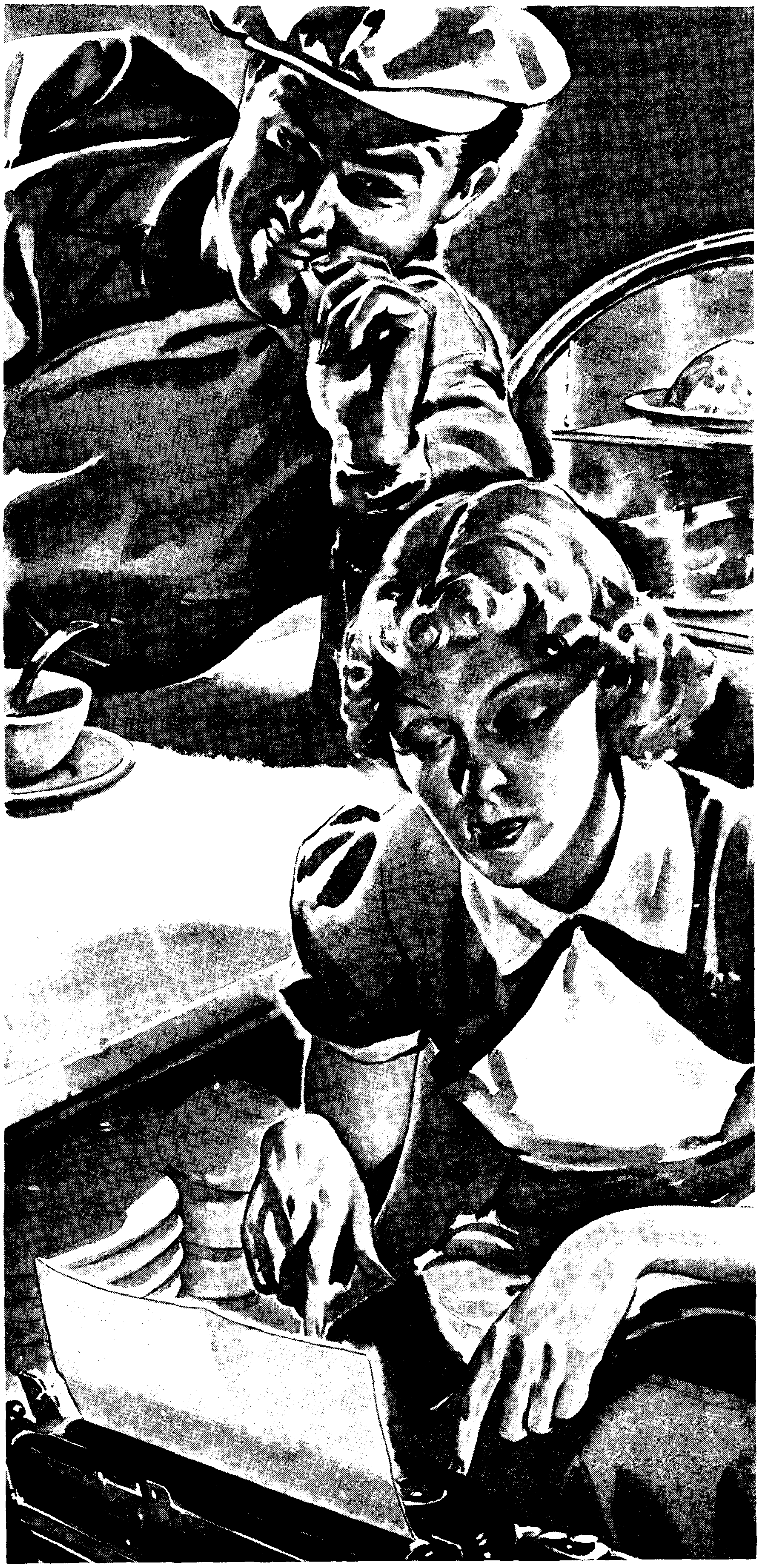
Airplanes Will Tie Him Down

He has his own plane and is a licensed pilot. He confesses that he really does like Hollywood because it's a good place to use a plane. It isn't an expensive wife that may eventually tie him to picture contracts but more expensive airplanes.

All in all, events indicate that he is rapidly winning a losing battle in films, just as he did in the theater, and sooner or later, he and that long contract will have to get together. He is apparently an Irish paradox who gets ahead by losing his own arguments. It began early in life.

Almost immediately after he uttered

(Continued on page 51)



" 'Let's go on a picnic Sunday,' " Steve dictated, as she hunted down the keys

The Arkansas Traveler

By James H. Street

Redheaded Steve Johnson couldn't be called Pinkie. The blond girl couldn't spell. Both facts proved important one midnight on the Fort Smith-Memphis run, when a 20-ton truck careened brakeless down a highway in Arkansas

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

STEVE JOHNSON was an unknown quantity to the Arkansas truck-driving clan when he first came to the Fort Smith-Memphis express run. All that the other truck drivers saw was a big man, freckled-faced, with the reddest hair that ever had come over the highway. But when Steve swung his big Arkansas Traveler off the main road in front of the Truckmen's Pie Wagon, braking as he came, and threaded the needle's eye between two big Missouri hookups as neatly as a waxed thread, there was no doubting that he was a truck-driving man.

The assembled truck drivers, there almost in the back yard of Little Rock, eyed him critically as he walked into the roadside diner for his midnight snack of oatmeal, doughnuts and coffee.

"You're the new pusher of The Arkansas Traveler, huh?" asked one of the loitering drivers.

"Yeah, I push the Traveler. Swell run. Great truck—fast, steady." He laid his cap on the counter. "I'll be eating here every midnight. You fellows regulars on this run, or gypsies?"

"Both. Most of us are regulars though, Pinkie."

Steve whirled on the counter stool, grabbed the driver by the collar of his windbreaker and swung him around.

"We might as well get acquainted now." Steve's blue eyes were cold. "I'm Steve Johnson. I'll answer to Steve, and I'll smile at Red. *But don't call me Pinkie!*"

And before dawn the truck pushers' grapevine carried word up and down the road, to the pie wagons, the terminals, the toll-bridge tenders: "Don't call him Pinkie!"

SO HE was well known on the road even before that vicious winter night when he took his manifest orders in Fort Smith at twilight, swung up to his high seat and waved "so long" to the loading crew. At exactly midnight he halted his truck in Little Rock, cut the engine so it would cool, stepped into the Pie Wagon and waved greetings to his highway comrades.

He noticed the new girl behind the counter. He removed his cap. "New waitress, huh? Howdy, ma'am. Gimme a bowl of oats, two sinkers and a cup of coffee, will you, sister?"

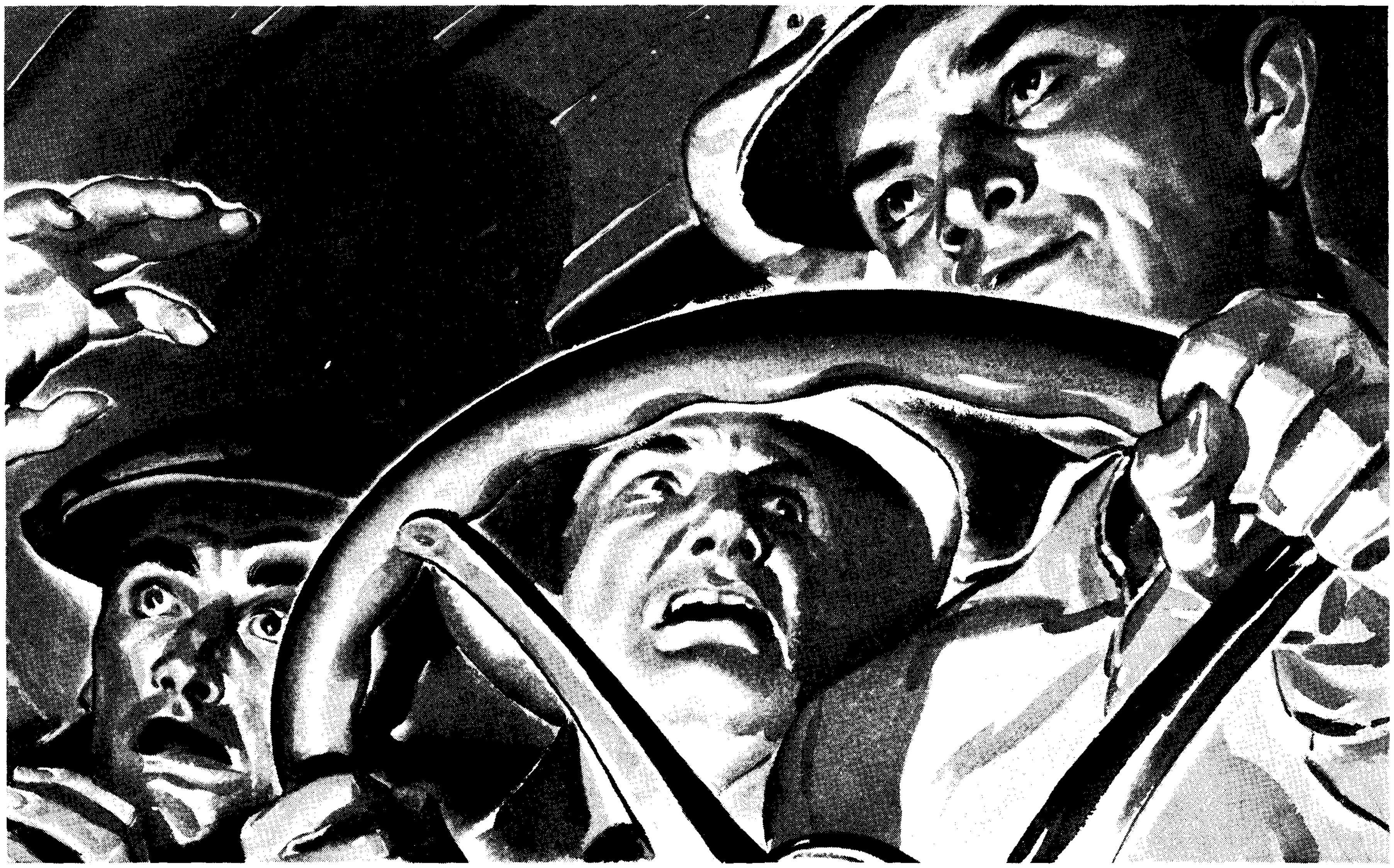
"Okay, Pinkie," said the new waitress.

Steve spread the palms of his big hands flat on the counter. The crowd hushed.

"Listen, Blondie." Steve bit his words. "I'm Steve Johnson. Call me Steve or Red. But don't call me Pinkie!"

There was blue fire in the girl's eyes as she faced him.

"All right, Steve." Her voice quivered in anger. "I'm new here, but that doesn't give you any right to get fresh.



Steve pulled right, then left again. The Traveler left parts of its fenders and much of its speed at each pole it grated against

I'm Blanche Thorn. Call me Blanche, but *don't* call me Blondie!"

Steve rubbed the nape of his neck meditatively. Then he grinned.

"Okay, lady. It's Blanche to me," he told her.

"Where you from, Blanche?" Steve asked.

"St. Louis. I worked in an all-night joint up there and knew all the pushers in that territory."

"Know Dude Adams? He used to drive this run, but he's a gypsy now."

"Sure I know him."

"Know how to handle that thing?" Steve pointed with his spoon toward a rickety typewriter, used at the diner to prepare menus.

"Of course, I know all the tricks. I watch the mail, save funny papers, write letters for the pushers and keep track of the gypsies."

Which meant Blanche was a competent waitress at any truck-drivers' pie wagon. For the "all-night girl" must be postmistress, matchmaker, doctor, lawyer and mother confessor to the clan that rides the high roads. Most of the men can't write, or are ashamed of their hands, so the waitress in a central stop does their correspondence. But to the "gypsies," those drivers who push tramp trucks, she is also the bureau of information. For they have no homes, no routes or schedules. They simply wander over the face of the land, living in their trucks, taking cargoes where they can find them and fighting for pay loads. They leave news of their well-being with pie-wagon waitresses, who pass it to other gypsies, who take it to the pushers' pals or families.

STEVE waited until the crowd thinned out, then leaned on the cashier's counter and selected a toothpick. "Gotta be rolling, Blanche. See you tomorrow night. Anything you want in Memphis?"

"No, thanks."

"Sorry I blew up a while ago. Say!" He lifted a big bowl and peered at a brown confection it held. "What's this?"

"That's coffeecake, fella." Blanche took it from him and set the bowl down. "They eat it for breakfast up East. Gypsy left it. Said he can't buy it down here. Roll along, Steve. You'll be late in Memphis."

"Not The Arkansas Traveler, babe. They set the town clock in Memphis by that truck. So long."

On his return trip the next night, Steve was cutting time from his schedule almost before Memphis was out of sight. He reached the Pie Wagon thirty minutes ahead of his own record.

"Hello, Blanche. Hi, fellows." He waved a salute. "Give me the old reliable—oats, sinkers and cup of tar. Cold out tonight."

BLANCHE poured cream on his oatmeal. The other drivers had got only milk. "By the way, your old side-kick Dude was through here today. Headed for Texarkana. Said he used to push the Traveler."

"Uh-huh. He's good."

"You know, Stevie . . ." Blanche propped her elbows on the counter and looked at him. "These hash-slinging jobs wouldn't be bad if I didn't have to write all you guys' love letters."

"Not mine, you don't write." He winked at her. "I don't write to dolls. And if I did I'd write 'em myself. I may be a dumb truck driver, but I finished the eighth grade in school anyway."

"Atta boy." Blanche refilled his cup, but her eyes were pensive. "You know, Steve, you are—well, you're different from most pushers."

"And you know, Blanche, you are different from most hash-slingers. You are pretty, and, well, er-er—clean, like fresh starch—"

Blanche laughed.

"Cut your motor, Stevie, you'll burn a bearing. I bet you peddle that line by the yard to every gal on this run."

Steve looked his injured innocence.

"Don't put the brake on so hard, Blanche. You know that ain't so. I don't fool around. I make $42.50 a week and save $20 of it. Tell you what—when I'm a boss someday, you can be my stenographer."

"No stenographer, Stevie. I can spell good enough for pushers, but not for a boss. You'll be a boss, though. Dude told me you'd get ahead. Do you like Dude?"

"Aw, we always got along. But don't you trust him, Blanche." He looked quickly at her. "Don't you trust any of these pushers, except me. Dude is—well, Dude's already got a gal. A gal named Inez, up at Dardanelle. I stop at her place for coffee every night. She lives right back of the joint. And that reminds me, I better be rolling. . . . So long."

He had a box of candy under his arm when he stopped the next night at the Pie Wagon. Blanche opened her eyes wide.

"For me? Why, Steve! This is the first time anybody ever gave me candy. It—it's lovely."

Steve grinned. "Ought to be. Got it off a punchboard. Say!" He looked down the counter. "Forget those sinkers and let's have some of that coffeecake business. Looks good."

He tasted it gingerly at first, then he began to eat with relish.

"Not bad, Blanche. So they eat this stuff for breakfast up East, huh?"

"So that gypsy told me. He was through again today. Getting lots of hauling through here. Think you'd like to gypsy, Stevie?"

"Well, maybe. But right now I'd rather have this regular run."

THE winter rains set in, and Steve and the Traveler had to fight the roads to make their schedule. It made his temper redheaded as well as his hair. He was unable to spend as much time as he wanted with Blanche.

"Never saw such storms," he complained to her one night when he was Memphis-bound. "This weather is cutting my time. All I can do to keep the Traveler on the road."

That was the night the Oldham child was kidnaped.

The truckmen in the Pie Wagon were talking of the crime when Steve, on his return trip, ordered his midnight snack. Finally one driver spoke to him:

"What do you think of it, Steve? Kidnaping a fourteen-year-old kid right here in Little Rock?"

"Haven't read about it." Steve was interested. "What happened, Blanche?"

"The story's in all the papers." She pointed to a pile of them on the counter. "Somebody went into old man Oldham's home early this morning, took his kid, and is demanding $10,000 ransom."

Steve clenched his big fists slowly. "Lynching's too good for him. The deputies'll get him, or else the dicks. Give me some oats, Blanche. And some more of that coffeecake. Looks like you got some fresh."

"Yep. That gypsy fetched some down again yesterday."

(Continued on page 52)

Can America Keep Out of War?

By Winston Churchill

From China and from Spain come the echoes of exploding shells. European factories are working day and night, producing planes, guns, poison gas. If the lid blows off, if Europe goes to war, can we stay clear of the conflict? Mr. Churchill, from his vast experience of European and world politics, weighs our chances

THE lamentable events now taking place in the Far East bring this question into the arena of practical and current politics. The United States, like Great Britain, has enormous interests, commercial, moral and cultural, in China. These interests have been built up over several generations. The construction by Japan of her modern navy has during the last twenty years completely transformed the position in the Yellow Sea and upon the Asiatic side of the Pacific Ocean. Unless at some future date the position in Europe is so secure and the feeling in the United States is so strong that joint Anglo-American action with a very serious purpose behind it becomes possible, we must expect in common with the other European nations to suffer a ceaseless encroachment upon our interests.

Japan is in the hands of leaders who are themselves controlled under pain of imminent death by a military secret society whose ideas are far removed from a modern conception. Remorseless conquest and subjugation apart from China by Japan will be driven forward by these primordial forces.

The spectacle will not be pleasant to witness nor the experience agreeable to endure. Nevertheless, it is not likely that the present renewed Japanese inroad upon China will lead to a world conflagration. On the contrary, the fact that Japan finds the moment opportune to expand her energy and entangle her troops in China looks as if her military men do not expect a major war this year. The great danger to the world at the present time still lies not in the Far East, not in the quarrels of the yellow peoples, but in the heart of Christendom and Europe.

European politics change with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Every crisis brings into being a new alignment of forces. The bickering of avowed enemies has its counterpart in the secret suspicions and rivalries of those who find themselves temporarily in the same camp. Antagonisms flare up and are resolved. Over a large part of the continent there is no permanence either in feuds or friendships.

But there is tension always. At any moment may come an explosion. And the peoples are afraid.

They have every reason for fear. War is not inevitable. It may be avoided. I believe that if a sufficient number of nations have the will to peace and the courage of their good intentions, there will be no war. But, up to the present, the danger is more apparent than the effort to avoid it. There are no guarantors of peace whose strength and purpose are undoubted. Aggression, fully armed, grows bolder with easy successes.

Nations Bent on Suicide

It would be idle optimism to underestimate the menace of such a situation. And there are two factors above all others which underline the threat. One is dissatisfaction with the territorial settlements which followed the war of 1914-18. The other is the identification of great states with principles of autocratic government to which has been given a religious or semireligious authority.

It is one of the characteristics that distinguish man from the brute creation that man is prepared to kill or be killed for the sake of an idea. All ideas are, in a sense, explosive. But the idea which is independent of reasoning, which is held as an article of faith, is the most dangerous of all. In Germany, Italy and Rus-

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And ye shall hear of Wars and Rumors

American bluejackets from the U. S. S. Augusta practice landing drill in the Whangpoo at Shanghai. Below, England's air force takes the air for maneuvers to prepare it for whatever may come

of Wars: see that ye be not troubled

MATTHEW 24:6

PICTURES, INC.

While a world watches apprehensively, Japan turns to war in China. Japanese infantrymen advancing in the face of determined resistance in the Peiping sector

sia we see today such ideas rampant and in arms.

The main cause which has brought war in Europe nearer, which has dispersed the dreams of those who thought that the age of brutal violence was ended, is to be found in the rearmament of mighty Germany. The concentration of the whole life and strength of the German people, with all their intelligence and valor, upon military preparations, dominates the mind of Europe and fills the whole continent with lively alarm and dark suspicions. More than that, it produces reactions in the shape of counterarmament and political and military combinations among all the states who are neighbors of Germany. I am not now concerned whether Germany should be blamed or not blamed, but only with the result. While the great wheels revolve in the German Fatherland, while her redoubtable manhood tramps the gravel of the parade grounds, while every conceivable instrument of war and preparations for war are being made to the last ounce of the strength of the people, all the neighbors of Germany are plunged in increasing anxiety and counterpreparation.

But even this might run its course with no worse harm than the unproductive expenditure of vast sums of money. Worse lies behind. The dictator-ruled countries, especially Germany, Italy and Japan, are suffering from acute economic strain. In Germany, the most formidable, this strain has reached a very high degree of intensity. The life, the liberty, the comforts, the food of the whole people are already under conditions almost equal to those of war. The world remains at peace; but the internal strain upon the German people grows with every month that passes. Their patriotism, their docility, their helplessness in the hands of a powerful propaganda and strong party machinery lead them to continue on this somber path of sacrifice. But at any moment trouble may rise in the interior of Germany. Beneath the smooth surface and well-ordered parade of Nazidom there stir and smolder all the passions of a great people. Protestant pastors, the Catholic hierarchy, the tormented Jewish race, Communists, Socialists, Liberals, Trade Unionists, Monarchists who see the old regime apparently relegated to permanent obscurity, Saxons, Bavarians, Wurttembergers who find their state rights completely absorbed, wealthy men and great industrialists who find little more consideration for property in Nazi Germany than they would in Soviet Russia—all these forces are silent, obedient, but at the same time awake. There are many in Germany who say: "Wait till *the Day* comes. Then we may regain our freedom."

Men Who Must Rule or Die

But what is the regime to do in the face of all these difficulties? They promised to cure unemployment. They have largely done so, but how? Only by a process of rearmament and of ever more severe national discipline which cannot be kept up perpetually. To relax their grip may be at the same time to release avenging forces. Dictators and those who immediately sustain them cannot quit their offices with the easy disdain—or more often relief— *(Continued on page 38)*

BLACK STAR

In Spain, war drags on. Here anxious noncombatants gather before the gates of a hospital to await news of relatives following a bombardment of Valencia

LITTLE LOVEY

By Frank Condon

What every baseball team needs: one small, busy demon like the one you'll meet in this story

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

YOU can have your Amos Rusies and you can rave about your Walter Johnsons, Christy Mathewsons, Bugs Raymonds and all the other wizards of the glorious past, but if you are talking about speed merchants I am one that takes Sam Reed for mine, day or night, winter or summer, sober or spiffed. I contend Sam Reed had more lightning on the ball than any other hurler since time began, and maybe I'm wrong. I've been that way. But listen:

Sam Reed joined the team at St. Louis and, not only that, he brought along his brand-new bride, a pleasant-mannered and timid little blonde with ash-colored hair, a quiet voice and nice, blue eyes. Everybody on the team, including Manager Sutherland, all the players, the bat boy and the reporters—the whole gang—fell hard for Sam and his Verna bride; first because they were soft-spoken and shy; second because it was early to be seen that Sam possessed what a pitcher needs. They came over the plate like slugs out of a gun.

Sam hailed from Texas, spoke slow and drawly when he talked, which was at rare intervals, smiled at everything and was the sort of young giant anyone would be bound to like. He and the little bride were wild about each other and held hands like boy and girl in the Pullman, and the sport reporters sent dispatches to their papers: "Sam Reed, the new pitcher, looks like a miracle man, and has the fastest ball seen in the league in ten years."

Well, sir, Sam lasted just six weeks, maybe seven. Manager Tommy Sutherland shipped him back to the shining shores of California and why? Because he like to have killed about six useful and expensive ballplayers, not in any way meaning to massacre them, but because he couldn't manage to steer or control those bulletlike shots. Sam was as wild as a prairie fox chasing a mad ibex. He was a little like this young Bob Feller is today, and I would say twice as wild.

When he let go the ball, it might go over the plate and it might go over the grandstand and wind up in a drugstore. When he smote a batter in the ribs, he usually broke four of them. He smacked Tommy Morgan of the White Sox on the head and Tommy spent eight weeks in the hospital, with doctors shaking their heads. He pitched six innings against the Yankees and all but decimated that haughty team.

When Tommy Sutherland broke the mournful news, Verna Reed wept silently for half a day and the leave-taking was gloomy, with everybody on the team assuring Sam and Verna the banishment was only temporary and that we would all be on hand to welcome them back to the major league in the happy springtime. They started west on the train, Verna looking tearful and Sam glum. At parting, I gave advice to the young pitcher: "Spend all your time out there just trying to keep the ball straight. Practice throwing at a silver dollar. You have everything except control and the moment you get control you're back with us. You can do it in six months."

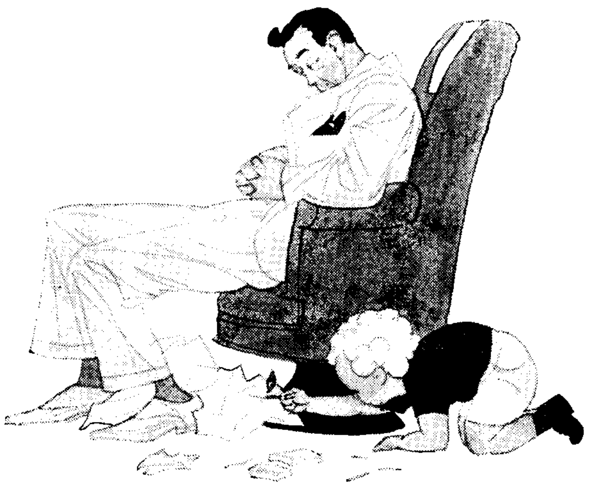
SAM thanked me and said goodby. Little Verna shook hands with the players and they faded west.

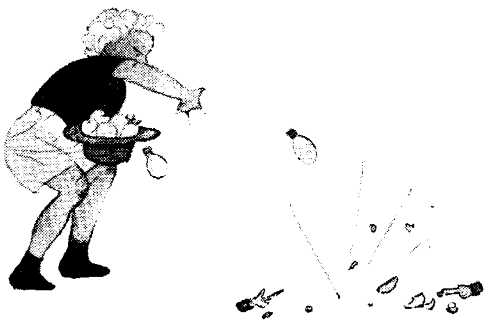
But it wasn't for any jolly six months. Oh, no . . . It was three and a half years, with Manager Sutherland keeping an eye and a string on the tall pitcher from Texas. At the end of that long haul we had news that another miracle had occurred in baseball and that Drawling Sam Reed was a new man out there and had actually solved the riddle. He had acquired control. He could shove the ball directly across the plate and keep it out of the players' ribs, and when the news was proved authentic Tommy Sutherland shot a telegram and the Reeds rushed east on an airplane.

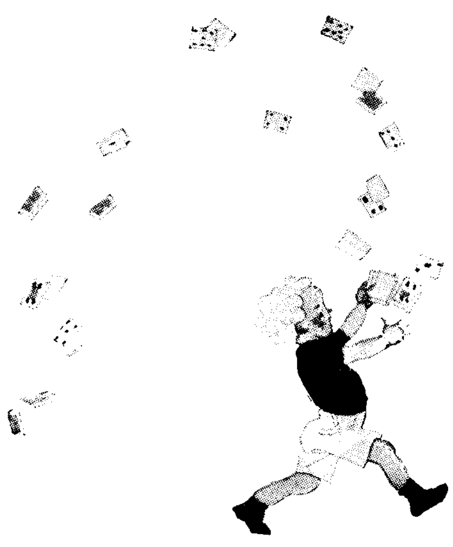
What we needed was definitely a high-grade pitcher, with plenty of speed and control, as we were heading confidently for a pennant with all the subsequent gravy. We had a good but not spectacular pitching staff, fine catchers, and the club was hitting consistently and well. But we needed Sam Reed and there was much joy in the camp when we heard he was coming. Some of us bowled over to the plane to meet them, and there we stood in quiet astonishment, for it was to be seen that the Reed family was no longer two. It was three. The addition was a rosy-cheeked, popeyed and yellow-haired dumpling named Lovey, and we stared at Lovey in the utmost consternation.

"I am certainly glad to be back in the big league," smiled Sam, shaking hands, "and so is Verna. I will do my best for the team."

Verna added that she was happy to be with us again and her smile proved it. Little Lovey said nothing. He had a stub of a nose and in no way resembled either Sam or Verna. He had fat arms and legs and waddled like a duck. When we departed from the port, Lovey was howling and scratching around on the floor of the car and I felt a faint shudder of premonition. It seemed to me that Lovey didn't quite belong in the picture, and when I spoke to Manager Sutherland of my intuitions, he replied: "It's a great surprise to me. Must be that California climate."







WELL, you never saw anything like it. We watched Sam in practice and even the old-timers were amazed at the change. The reports from California were pleasantly true; he had acquired what he had lacked—perfect control of the old zimbolo. It rushed over the plate—bam! His pitching motion, which had always been easy and fluid, was now the perfection of rhythm and harmony, and Catcher Mike O'Rooley could squat down on his haunches and stay there all day, with the ball cracking into his glove like the iron rabbit snaps into his box at the dog track. The admiring players watched him throw a while and then hunted up lead pencils and began figuring their share of the World Series loot. It was like that.

Sam pitched his first regular game on the home lawn and won it, seven to one, giving the Browns six scratch hits, and right after that we boarded the train and started for Boston. At the last moment, down the platform strolls Sam and Verna and little Lovey.

"Oh, ho," I remarked to Dick Harris, of the News. "The whole family, hey?"

"Yes," said Dick, "but that's all right. Verna is a sweet girl."

We knew that much. We were well aware of Verna, but we did not know Lovey. He was the unknown quantity, and that unknownness was right smartly removed. We had a Pullman for the team and the four reporters, and a baseball Pullman is scarcely ideal for young citizens like little Lovey. I have always contended that children should be brought up in some quiet spot, far away from adults, so they cannot pick up any bad habits from their elders, but as I was not running the team I kept my mouth shut and waited. We realized within two days that in little Lovey we had something.

How a couple of sweet and lovely people like Sam and Verna could father and mother any such incredible offspring will always remain one of nature's mysteries, and after that opening ride to Boston the ballplayers and reporters were ready to sign a petition calling for Lovey to be exterminated, liquidated, dropped overboard or otherwise removed from the scene.

EN ROUTE to Boston, Lovey moved slowly through the car, getting acquainted with details and collecting hats. Most of the grownups were in the diner. Lovey found there was a place in the washroom where, with a little ingenuity, hats could be stuffed and stuffed until they fell out on the roadbed, and that's where our hats went—all but the larger ones that Lovey couldn't push overboard.

Sandy Kane, who played third base, stated: "I am no fortuneteller, but when I first seen that kid, I knew there was gonna be hell to pay."

James Richards of the Times had a touch of Lovey on the first trip east. Jim sat down dutifully at his typewriter to whack out a dispatch for the paper and filled a page with late news, after which he decided to have a drink of water. When he returned there was no page of news in his machine—only a ragged fragment, part of a page, little Lovey having torn it off and thrown the remains into a cuspidor. That turned out to be one of Lovey's standard jobs—stalking typewriters containing sheets of paper.

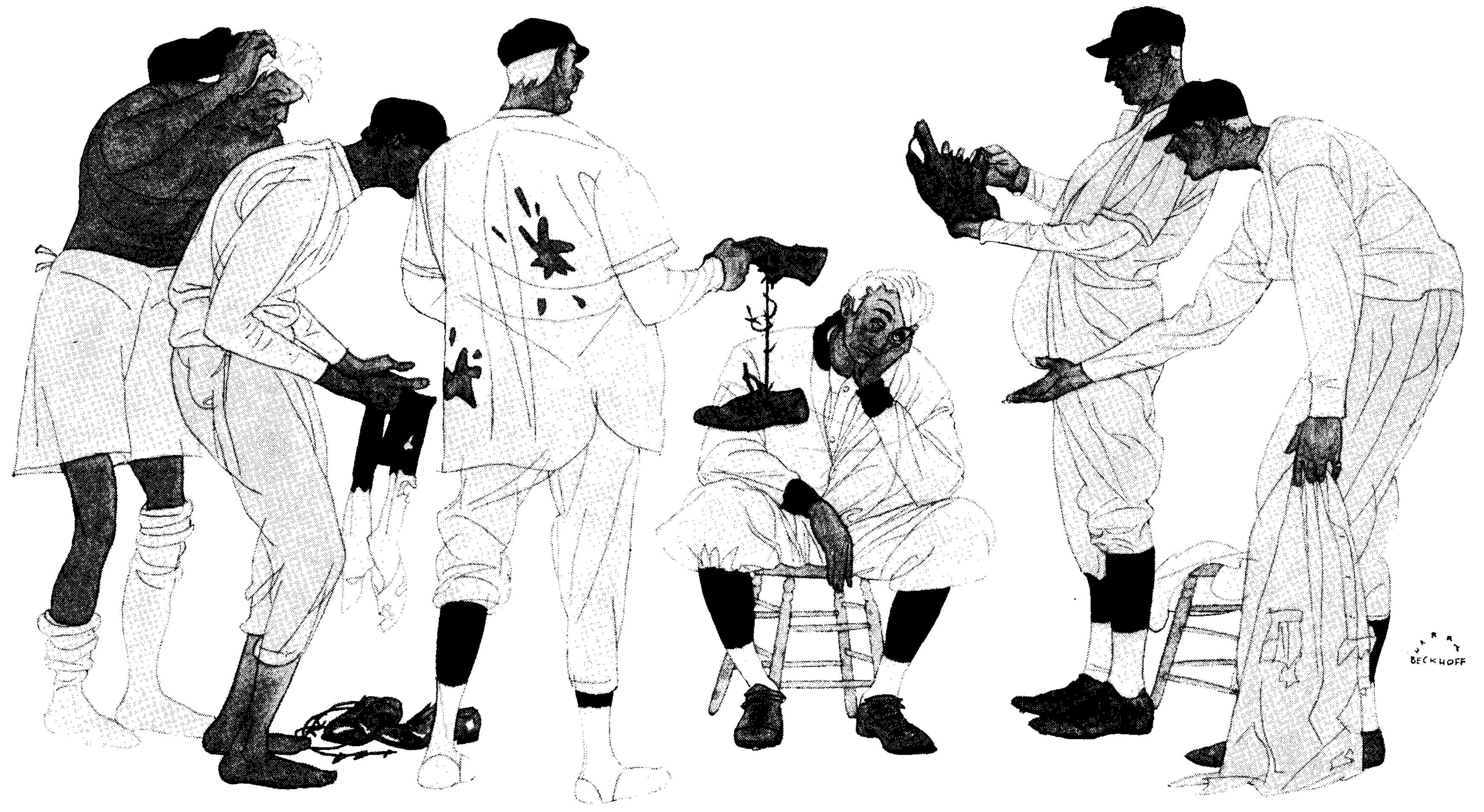
Sam Reed won his second game with great ease. He won his third game. In time he had ten straight and the entire team was excited and worked behind him with the enthusiasm of college lads. That old pennant began to look like a cinch. We couldn't miss. And all the while, as Sam got better and better, Lovey got worse and worse. I said to Henry Lemore, who writes baseball for the Herald: "Why in the name of seven heavens does he have to bring Verna and the child? Why don't they stay at home, where Lovey can't get at us?"

"You better ask Sam," grunted Henry. "A pitcher like him could bring along four wildcats and a skunk."

Then a committee of us appeared before Manager Sutherland with formal complaints. "Owing," we said, "to life and limb being no longer safe on board these railway trains, how about telling Sam to leave his wife and child behind?"

"It can't be done," Tommy grumbled in a sad tone. "He has it in his contract that his family goes where he goes. I would gladly drop the little hellion into a passing gully, but cannot legally do so."

The summer waned and Lovey invented new things and learned rapidly. He had seen some dumb wag perform the hotfoot trick, a lighted match stuck



Little Lovey wandered hither and yon, scattering disaster, and everyone thought how nice it would be to choke him

in a victim's shoe and the japery fastened in his childish mind, so he did it. Only he used sheets of paper and almost burned the pants off Jim Pestair, a good, reliable center fielder.

On the second Detroit trip, he learned that electric-light bulbs can be unscrewed from their home sockets and will give off a nice noise when thrown on the floor. Substitute Catcher Dale, returning from the men's room in his bare feet, stepped into some of Lovey's bulbs and cut everything but his jugular vein.

Sam and Verna apologized early and often and Sam actually spanked Lovey, which did no good, for Lovey only howled, and he could howl a long time with such verve and abandon that you couldn't hear the train whistle.

MEANTIME, we crowded right along toward the pennant and cheerfulness abounded on the team. At home, we were all right and safe, for then Sam, Verna and Lovey lived in their hotel and peace was upon us. It was on the road that we took it, and as time progressed, Lovey learned steadily, polished his technique and widened his horizon. If two of us happened to sit chatting, he climbed up on the seat behind, pulled our hair, spanked us on the ears and hit us over the head with any object that came to hand. When he wasn't howling, he was chatting in childish lingo, asking bald Tommy Sutherland such questions as, "Haven't you got any mamma?"

He learned to pull the ribbons out of the reporters' typewriters and strew them along the aisle, and on some typewriters it takes a reporter a good two hours of steady cussing to install a new ribbon and make it work. If a ballplayer chanced to be reading the paper, Lovey could and would snatch it away from him with one jerk. On the second trip to St. Louis, he dug up a tube of shaving cream and that was the day there was shaving cream everywhere except in the engineer's ears.

Jim Sperry, one of our catchers, had been having sweetheart trouble with a dame in Chicago and undertook to straighten matters out by writing the lady a long letter, sticking out his tongue in the labor of composition and telling the offended one that he loved her dearly and would never do that again. It took him two days. It was a good letter, four pages long and with only one mistake. That was the bottle of ink Sperry used. Lovey moved in on the ink just before Jim returned and if you have ever seen four sheets of paper and a Pullman in an ink battle, you get a rough idea of the shambles. I believe Jim lost that girl for good.

We were three full games in the lead when little Lovey came down with the mumps and that was all right with us, as Shortstop Harbaugh told us mumps were sometimes fatal to young children. Only Lovey didn't die. What happened was that we lost the lead in the pennant race and wound up two games behind and that was because we were forced to use substitute players, four of our best ones being laid up with Lovey's mumps. This was where Manager Sutherland began to worry.

"See if you can't do something about this," he said.

"Yes," I answered. "I will do so. What do you suggest?"

"I don't know what. Think of something."

I thought hard and at length decided to go straight to Sam, which I did. "Sam," I began diffidently, "don't you believe it would be better for Verna and Lovey if you left them at home while we're on the road?"

"No," he said firmly. "They like to travel. Verna likes to be with me. And it's in my contract."

Undefeated, I had another idea and turned the guns on Verna, who remained just as sweet and nice as ever.

"Verna," I said, throwing a note of great earnestness into my tones, "did it ever occur to you that maybe you are not doing Sam a favor by going along on all the road trips?"

"Oh, but Mr. Davies," she cried, looking at me out of wide, blue eyes, "Sam wants me. He would be unhappy if I stayed at home with Lovey."

"Yes, Verna, but in baseball, it's bad luck for a player's wife to travel with him. That's an old legend and every player knows it."

"Bad luck! Why, Sam has won every game. I'm surprised at you, Mr. Davies."

I could see this line of attack was getting us nowhere and reported later to the manager. "We got 'em," I told Tommy, "and we're going to keep 'em."

FOR a while conditions remained unchanged on our road trips. Little Lovey wandered hither and yon, scattering disaster, and everyone thought how nice it would be to choke him and drop him off the rear coach. On the run to Chicago, he got loose at night and spent a busy evening pulling laces out of shoes. In the morning there wasn't a shoelace within forty-eight miles. Bridge games became difficult, for the young innocent learned to sneak up quietly while the players were engrossed in reneging, snatch the quiet deck and flee with happy howls, scattering loose cards all the way from where it says "Men" to where it says "Women."

The entire ball team began to give way to nerves. Players who should be having their sound sleep for the morrow's game lay awake in their bunks, imagining they could hear Lovey creeping down the aisle, with possibly a canister of nitroglycerin in either hand. It was Center Fielder Jim Pestair who deliberately organized and fathered a revolt.

"You told Verna, didn't you," he remarked to me, "that it was unlucky for a player's wife to be tagging all over the circuit with him?"

"I did that, and with a good deal of eloquence," I said.

"Well, it is unlucky," he grunted, looking ferocious. "I can't stand much more of this little precious lambkin. The rest of the boys agree with me, so I'm going to do something."

"Go ahead. Mr. Sutherland will welcome any relief, and so will I. Just so you don't shoot the little laddie."

AS FAR as the old pennant was concerned, that was nothing to worry about, for there was plenty of daylight between us and the second team—the Yankees, of course. And the pennant means a very nice little gob of extra gravy for each man. We were pegging along serenely and blew into Washington for five games. Center Fielder Pestair spoke confidentially and in low tones to some of the boys, and I'll never know which ones, and if I knew I wouldn't tell, and that opening game found Sam Reed on the mound.

He pitched superb baseball and lost to the Senators, one to three—his first defeat. When it was over, he strode across the lot, wearing a puzzled look. I don't claim, mind you, that Jim Pestair and the hired hands threw the game. I only state that we didn't win, and with our miracle pitcher letting the other team down with five hits, all skimpy ones. Our sluggers didn't slug very well that afternoon and there were strikeouts against hitters who do not customarily strike out. I only know that at suppertime I happened to notice Jim Pestair, who was opposite Sam. Sam consumed his fodder in gloomy silence. Mr. Pestair glanced over at Sandy Kane and lowered his left eyelid and maybe that meant something.

One week later, Sam lost his second game to the Yanks and the next one he lost to the Red Sox, and by that time Mrs. Reed couldn't eat her meals and was visibly fretting. Lovey was going strong and eating everything in sight, including paper matches.

"I told you, Verna," I said very seriously, "that it's ill luck for a player's wife to be riding around the circuit with him. You can't tell *(Continued on page 36)*

Quick Work

By Quentin Reynolds

Four walls and a round ball, that's all you need to play handball. If you'd like to be good, add to the equipment one full, powerful set of muscles greased with lightning

WHEN those early sons of Erin first came to settle in New York they looked about them in delighted wonder. 'Twas not the size of the buildings nor the paved streets nor the hansom cabs nor yet the smart blue uniforms of the police which caught their eyes. No indeed. It was the sight of squat red buildings standing on lots with plenty of ground around them that made the sons of Erin rejoice.

"Glory be," they sang, "but in this land there is a handball court on every block."

"Them is not handball courts," old natives told them in disdain, "but instead them is the dwelling place of firemen and the police."

So the sons of Erin hurriedly joined up with the firemen and the police so that they too could live in such a place which was at once a home and a handball court. Now when they were neither quelling riots nor putting out fires they were batting a ball up against the side of the squat red building—and that's how handball in America was born.

Now actually handball was born many centuries ago when Greek used to meet Greek but the game was adopted by Ireland about the time that the shamrock became the symbol of the country, and ever since it has been the national game of Ireland.

Phil Casey came to this land of tall buildings in the early '70's and he settled in Brooklyn. In Ireland he had been a great handball player but in Brooklyn he found very few red squat buildings with vacant land about them. There were plenty of goats roaming about the reaches of the flatlands and there were horses pulling trolley cars along Atlantic Avenue and Brooklyn was beginning to grow up a little—but there were very few squat buildings that a man could bang a hard-rubber ball against. So Phil Casey built a handball court—probably the first handball court ever built in this country.

He taught his neighbors to play and the red-shirted firemen came and the blue-shirted policemen came and soon there was quite a community of handball players and what the goats who roamed through the flatlands thought of it and what the amiable-looking horses as they peered out from under their straw bonnets thought of it, I don't know.

Mr. Phil Casey could beat anyone in Brooklyn with the greatest of ease and he'd play them for a drink, for a dollar or for the sport of it, for he was that kind of Irishman, and never once did he find his match. Now when he had beaten everyone in sight he looked for further worlds to conquer. The biggest world of all to Casey was Ireland so he challenged John Lawlor, the champion of all Ireland, to a match for a purse of $1,000.

It was to be of twenty-one games, ten to be played in Ireland and eleven to be played in the United States. The first series took place in Cork in August, 1887, and Casey to his great dismay and surprise was beaten six matches to four. Casey was not used to the size of the court, which was a tremendous thing—eighty by forty feet. But he bided his time and took the chaffing with good nature and said, "Now m' lad, come over to Brooklyn."

Casey built a special court for that match and it wasn't eighty by forty feet, either. A man would have to have legs like a goat and the speed of a leprechaun to cover the length and breadth of a court like that. On his own court with his neighbors looking on Casey just toyed with the big lad from Cork. He won seven matches in succession to become the undisputed champion of Ireland and Brooklyn. Never once thereafter was Phil Casey beaten in a match. He traveled from coast to coast introducing the game of handball to such places as Milwaukee and Detroit and Los Angeles and always when he left there were many to carry on and spread the news of this new game. The Y. M. C. A.'s took it up and athletic clubs installed courts and soon there were thousands playing the game.

But no one ever came along to challenge successfully the kingship of Casey of Brooklyn. In those early days they played the game with a hard ball which had a cork center, and kicking the ball was permitted. The great players were all sons of Ireland, such stalwarts as Alderman James Dunne, who was Casey's doubles partner; Michael Eagan of Galway, who in 1897 won the first A. A. U. tournament ever held; James Kelly from the County Mayo, last of the hard-ball champions; Father Tom Jones, a parish priest of Dingle, County Kerry, whom Casey himself always declared to be the greatest player ever to step on a court, and Jim Fitzgerald. Handball was an Irish game no matter where it was played.

And now? Ah, but sad to tell, 'tis no longer so. No longer do the sons of Galway and Cork rule the game of handball. Today the world's greatest player is a lad by the name of Al Banuet and there is little of Irish in that name. He is not the acknowledged champion for one reason or another which we'll talk about later, but the high-ranking players all admit frankly that none of them can hold a candle to him when he is on his game. The other great ones are the Lithuanian Joe Platak, the present champion; Sam Atcheson of Memphis; Dan Marble of San Francisco, the "Wild Bull" of the game, a man who hits the ball only with his fist and who'll climb the four walls to make a return; Angelo Trulio of New York, a chunky Italian lad; George Quam, the one-armed wonder; Bob Kendler of Chicago, a great doubles player; and his partner, the smooth-stroking George DiRe, pupil of Merritt Bates, the greatest stylist of them all; George Nelson and John Endzevick of Cleveland; Clary Ehlers, the Milwaukee fireman; and Bill Mauer, another fire laddie who has been Northwest champion the past two years. There are a few others too, and they form the top twenty in this game which has grown so rapidly in the past few years. Now take them all and wring them out and not a single drop of Irish blood will fall. Today there isn't a top-flight player in the game who can point to Ireland as his mother, and how the Caseys and the Fitzgeralds must writhe in their shrouds.

Game Has Changed Very Little

The game played today is substantially the same as that which was played when Casey was king, with the exception that no kicking is allowed and the ball instead of being hard is soft. Not as soft as a tennis ball but a bit softer than a rock and it takes many months of playing before your hands are hardened to the point where you can really hit one with all you've got without wincing. Then, too, virtually all tournament matches are four-wall matches. Single-wall handball is hardly known now in tournament play.

A national one-wall tournament, which was that much more in name than in actual scope, was played during the past season at the Ravenhall A. C., in Coney Island, New York, and won by Harry Goldstein of New York.

Bill Sakman of New York City, one of the great players of the East, was a leader in the transition from the hard-ball to the soft-ball game. The latter, it may surprise you to know, is faster than the old hard-ball game and requires a court of lesser dimensions, which is one of the reasons for its present-day ascendancy, especially in the big cities where the clubs have found that space counts. The game is faster because the tendency, with the old rocklike pellet, was to cradle it in the hand, somewhat after the manner of the jai-alai players. To have stroked the old hard ball as the boys batter away at today's ball would have been to invite self-inflicted torture.

But the old game has its die-hards. There are probably a half-dozen hard-ball courts in New York and Eric Peet is the generally conceded monarch of the old-time game, amazingly skillful and too little honored for his skill because modernity has caught up with and passed the Old Guard. Peet won the four-wall, hard-ball title for 1937 in Brooklyn last April, also shares in the doubles title and is just about unchallenged in his own realm.

The first time anyone ever heard of Al Banuet was in 1929 when he entered his first national tournament representing the Olympic Club of San Francisco. He came to the New York A. C. courts for the tournament and before two rounds had been played the kid (he was only nineteen then) had everyone talking. To begin with, he did *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE HOWE

"Tell Tony I'd like to do something for her," Katherine Barr said. "I want to talk to you, sometime, but don't come into this valley again"

Sundown Jim

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE trailing one Ed Dale, whom for reasons he does not explain he seems anxious to encounter, Jim Majors (Sundown Jim) reaches the little Western town of Reservation, takes a room in a hotel. A few minutes later, he witnesses a brutal killing; he sees one man, Ben Maffitt, shoot another, without provocation; he sees a girl (known as "Tony," he learns later) run to the dead man, kneel beside the body.

The girl, seemingly friendless, is on the verge of fainting. Taking pity on her, Majors assists her in reaching her room in the hotel, where she works as a waitress. In the room, another girl—Pedee Barr's daughter, Katherine—joins them. She makes no effort to hide her hostility toward the new arrival. He gathers from her remarks that, because of jealousy, Maffitt had killed a man named Pete Riley.

Leaving the two girls, Majors inspects the town. Veiled remarks directed at him convince him that he is in peril, that everyone is a potential enemy. Puzzled by the situation, he enters a saloon, orders a drink. Ben Maffitt is there, surrounded by his henchmen—among others, Pedee Barr and Brick Brand. No sooner has Majors arrived than Brand insults him by pulling back the lapels of his coat—as though to suggest that he may be a sheriff from some other place. Instantly Majors hits the man, knocks him down. A second adversary leaps toward him; Majors picks him up bodily and hurls him into the street! After which, Majors orders Brand to pull his coat together; and the order is obeyed, promptly.

Leaving the saloon, Majors goes to his room. There, awaiting his arrival, is a man who introduces himself as Buff Sultan, and who informs Majors that, like Majors himself, he is in a dangerous spot. "Let's make a trade," Sultan suggests finally; "your help for mine." But he seems reluctant to go into details and presently he leaves.

The next person Majors encounters is the marshal, Charley Chavis. Majors asks him a number of questions; then: "Where," he inquires, "do the Barrs live?" Heretofore genial, the marshal now turns surly. "Up the head of the Ute's south branch," he growls.

Majors hesitates; then: "Why did Maffitt kill Pete Riley?" he asks.

II

CHARLEY CHAVIS hauled his feet from the desk and got up as though propelled by a spring. "Go find your own answers! You come here and you don't tell me anything, so why should I tell you anything? You been pryin' around here ever since you hit town! We all know that. If you got some business, I'll listen. If you ain't—don't count on me for anything."

The sludge in Majors' pipe began to fry. He tapped the bowl and refilled and lighted it, his motions easy and slow. Nothing disturbed the set of his face, but his impressions were all strong and accurate as he watched the color of Charley Chavis' close-set eyes. This town marshal was disturbed and defiant—and using anger to cover something like fear. Here was a man he would never be able to trust. Majors was very certain about that lack of loyalty in Chavis, that guarded secrecy of motive which would never rise to daylight.

He said, gently, "Won't trouble you," and wheeled from the marshal's office, crossing directly to the sorrel gelding. After he climbed to the saddle, he paused long enough to ask the shriveled Henry a few questions which he knew would be public information the moment he left Reservation. He pointed eastward.

"What's down that way, Henry?"

"The Sultans and the Ketchums and Gray Oldroyd," and added eagerly: "You goin' that way? And yonder in the Hole, which is the little valley beyond, you'll find Dobe Hyde's outfit."

Majors pointed southward. "What's there?"

Henry looked at him, a native shrewdness showing. "You don't know? Well, at the end of that valley, where the south branch of the Ute Fork falls outa the mountains, you'll find the Barrs, friend. That as far as you figure you'll go?"

Majors said gently: "Anything beyond?"

"Well," said Henry, "there's a pretty broad trail you could take on up into the rough country. That would be the Pocket."

"What's in the Pocket, Henry?"

Henry, talkative as he was, folded his lean lips together and turned back into the stable.

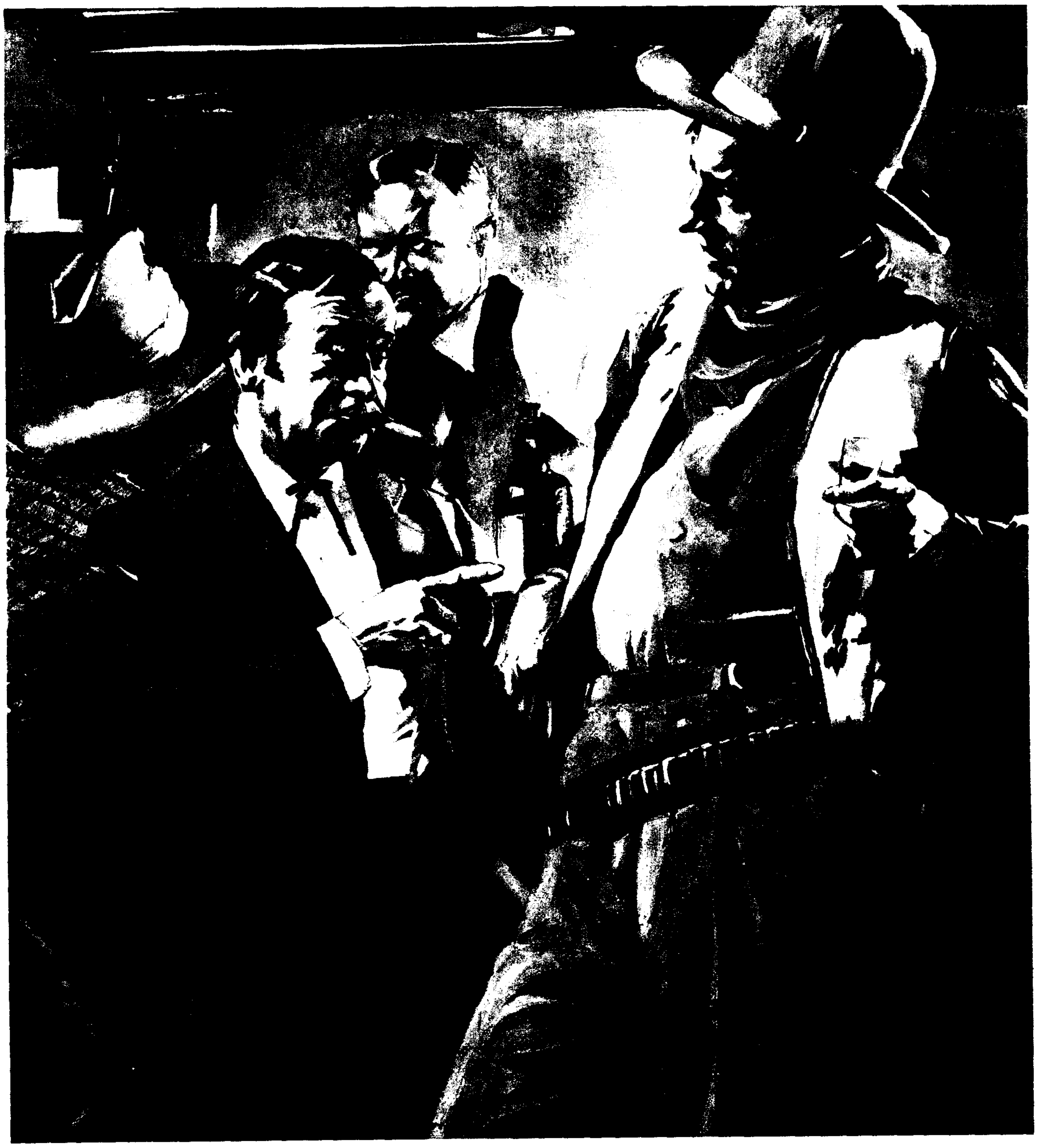
Majors swung left at the square, heading toward the eastern valley. Behind him was a town that covertly watched him. He knew that much from his quick side glances as he passed along; and he knew it from the feeling in the small of his shoulders. Reservation dwindled to a few scattered houses and a few corrals and then he curved over beside the meandering shallows of the Ute Fork's east branch and followed a dusty road down the narrow valley's middle.

Long pine-sloped hills, perhaps five miles apart, formed the walls of the valley; and about ten miles ahead was a low line of buttes that seemed to shut the valley off. The sun lifted in the east, red from autumn's haze and half its heat gone; cowbirds swirled in thick flights from the river willows. It was, he saw, a pretty little land locked away from the world. Cattle country strictly, though no livestock showed along the flat stretch; the beef would still be on summer graze up in the timber. A few miles from Reservation a narrower road turned to the left, crossed a bridge and struck for the northern ridge. Over there, sitting somewhat above the valley, was a house. At this junction a mailbox bore the name of Oldroyd.

FARTHER on, half down the length of the valley, another road took off to the right, marked by an arch with an elkhorn mounted on it. The mailbox here said: "Judas Ketchum." The Ketchum house was a white square at the base of the right-hand ridge. Majors rode alternately at a walk and gallop, the smell of the earth pleasantly rising to his nostrils and the sweet, half-crisp air filling his big chest. There was an ease and a rhythm in his muscles; his senses lifted to a satisfying world. This was the action he had to have, this yellow dust running beneath him and the steady jar of the sorrel's stride traveling along his solid frame. Sunlight drew his lids nearer together until faint wrinkles cut a crisscross pattern at the edge of his temples.

But if he sat slack in the saddle, his glance registered the details of this valley with an intent care, as though there were a story here he had to know. Ahead of him the river turned gradually to the south and the valley began to pinch in and he saw the sharp break of the oncoming cliff wall where the river broke through; and down there three men on their horses, grouped together in some kind of a parley.

It was, he told himself, a long talk or a long wait; for he covered a good mile before he reached them, directly to see that one of these men was the blond Buff Sultan. They had squared around to face him—this Sultan, and a youngster of about nineteen with a square face, and a man old enough to be the youngster's father, and with the same kind of features. Jim Majors pulled up, observing the etiquette of the situation. Buff Sultan showed him no recognition, which was all the signal Majors needed for his own cue.



Soder said, "There's more to this business than you can handle, and there's more than one way to skin a cat"

He said to them generally: "Good day for ridin'. Where does this road go?"

The oldest one said with a reserved courtesy: "Into Dobe Hyde's valley."

"Get to Fort Custer this way?"

"A pretty long ride. Looking for a job?"

Majors considered this older man until the other said: "You saw the road down there with the elkhorn arch?"

"Ketchum?"

"That's me. A job?"

MAJORS took time out to load his pipe. Ketchum slid a glance to Buff Sultan, who made the faintest of nods. They had, Majors guessed, been discussing him while he approached. This was the kind of country it was, so tight and so self-contained that one stranger sent a definite current of disturbance to the extreme end of the valley. It told him nothing. Trouble had hardened them all; it had set them all into camps. He could feel it in Reservation and he could feel it now—a resistance that pushed against him, that closed tightly around him.

He said, "No, I think I'll be riding," and left them like that. He guessed it was the Sultan house he saw a quarter mile in from the main road. Half a mile on he reached a canyon with straight walls and with width enough to let only the river and this narrow road pass through it. Semidarkness lay here for a distance of several hundred yards, or until the canyon widened and the road fell between the shoulders of a broken hill country. And at once, seeing a trail lift into the ridge he had skirted all the way from Reservation, he took it and soon found himself closed about by timber, climbing steadily.

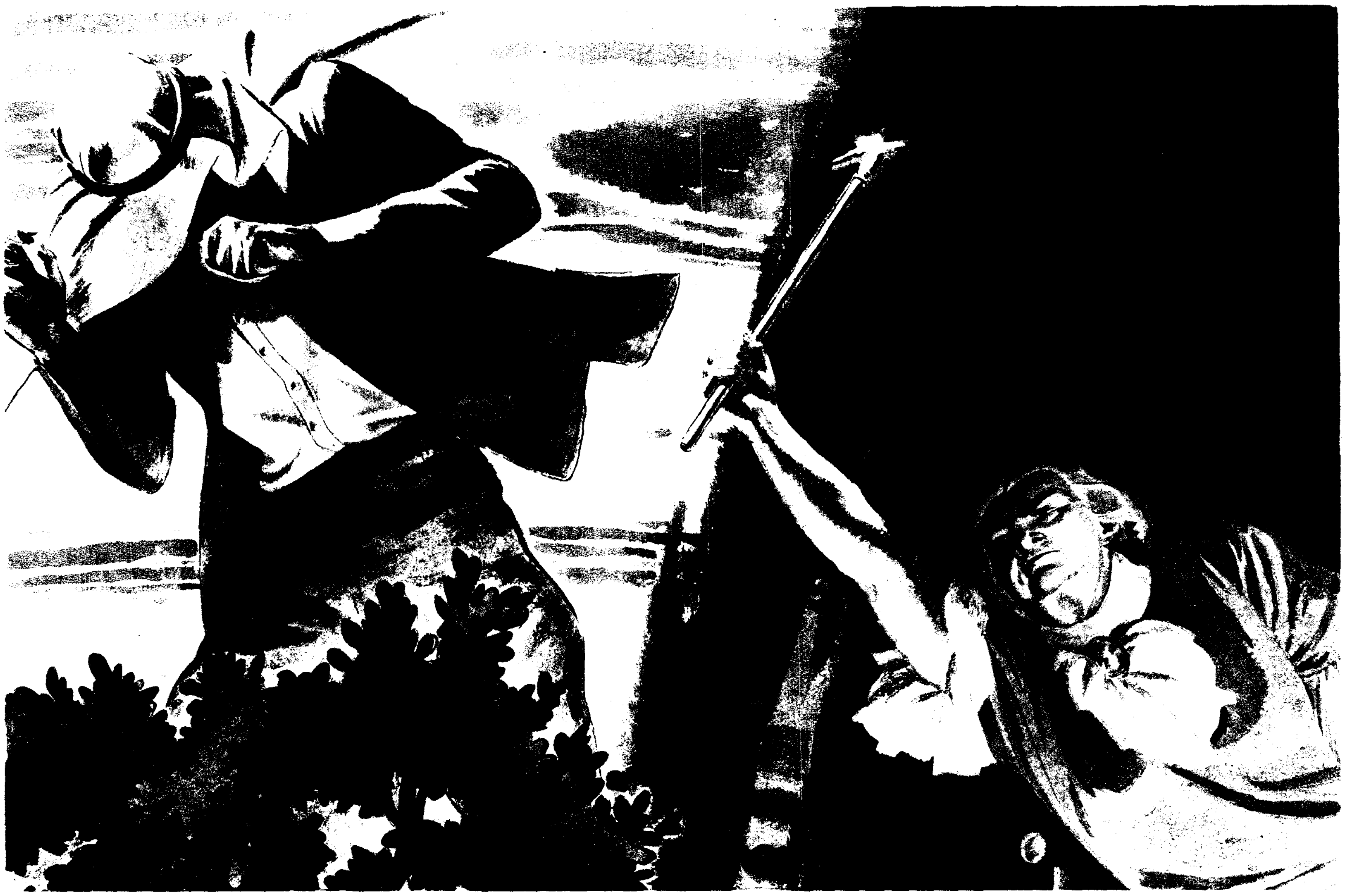
He had spent all the years of his active life in the open, this Jim Majors; and it was a part of his long training that he could travel now with the country perfectly outlined in his head, its directions plain and the character of the land immediately clear. He had that compass sense. At noon, from a high bare knob, he could see, behind him, the round pocket which he judged to be Dobe Hyde's valley. Before him the stringers of the broken country, dark with timber, undulated like heavy sea swells westward until they rolled against the sharply climbing shoulders of the general range. Somewhere between this spot and that great mountain mass lay the meadows of the Ute Fork's south branch, where the Barrs lived. He pushed along the trail into strong shadows and into a deep silence and an hour or so later came out upon a stumpy clearing wherein sat a frame house sagged badly at peak and flank, silvered by weather, its broken windows staring at him like sightless eyes.

CURIOSITY led him to it. He dismounted at the low front porch, where grass sprouted between the warped boards. Looking into the front room, he could see that stray cattle had made a shelter of this place and had scrubbed themselves against the door's edges. A stairway ran up along one side of the room. A fireplace showed the black ashes of a fairly recent fire. Without warning, steps sounded in the depths of this house and then a woman, a girl in her early twenties, appeared at an inner door.

She saw him and stopped with a shocked intake of breath, and that shock completely changed the expression of her face. Astonishment gripped her so completely that for the space of this small moment she could neither speak nor move. During that interval he saw fear come freshly to her eyes.

The ways of Majors' life had trained

(Continued on page 28)



"She was very angry about it. The poor man slunk away as fast as he could, and she shook her stick at him and called out"

Appointment with Death

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

MEETING by chance in Jerusalem, in the course of a tour of the Near East, Dr. Theodore Gerard, a noted French alienist, and Sarah King, an English medical student, have a strange experience with the Boynton family (American and rich). The Boyntons—with the exception of Mrs. Boynton, the head of the family—seemingly like them but snub them repeatedly!

They soon learn the reason. Mrs. Boynton, once a wardress in a prison, resolutely refuses to permit her family—her stepchildren, Raymond, Carol and Lennox; her daughter, Ginevra; and Lennox's wife, Nadine—to meet anyone, to make any friends! One person alone—Jefferson Cope, a middle-aged American who is secretly in love with Nadine—is received by the old woman! Mr. Cope attaches himself to the party.

The Boyntons leave Jerusalem. Before they depart, Sarah makes some cutting remarks to Mrs. Boynton. Freezing, Mrs. Boynton gazes over Sarah's shoulder. Then: "I never forget. Remember that. I've never forgotten anything—not an action, not a name, not a face!"

With that cryptic remark, Mrs. Boynton leaves. . . . Accompanied by Dr. Gerard, Miss Amabel Pierce (a mouselike little English spinster), and Lady Westholme, a strong-minded person who always has her way, Sarah journeys to Petra. Arrived, she finds Mr. Cope—and the Boyntons! Two other surprises await her: Raymond Boynton (with whom she has exchanged only a few furtive words) tells her that he loves her; and while seated in the mouth of one of Petra's famous caves, like a figure of Buddha, *Mrs. Boynton dies!*

Instantly putting two and two together, Dr. Gerard arrives at an interesting theory: Someone, making use of his hypodermic syringe (stolen and later replaced) and some digitoxin (a heart poison) has murdered the old martinet! A few hours later, he completes his report to Colonel Carbury and a clever Belgian detective, Hercule Poirot, who are investigating the case.

There are a number of suspects. Poirot first summons Sarah King, who had examined the body. Sarah tells a straightforward story. Next, Lady Westholme is ushered in. While she is telling her story, Poirot interrupts to describe the exact location of everyone's quarters at Petra. Then: "Is that correct?"

Lady Westholme replies that it *is* correct.

"I thank you," says the detective. "Pray continue, Lady Westholme."

VI

LADY WESTHOLME smiled graciously on Poirot and went on:

"At about a quarter to four I strolled along to Miss Pierce's tent to see if she were awake yet and felt like a stroll. She was sitting in the doorway of the tent, reading. We agreed to start in about half an hour when the sun was less hot. I went back to my tent and read for about twenty-five minutes. Then I went along and joined Miss Pierce. She was ready and we started out. Everyone in the camp seemed asleep—there was no one about, and seeing Mrs. Boynton sitting up there alone I suggested to Miss Pierce that we should ask her if she wanted anything before we left."

"Yes, you did. *Most* thoughtful of you, I considered," murmured Miss Pierce.

"I felt it to be my duty," said Lady Westholme with a rich complacency.

"And then for her to be so rude about it!" exclaimed Miss Pierce.

Poirot looked inquiringly.

"Our path passed just under the ledge," explained Lady Westholme, "and I called up to her, saying that we were going for a stroll and could we do anything for her before we went. Do you know, M. Poirot, absolutely the only answer she gave us was a *grunt!* A grunt! She just looked at us as though we were—as though we were dirt!"

"Disgraceful, it was!" said Miss Pierce, flushing.

"I must confess," said Lady Westholme, reddening a little, "that I then made a somewhat uncharitable remark."

"I think you were quite justified," said Miss Pierce. "*Quite*—under the circumstances."

"What was this remark?" asked Poirot.

"I said to Miss Pierce that perhaps she *drank!* Really, her manner was most peculiar. It had been all along. I thought it possible that drink might account for it. The evils of alcoholic indulgence, as I very well know—"

Dexterously Poirot steered the conversation away from the drink question.

"Had her manner been very peculiar on this particular day? At lunchtime, for instance?"

"No—no," said Lady Westholme, considering. "No, I should say that her manner had been fairly normal then—for an American of that type, that is to say," she added condescendingly.

"SHE was very abusive to that servant," said Miss Pierce.

"Which one?"

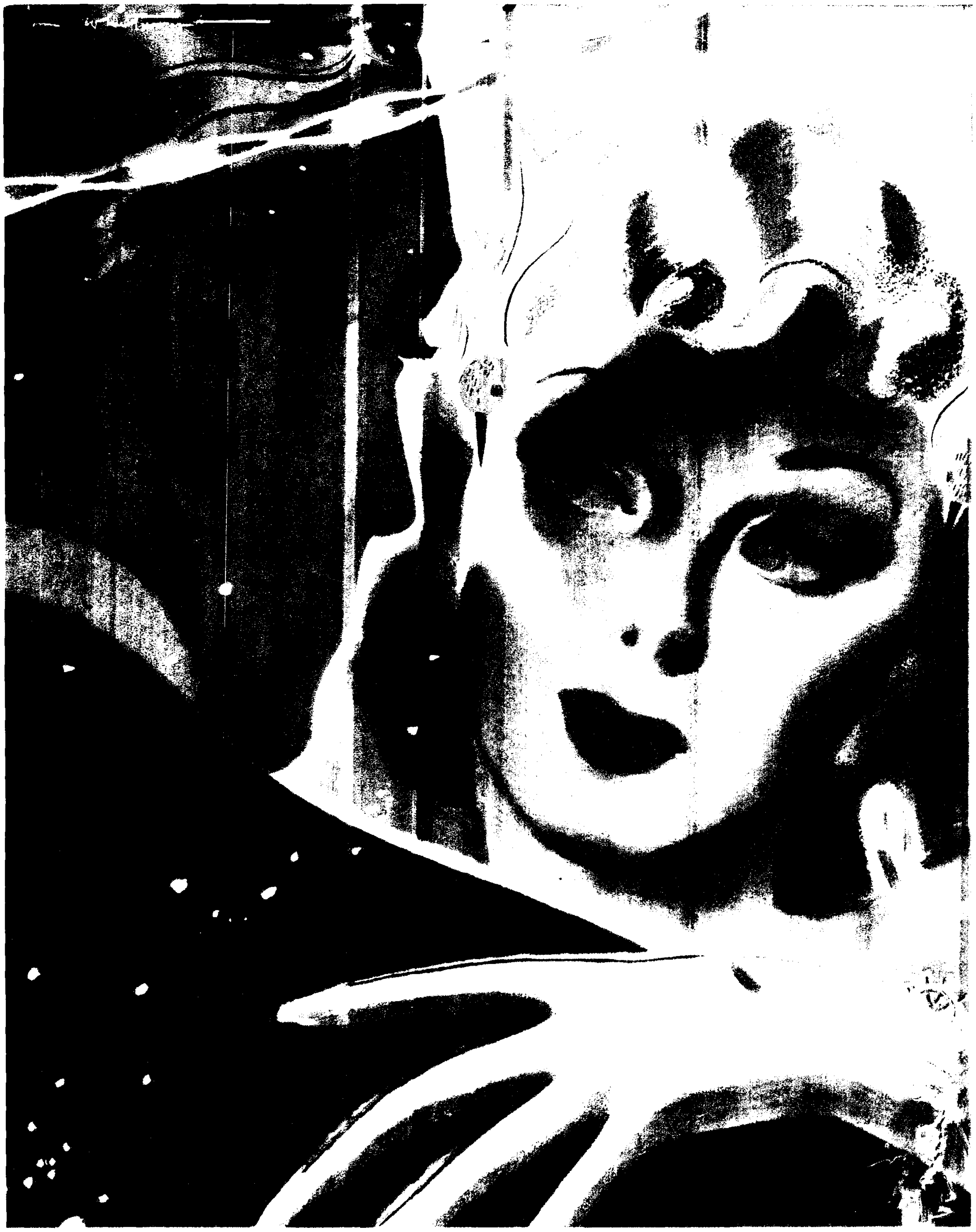
"Not very long before we started out."

"Oh, yes, I remember. She *did* seem extraordinarily annoyed with him! Of course," went on Lady Westholme, "to have servants about who cannot understand a word of English is very trying, but what I say is that when one is traveling one must make allowances."

"What servant was this?" asked Poirot.

"One of the Bedouin servants attached to the camp. He went up to her. I

(Continued on page 40)



It was a good beginning because the orchestra was playing waltz music and he was a nice waltzer. They danced three times in a row

The Bars Between

By Frederick Nebel

She ran up some kind of record for saying yes or no. Most girls liked him, and he was surprised to find one who didn't. He was even more surprised to find her visiting the state prison. But Sergeant Conroy knew courage when he saw it

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

MILES CONROY first ran across her the day he was killing time looking at new cars. He was standing in Hemple's showroom with his overcoat open, his elbows cocked and his hands sheathed comfortably in his hip pockets, when she came up behind him and said:

"One of the salesmen will be back any minute. If you'll just make yourself comfortable—"

"That's all right," he dropped laconically over his shoulder, never removing his eyes from a dark green sedan that had first drawn his attention. "I'm only looking."

"It's a pretty car, isn't it?"

"It's okay."

A telephone rang and she said, "Excuse me," and hurried to a glassed-in office.

Conroy roamed leisurely round the showroom and was gazing idly into a display case of accessories when she came out again.

"Would you like to see some of our literature?" she said. "I'm sure the salesman—"

"No, thanks. I'm just looking. I'll probably drop in again."

She returned to the office and in another minute Conroy buttoned his overcoat and went out. The odds were against his ever running across her again, for in the first place he hadn't really looked at her, and, in the second, the green sedan cost more than he cared to pay.

He was standing on a street corner two weeks later, waiting for the traffic light to change, when she alighted from a bus directly in front of him. She glanced at him by chance and then with a humorous scrutiny so frank and artless that he guessed she thought he was somebody else.

SHE said straight out to him, "I'm probably crazy, but weren't you in Hemple's showroom a couple of weeks ago?"

"I might have been."

"There was no salesman on the floor and I—"

He nodded. "I remember now."

"Mr. Hemple was mad as a hornet. He came in right after you left and found nobody on the floor—and was he mad!" She grinned. "But I hope you'll give us another chance—unless you've already made up your mind."

"I guess I'll hang on to the car I've got another season."

"Well, when you do decide to—"

"Sure, I'll drop around."

"Goodby," she said gaily.

"So long," Conroy said and crossed the avenue on a green light.

A month later he was in Hemple's buying a new car. It was a sort of celebration, he told himself. In a recent departmental shake-up he had been promoted to detective sergeant. He was still a young man, just rounding thirty. And with the raise in pay he felt he could afford the new car.

Sitting at the desk in the glassed-in office, he gave the girl his name and address, and when he told her where he was employed she gave him a quick, startled look. He watched her slender fingers rap the keys briskly, competently. He noticed that her hair was very dark red and that her skin was wonderfully fair. He liked her good humor, too.

"Well, now you can sign up," she said, drawing the contract out of the typewriter.

Britton, the salesman, said, "I'm sure glad we were able to sell you, Sergeant."

"You ought to cut Miss Jackson in on it."

Britton winked. "That might start a precedent. I'll tell you what I'll do, though—I'll take her to the Police Charity Ball next week."

"Any time you dig down, Ned," she said dryly, "I'd like to see it."

CONROY was in fine spirits. "You dropped your guard that time," he said to the salesman, drawing a sheaf of green tickets from his pocket, placing two on the desk. "Five dollars, please."

"Oh, I was only kidding. I'm a lousy dancer."

"There's always a stag line there," Conroy said. "Two tickets, five bucks, or I don't sign the contract."

Britton laughed outright. "Okay, Sergeant. But it's coercion."

Conroy took a look at Nora Jackson and then glanced at Britton. "I'd call it a break," he said.

The charity ball was on the first Friday in December at the Norman Hotel

(Continued on page 47)

LET THE DUTCH BOY

Help Pay Interest ON YOUR Mortgage!

Yes, economy is the Dutch Boy's middle name. For years, this thrifty little fellow has been helping home-owners save money. To understand just how substantial these Dutch Boy savings can be, consider this actual experience:

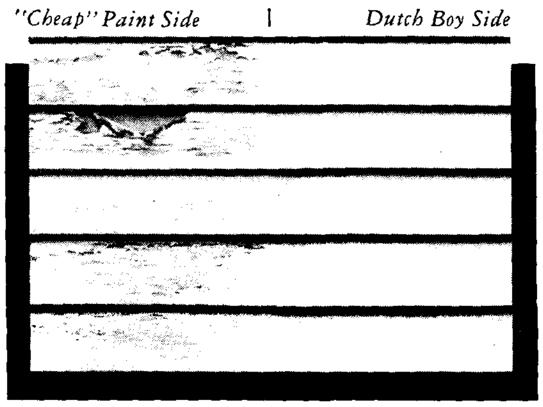
The two owners of a double house — call them Mr. A and Mr. B — decided to repaint at the same time. Mr. B took his painter's advice and used Dutch Boy White-Lead on his half of the house. Penny-wise Mr. A made a slight saving by buying "cheap" paint.

But look at the sad end of his bargain — a bad case of cracking and scaling after only two years (see photograph). Now Mr. A has to pay $160.00 for burning and scraping off the scaling paint, applying a new priming coat, and repainting.

Meanwhile Mr. B is sitting pretty. The money that his neighbor is paying out because of "cheap" paint's failure is still in Mr. B's bank account — to help pay interest on his mortgage.

Furthermore, Mr. B's paint still has years of life ahead of it. And when repaint time finally does roll round, there will be no burning and scraping — and no new priming coat. Dutch Boy wears down by slow gradual chalking. This leaves a smooth, unbroken surface — an ideal foundation for new paint.

This is why the experienced and conscientious painter who is interested in giving you generous value for your money recommends and uses Dutch Boy White-Lead. He mixes it to meet the requirements of your particular job and then tints it to the exact color you ask for. No one knows paint like a painter.



A—*This is Mr. A's side. His "cheap" paint is* all through *after two years. Now it's going to cost Mr. A $160 for burning off scaling paint, applying new priming coat and repainting.*

B—*This is Mr. B's side. His Dutch Boy job is exactly the same age as the "cheap" paint—but look at the difference! Dutch Boy will continue to protect its side for years to come.*

* * *

If you prefer to pay for your painting by the month, take advantage of the Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan. No down payment. Eighteen months to pay, in surprisingly small monthly installments. Check the coupon below for complete information. And regardless of whether you are interested in the plan, send in the coupon for a copy of the illustrated booklet, "The House We Live In". Tells how to buy a paint job, how to select the right color scheme, the right paint and the right painter. Address Department 265, in care of the nearest branch.

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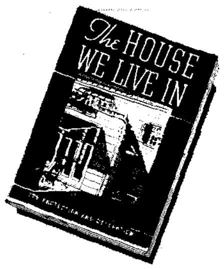
NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY, 111 Broadway, New York; 116 Oak St., Buffalo; 900 West 18th St., Chicago; 659 Freeman Ave., Cincinnati; 1213 West Third St., Cleveland; 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis; 2240 24th St., San Francisco; National-Boston Lead Co., 800 Albany St., Boston; National Lead & Oil Co. of Penna., 316 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh; John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Widener Bldg., Philadelphia.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY
Dept. 265 (*See list of branches at left*)

Please send me your free booklet, "The House We Live In", containing color scheme suggestions and practical advice on interior and exterior painting.

☐ Please include description of Dutch Boy Easy Payment Plan.

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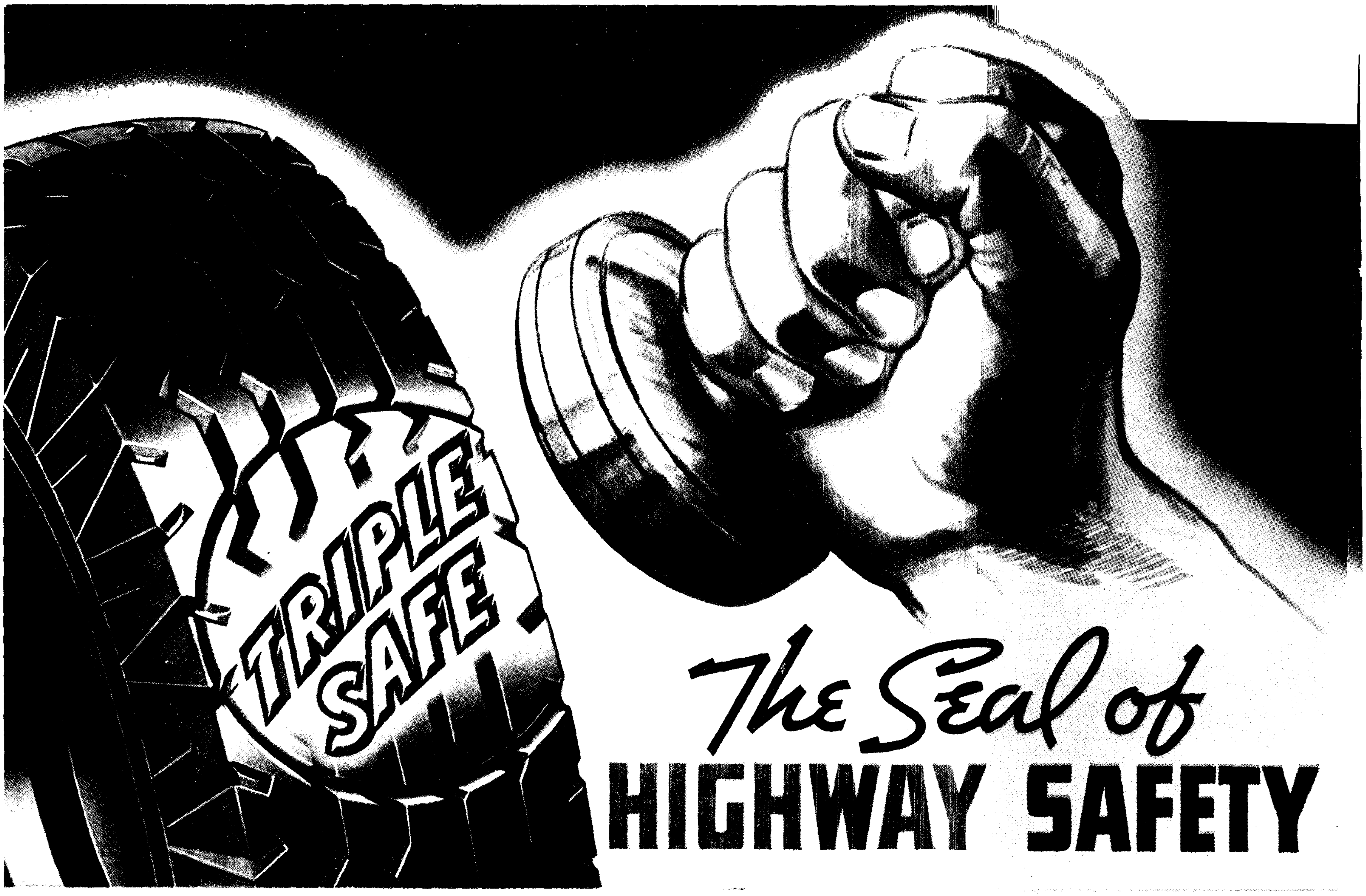

The Seal of HIGHWAY SAFETY

Let's talk plain facts about tire safety! America's foremost race drivers join with millions of car owners in stamping their seal of approval on Firestone Tires. They know that Firestone Tires are the *only* tires at *any* price that are *Triple-Safe*. Now what do we mean by *Triple-Safe?* We mean:

1. PROTECTION AGAINST BLOWOUTS. Firestone Tires run up to 28° cooler because every fiber of every cord in every ply is saturated with liquid rubber. This patented Gum-Dipping process counteracts internal friction and heat that ordinarily cause blowouts.

2. PROTECTION AGAINST PUNCTURES. Two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords under the tread add great strength to the tire and give extra protection against punctures.

3. PROTECTION AGAINST SKIDDING. The scientific tread design gives longer non-skid mileage and will stop your car up to 25% quicker.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO DRIVE WITHOUT TRIPLE-SAFE TIRES

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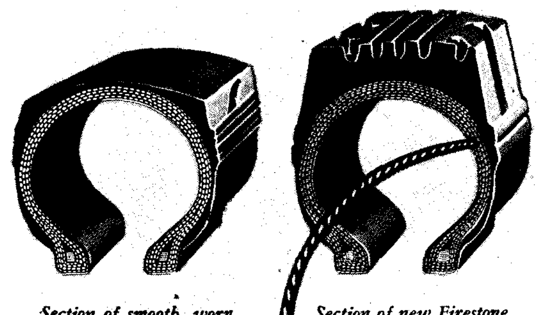
Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Margaret Speaks, Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network



Section of smooth, worn tire which is always susceptible to punctures, blowouts and skidding

Section of new Firestone Tire. Note protection against skidding, punctures and blowouts

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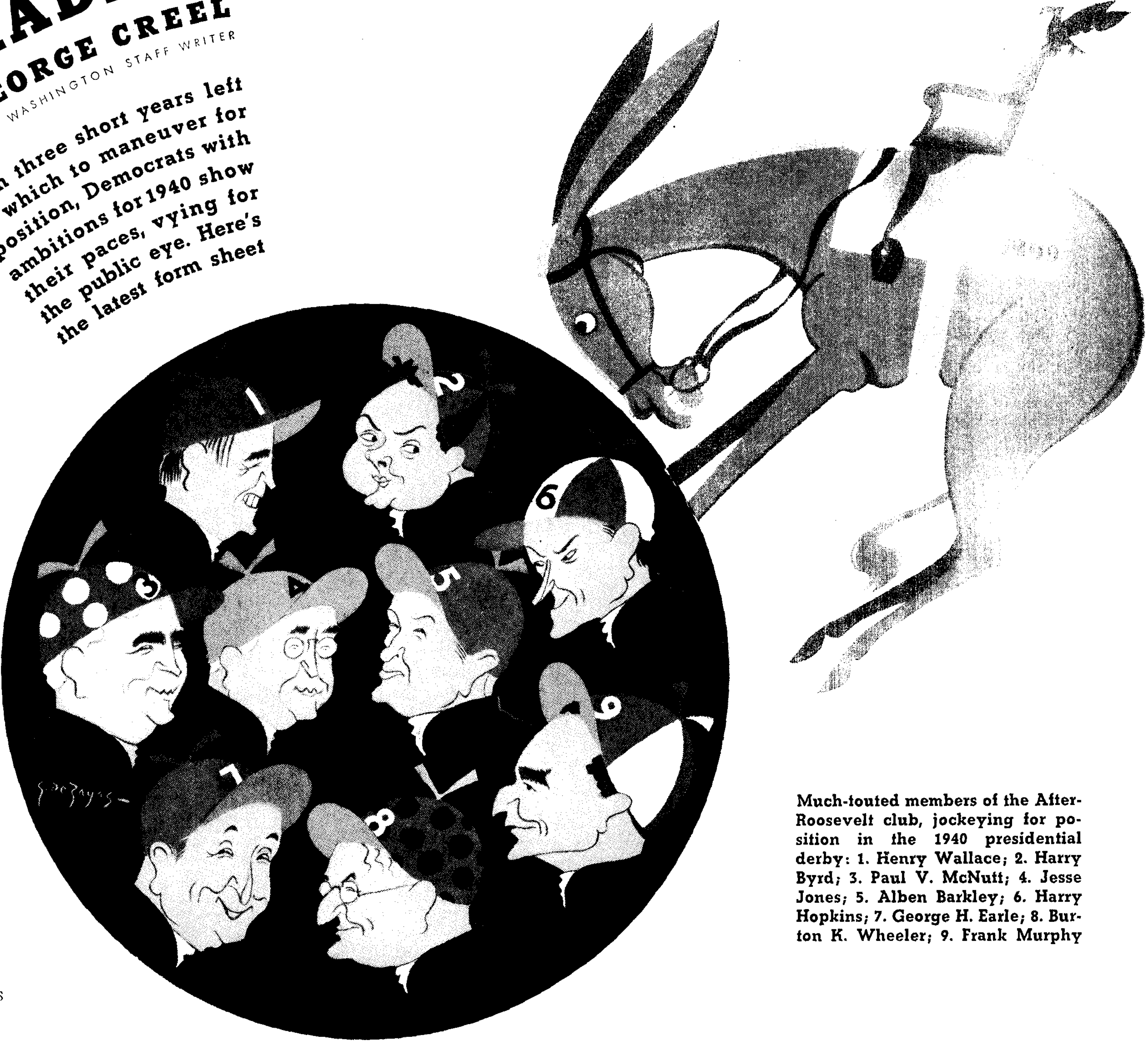
TRIPLE-SAFE TIR

PARADE TO THE POST

BY GEORGE CREEL

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

With three short years left in which to maneuver for position, Democrats with ambitions for 1940 show their paces, vying for the public eye. Here's the latest form sheet



Much-touted members of the After-Roosevelt club, jockeying for position in the 1940 presidential derby: 1. Henry Wallace; 2. Harry Byrd; 3. Paul V. McNutt; 4. Jesse Jones; 5. Alben Barkley; 6. Harry Hopkins; 7. George H. Earle; 8. Burton K. Wheeler; 9. Frank Murphy

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE DE ZAYAS

THREE lagging winters and three wanton springs must pass before another presidential election comes around, but already candidates have struck their tents and are on the march. Meaning Democratic candidates, of course, for while Republicans are now able to sit up and sip beef broth, attending physicians still refuse to let them talk business or even think of getting back on the job. The split in New Deal forces, brought about by the Supreme Court fight and other causes, is hastening convalescence, but G. O. P. strategists cannily insist that it is the part of wisdom to lie back and wait on the healing processes of Mother Nature.

The open warfare within the party, however, is without power to chill the native optimism of Democrats. All count confidently on victory in 1940, and with F. D. R. supposedly barred by the third-term tradition, no New Dealer is too humble to be without presidential aspirations. Or, for that matter, some Democrats who have found the New Deal tempo too fast for their taste. Going on the assumption that the early bird catches the worm, favorite sons are bobbing up all over the place.

Disregarding self-starters and dark horses, the men that figure largest in Democratic calculations at the present moment are these: George H. Earle, governor of Pennsylvania; Paul V. McNutt, ex-governor of Indiana and now High Commissioner to the Philippines; Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture; Alben Barkley, senior senator from Kentucky; Jesse Jones, head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation; Frank Murphy, governor of Michigan; Harry Byrd, junior senator from Virginia; Harry Hopkins, WPA administrator, and Burton K. Wheeler, senior senator from Montana.

Considered physically, a fine, lusty lot, for while Jesse Jones is sixty-three, and Senator Barkley confesses to fifty-nine, both have the strength of Hereford bulls. As for the rest, Earle is forty-six, McNutt forty-six, Wallace forty-eight, Byrd fifty, Murphy forty-four, Hopkins forty-seven and Wheeler fifty-five. Aside from a touch of dandruff here and there, all are able to produce doctors' certificates.

For a while it looked as if Governor Earle would run away from the field. At the Democratic convention in Philadelphia last year, he was given a tremendous ovation by the delegates and the galleries, and while much of it was due to careful staging, spontaneity and sincerity were not lacking. Not only is he the first Democrat to be elected governor of the Keystone State in forty-four years, but added to that is a background not without color and appeal. Born of an old and wealthy Republican family—his forebears were about as radical as Justice Sutherland—and rated as one who took play far more seriously than work, Master George dazed his class by coming out vociferously for Roosevelt in 1932. Only a fair speaker, but a superb contributor, the convert was given a large part of the credit for holding Hoover's majority down to a paltry 157,000.

Appointed minister to Austria by way of reward, the Young Squire resigned in 1934 to accept the Democratic nomination for governor. This, of course, was the work of Joseph F. Guffey, himself a candidate for senator that year and deeply appreciative of the aid that might be given the ticket both by the Earle personality and purse. Campaigning effectively, and spending even better, the Young Squire won handsomely, and straightway proceeded to confound those who figured that election would cure him of "radical affectations." More ardent than any other in support of the New Deal, he has found his greatest delight in hunting Pennsylvania's propertied class, John L. Lewis acting as his Master of the Hounds.

Governor Earle counts confidently on being his state's Favorite Son, and figures that the United Mine Workers will give him West Virginia, besides proving helpful in Illinois, Missouri, Colorado and other coal regions. Also, unless New York develops a candidate, he counts on the Empire State. As yet, however, bushy-browed Mr. Lewis has said no word in favor of the Earle candidacy, and from authoritative sources there comes the whisper that labor chieftains are not satisfied that the Young Squire has ceased to be a playboy who may tire at any time of the game.

More than this, the governor and

Senator Guffey are no longer two hearts that beat as one, due to the former's feeling that he has outgrown leading strings. This would seem to be borne out by Earle's statement urging Democrats to give Roosevelt a third term, for a master strategist such as Mars' Joe would never have permitted anything so utterly childish. It was as if the Young Squire had said, "F. D. R. is bound to refuse, and out of gratitude for my gesture is equally bound to come out for me as his successor." All that the statement accomplished was to irritate the President and convince Democratic leaders that George must have fallen on his head as a baby.

Owing to the fact that Indiana limits its governors to one term, Paul V. McNutt was compelled to step out in 1936, a circumstance that promised ill for his presidential aspirations, since nothing is more imperative than that a candidate keep in the public eye. For a while it was rumored that the President might appoint Sherman Minton to the federal bench, thus providing a Senate seat for Mr. McNutt, but this did not eventuate, nor did anything come of the report that the ex-governor was to be made Secretary of War. At the moment, however, when gloom was thickest in the McNutt camp, the Great White Father softened, and offered the Philippines post. Before sailing, Paul V. made it plain that he meant to keep the job only for a couple of years, which means that he will be back in the United States in ample time for the campaign.

Helpful Harry

When it comes to pulchritude, the ex-governor of Indiana has it on every other candidate. With his white hair, olive skin, flashing gray eyes and regular features, there is no doubt that he could have been the Robert Taylor of an earlier day had he chosen Hollywood instead of Harvard. Back of him, too, is a distinguished war record and also a distinguished political record, for Indiana Republicans mournfully concede that the McNutt machine is one of the most powerful and smooth-running ever developed.

Harry Hopkins only laughs airily when mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination, but his associates take it very seriously.

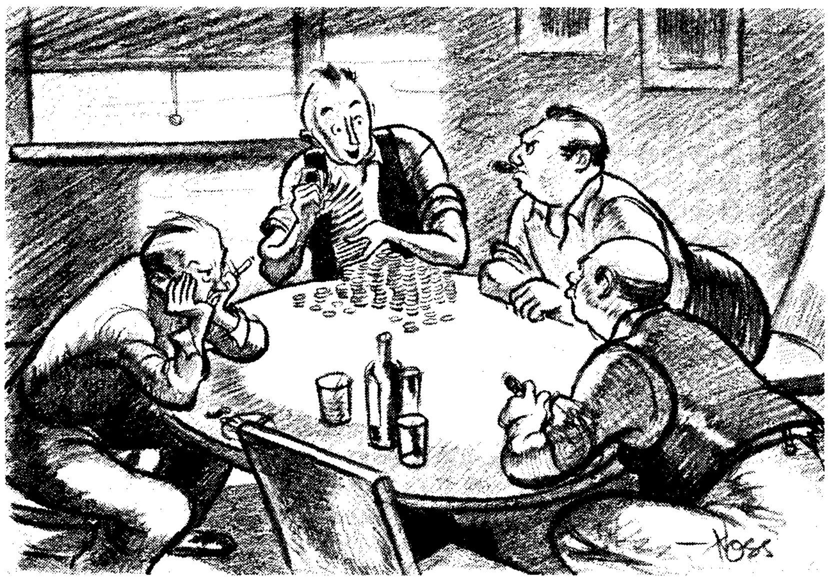
All hold him in an almost fanatical regard, no mean tribute in itself, by the way, and there is not a doubt in their minds that the millions of relief clients who have been the recipients of WPA benefits will leap at the chance to put Harry in the White House. Great dependence is placed on the Workers' Alliance, the union into which relief people have been formed, and which is already estimated to have more political power than the bonus boys.

Considered politically, Master Harry's candidacy would seem to be much like that of Herbert Hoover's in 1920. California, his home state, refused to indorse his candidacy, and although a good deal of a popular idol, when it came to the convention Mr. Hoover received exactly six votes. While born and reared in Iowa, Mr. Hopkins has spent the last twenty-five years in New York. In view of his long absence, it is much to be doubted whether he could win Iowa away from Henry Wallace, and while he has improved his political relationships of late, there is little reason to believe that Tammany would take him to its bosom.

Speaking of Henry Wallace, the experts are all agreed that he would come closer than any other to being the choice of the *real* New Dealers, meaning the sociologists, economists, philosophers and deep thinkers who believe in the need for a brand-new social order. Not exactly the "new" type of civilization preached by Tugwell, but still the last word in streamlining. Both in his speeches and in his writings, the Secretary of Agriculture has gone even farther than the President in demanding fundamental reforms, and while, quite naturally, farm problems have been his preoccupation, he has taken an advanced position with respect to every question now before the people. Even those opposed to him concede Henry Wallace's courage, brilliance and deadly sincerity, and frankly confess the charm of his engaging personality.

As Noisy as a Kitten

The trouble with the Wallace candidacy is much the same as that which besets Harry Hopkins. The gratitude of the farmers of the nation, like that of the relief workers, has its base in a lively expectation of future favors. If he can manage to keep up the flow of benefits, there is every reason to believe that the agricultural sections will rally to the Wallace banner in 1940, cheering him as their White Hope. On the other hand, if a changed administration policy compels him to abate his bounty, it is not likely that Wallace enthusiasm will continue at high tide in the wheat, corn, cotton and tobacco belts. But, ask his friends, where will the farmers find a man more sincerely concerned with their welfare?



"Now—you wanna see some card tricks?"

A. ROSS

Senator Alben Barkley's candidacy is based on a record of party regularity that has never suffered stain. Glass, Byrd, Tydings, Burke, Wheeler and others may have their moments of anger, irritation or independence, but once an order is handed down from headquarters, good old Alben is without doubt as to his course.

An ardent progressive, taking every Roosevelt policy in his stride, Senator Barkley enjoys the distinction of being the only man ever chosen to make two keynote speeches in succession, having stirred Democrats to mad enthusiasm in 1932 and whipped them to even greater frenzy in 1936. While his fiery eloquence was chiefly responsible for the honor, another compelling consideration was Alben's personal popularity, for it is not too much to say that he is the best-liked man in the party.

The candidacy of Jesse Jones is about as noisy as the tramp of a timorous kitten. In almost every state, however, there are quite a number of substantial men who keep up an incessant murmur to the effect that what the country needs is a *business* administration, and then, with or without further interrogation, whisper the name of Jesse Jones. If the Democrats should happen to decide that a businessman is what the doctor orders in 1940, Jesse qualifies without debate. Appointed to pilot the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in 1932 by Herbert Hoover, and continued in office by President Roosevelt, the tall, blue-eyed Texan has shoveled out more than $12,000,000,000 with such care and skill as to make him the world's most successful lender. More than this, he has the smallest field force and the lowest overhead of any government agency, and so conducts the RFC that not one cent for upkeep comes from the tax revenues of government. It pays its own way and even makes a handsome profit.

Suave, adroit and poker-faced, Jesse Jones has the advantage of being identified with no faction or school of thought. Burning issues flame up and die down without even singeing the tall Texan. Amiably and serenely he leaves the White House to visit with Carter Glass, and after drinking beer at the German embassy in the afternoon plays bridge that night with Troyanovsky, the Soviet ambassador. Quite a man!

Frank Murphy, of course, owes his mention as a presidential candidate to the General Motors strike. In the first flush of enthusiasm over his peace treaty, many Democrats figured him as a "natural," but now they are not so sure. A good deal of feeling has developed that had Governor Murphy carried out the orders of the court, letting the strikers be evicted, the epidemic of "sit downs" that followed might have been averted. Even so, his sincerity of purpose made an impression that still persists, and it is a certainty that he will be Michigan's favorite son. It is much to be doubted, however, if the party leaders will give him large consideration, figuring that the nomination of an Irish Catholic would revive the religious issue that tore the party to pieces in 1928.

Economic Democracy as a Hobby

Of the Democrats expected to stand forth as an expression of anti-New Deal sentiment, or as the spokesmen of those who feel that the President has deserted many of the principles that constitute the New Deal, the two most prominent are Senator Harry Byrd and Senator Burton Wheeler. Not that Senator Byrd was ever what might be called an ardent progressive! Perish the thought! Reared in a conservative school, there are many Roosevelt policies that strike him as being absolutely ruinous, and along with Senator Carter Glass, although less vehemently, he has been a leader of the opposition to New Deal "radicalism." The broadest plank in the Byrd platform will be labeled "Economy," for it is administration expenditures that have affected him most painfully.

Conservatism is the high card in the Byrd hand. Although a Virginian, tracing back to Jamestown, he has none of the qualities usually associated with the South and Southerners. Lacking eloquence and pictorial values, and without the flair for publicity that marks his brother, Admiral Byrd, he has cut no great figure in the Senate, although he is esteemed for his solid virtues.

Unlike the senator from Virginia, Burton K. Wheeler, the other anti-New Deal candidate, has always prided himself on his radicalism. Back in 1924, it may be remembered, he deserted the cause of John W. Davis, and ran for Vice-President on the Progressive ticket with Robert M. LaFollette. A believer in the government ownership of all natural resources and all public utilities, a thing called Economic Democracy is his chief hobby. Outraged that the business of the United States should be dominated by "two hundred great corporations," Senator Wheeler is never so happy as when urging heavy taxes that will compel decentralization.

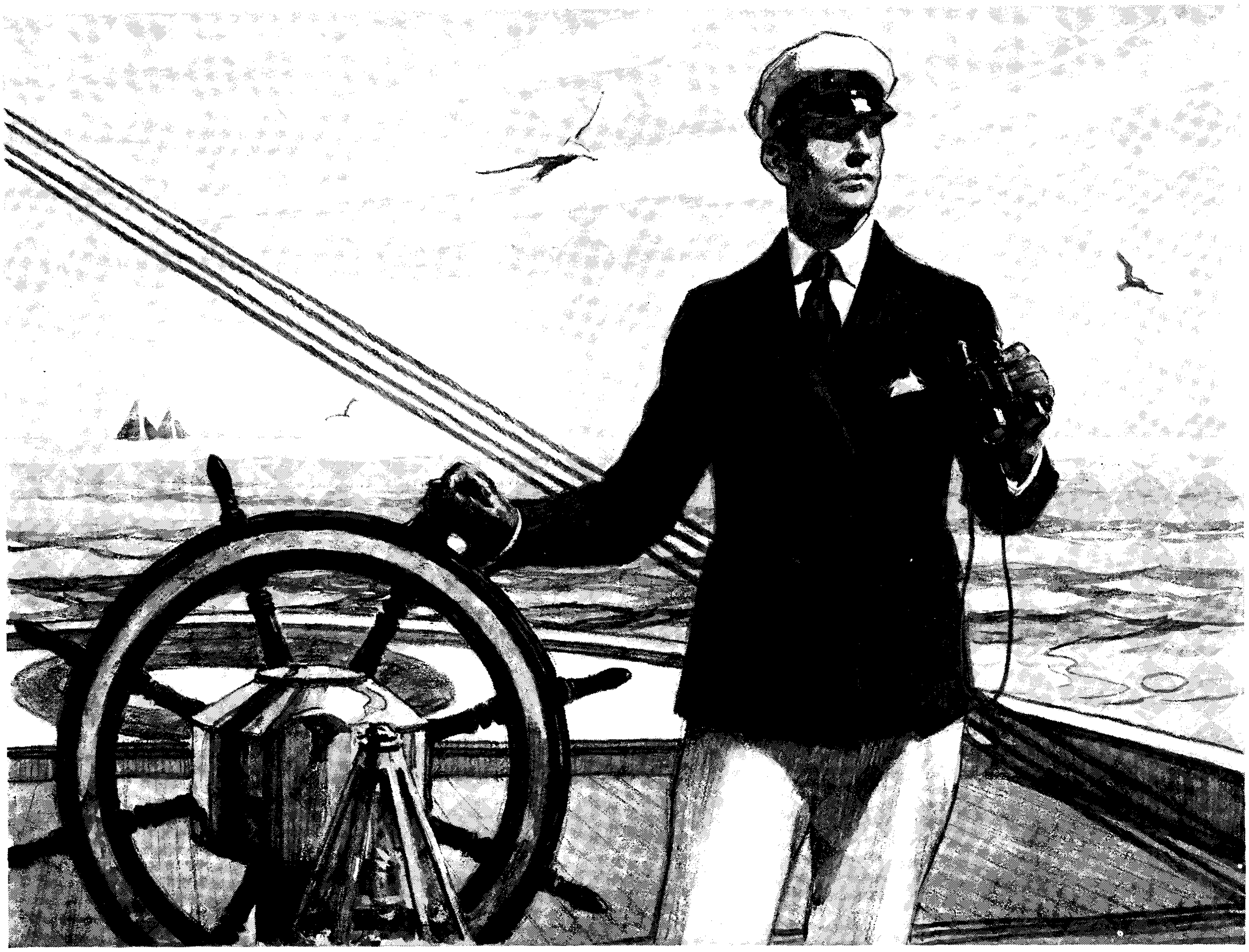
Why, then, has the Montana radical quit the New Deal reservation, sending down defiant war whoops from the high hills? The answer is personal rather than political. An original Roosevelt man, one of the four or five who ran the primary campaign, the senator felt that he should have been named as F. D. R.'s running mate. The nomination of Garner bit deep, and what rubbed salt in the wound was the President's failure to recognize the Montana progressive as the man best fitted to aid him in charting the New Deal's course. Watching Joe Robinson, Pat Harrison and Jimmy Byrnes dart in and out of the White House, Burton's proud soul burned to a cinder, and on top of it all, the Democratic National Committee sent no money into Montana in 1934 to help him in his campaign for re-election.

Never a Dull Show

An imposing array, but one that does not complete the list of possibilities by any means. Senator Robert M. LaFollette, for example, has very definite ambitions and ideas of his own with respect to 1940. If the Democratic party splits into radical and conservative wings as a result of the Supreme Court battle, what is simpler or more natural than for the pure-quill Rooseveltians to work out some amalgamation with LaFollette's Progressive party, such amalgamation, of course, having the Wisconsin senator as its standard bearer. As a fair exchange for the probable loss of the Solid South, the union would win the Solid West and the industrial centers of the nation.

There is also Franklin Delano Roosevelt to be considered. Repeatedly in private conversation, and again in his Victory Dinner address, he has jeered at talk of a third term, insisting that he counts the days until he can return to the joys of private life on his Hyde Park estate. Nevertheless, many of those closest to him are being heard to wonder whether the people will permit him to gratify this fond hope, pointing to the fact that Governor Tingley of New Mexico has already come forward to draft him. The job may not be finished by 1940, they say, and if so, what better man to carry on than F. D. R.? Only fifty-eight by that time, he will be at the very peak of his vigor. As for the third-term tradition, they reject it as belonging to "horse and buggy" days.

Whatever else may be said about the Democratic party, it never fails to provide entertainment.



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Alkalizes—Makes you feel fit FASTER!

BROMO-SELTZER

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

Sundown Jim

Continued from page 20

his senses to be critical and exacting; so now he stood here and gathered the impressions that came to him. She must have ridden to this isolated spot, yet her horse wasn't to be seen in the clearing, which meant that she had probably left it out of sight in the timber. On her face at first had been a faint touch of eagerness, as though she waited for someone. In its place now was a genuine fear, to tell him how dangerous she thought this situation was.

She was a moderately tall girl, with corn-yellow hair and a lightness and mobility of expression that reached out for light and showed the swift changes of her mind. Her shoulders unconsciously straightened against him and her hands were tightly closed.

He said: "Sorry to disturb you."

Her answer was deliberately meant to show him no great interest. "The country is free for anybody to ride in, I suppose."

It made him smile. "Sure. Free for me and for you—and for the other man you expected."

He saw a part of her fear rise again. She said: "Which way did you come?"

He pointed eastward, "That way."

"I haven't seen you before."

"New here."

Her lips softened, which added to his information. Having identified himself, he presented no great danger to her.

He said, "I'm on the right trail to the Barrs?"

She said, "Yes," and her glance went beyond him into the still, bright meadow. She was poised as though listening, as though waiting. "Do you know them?"

"No." He reached for his pipe, black head bowing as he filled it, his lips making a long, brief-smiling line. She expected someone—and the run of the moments began to trouble her. He murmured: "Place looks pretty old. Didn't know this country was settled so long ago."

"The house? It was built in '66."

HE WAS mildly surprised. "Fifteen years? Don't see how it could get so rundown that soon."

She said: "Look at the window on your left. Below it, in the wall."

He had to step back to catch a view—observing that as he retreated from the doorway she followed until she was on the edge of the porch. The panes of the window had been broken out, the sash had been beaten in. He saw what she meant, then. Below the window the faded wall bore the punctured mark of gunfire.

She said: "You don't know about that?"

"As I said, I'm a stranger to the country." He lighted his pipe, a feeling running along his back that was too strong to disregard. He didn't immediately turn, yet he knew that somebody hidden in the depths of the pines watched him now. He said in the same slow, music-making voice: "Better be on the travel."

All this while she had been studying him, her lips thoughtfully joined. She said suddenly: "Wait. Are you riding for the Barrs?"

"No," he answered. "No."

"I wish you hadn't seen me here."

His admiration for this girl increased. It was the quickness of her judgment that appealed to him, the deliberate way she came to the point. He looked at her. "I haven't seen you here."

"All right. That's a favor. You might as well know my name, which is Edith Sultan. If you stay you'll find it out anyhow."

He lifted his hat and made a quick turn toward the sorrel near by. One swift sweep of the line of trees showed him nothing. But a signal continued to flow from that direction, singing down his nerves and pressing against his muscles. He got quickly into the saddle and trotted toward the farther mouth of the hill trail, not looking back. The trees closed around him presently and the forest shade closed down; and in the still air lay the scent of dust. Studying the soft earth he observed that a rider had recently come this way.

For an hour he rode the covert trail, up and down the rolling contours of the broken land, outwardly idle but inwardly alive. The feel of this land was odd to him. Somewhere was a line as definite as a chalk strip that separated the men of this country, affecting their judgment and their actions powerfully. He could pull certain scenes and incidents from his head to establish that point: the fated Pete Riley spinning into the dust at the crash of Ben Maffitt's gun, and the laconic talk of Buff Sultan in the hotel room, and Charley Chavis' poorly concealed irritability, and the bullet holes in the wall of the deserted house behind him. Above this—and the key to all the subtle actions of men—seemed to lie the pressure of something out of the past. Majors had dealt with the violent treacheries of men long enough to make a guess as to that key. It would be, he thought, a hatred begotten of some old quarrel that kept growing with the years.

So thinking, he came out of the timber around two o'clock of that bright fall afternoon and found himself at the rim of a narrow valley lying north and south.

He cut down the rim, reached the road and followed it around that bend. Cattle grazed the narrow meadows and the heavy pines marched in dark masses down from the Silver Lode range; the valley's walls, to either side, grew higher. The road went definitely upward until, at the end of a good hour's travel, he skirted one more bend and saw a house and its scattered sheds and corrals backed against the valley's end. White ribbons of quick water marked where the south branch of the Ute Fork tumbled out of the range.

It was a ranch walled in on three sides, facing the narrow valley. A bridge crossed the river and fed a trail that faded into the climbing timber. A dog rushed at him, and he could see men stirring around the corrals; and one man rose from the house porch and waited for him to ride up. When he reached the yard and wheeled, waiting for an invitation to dismount, he recognized the narrow-shaped Pedee Barr.

Majors said, "Afternoon," and indicated his leisure by folding both hands over the horn.

Pedee Barr's eyes were black and altogether unfriendly. But he had a courtesy that made him say with a reluctant Southern drawl:

"You are on my land, sir. I did not invite you here. But, since you are here, step down and have a chair."

Majors said, "Thanks," and swung from the saddle, strolling to the porch.

MAJORS settled himself in a rocker. This box-sided valley unrolled before him a half mile or so before bending from sight. A little breeze scoured through the open hallway, fanning the back of his neck. Pedee Barr took a seat, producing a cheroot which he rolled between his lips, without light. A man rode from the timber on the far side of the Ute Fork and came on across the narrow bridge, the footfalls of the horse rolling very clear through the afternoon's drowse.

Majors said: "Where would that trail lead?"

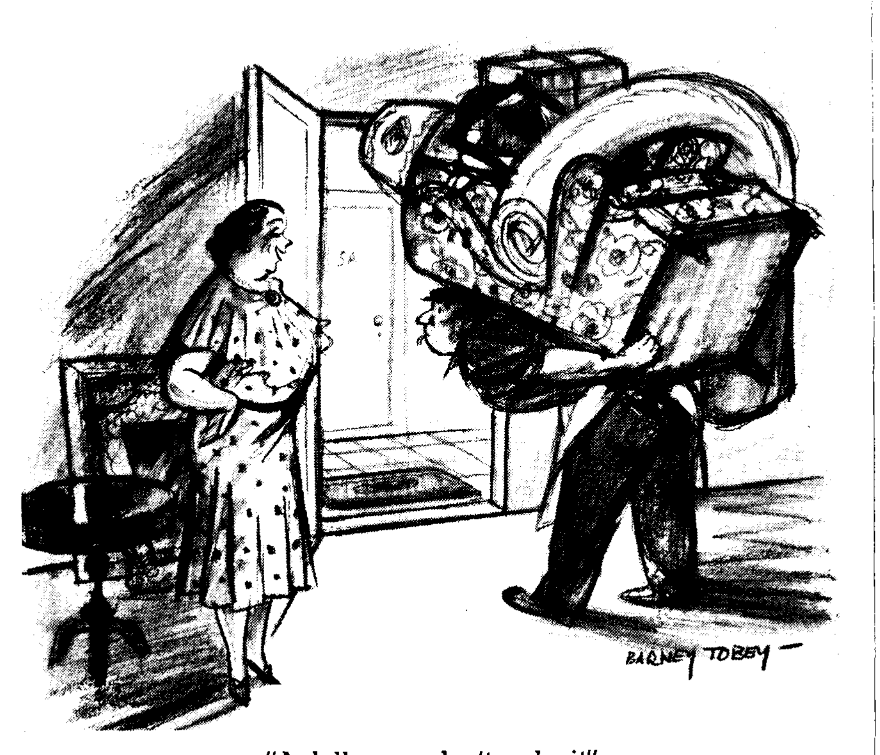
Pedee Barr drawled: "I could not say."

The rider crossed the yard, his head swung to take in Majors. He was tall and sharp-faced and quite dark of skin, with enough of a resemblance to old Pedee Barr to be a son. The old man's cigar dipped between his lips and the young one passed around the corner of the house; there had been a signal between the two.

Majors was a loose shape in the rocker; he was idly smiling. "No settlement of any kind up that way?"

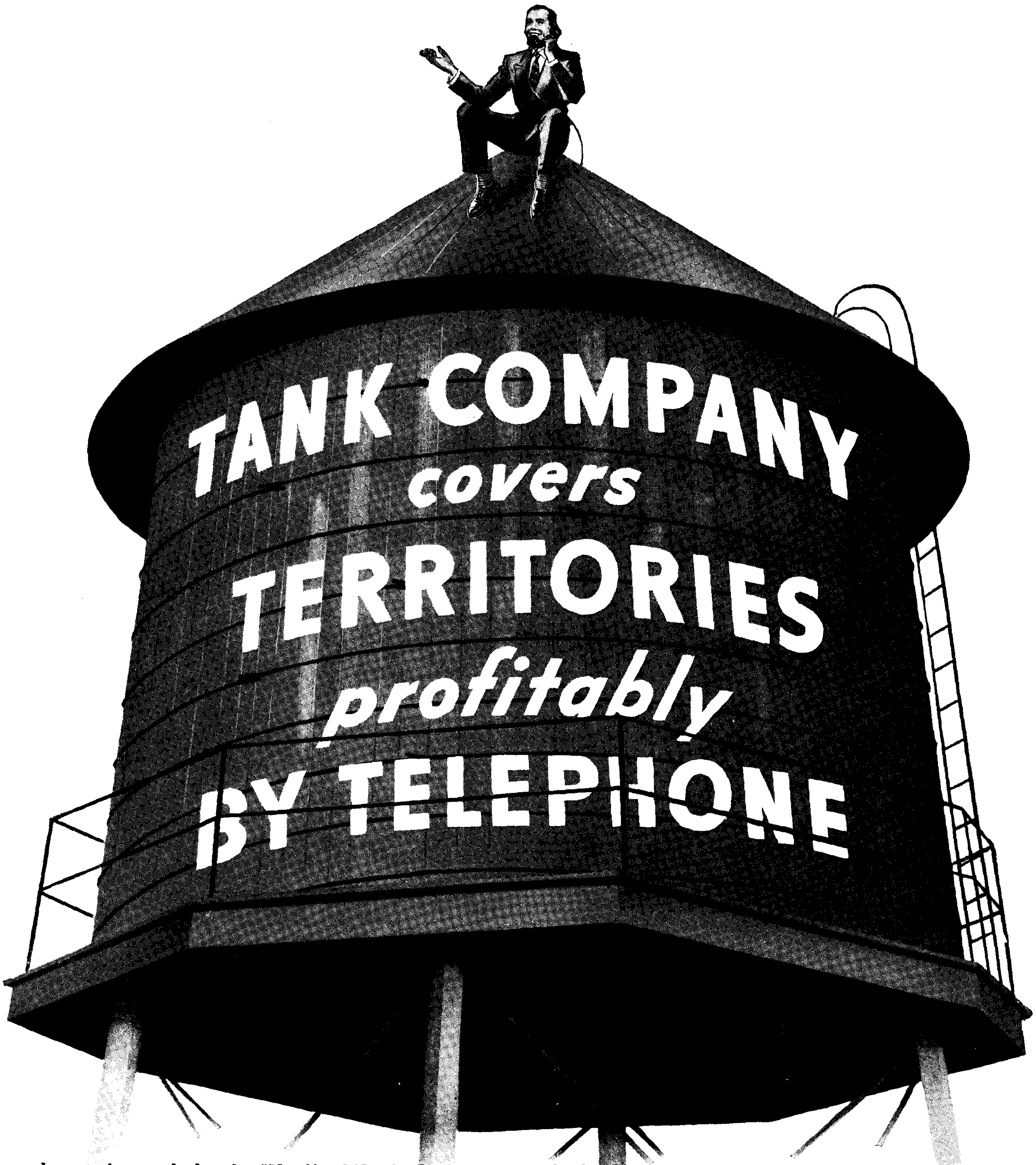
Pedee Barr stared directly at Majors. "I must tell you, sir, that you will find no answers to your questions here. If it is what you came for you might as well return to Reservation."

That intangible pressure of suspicion



"A dollar you don't make it"

BARNEY TOBEY



Big wooden tanks made by the Woolford Tank Company of Philadelphia last from five to forty years, depending upon use. Expense prohibits repeated personal visits to customers over so long a replacement period. Yet without direct contact, inquiries fall off and sales drift to competitors.

Telephoning was suggested, and the Woolford Company agreed to test it in the New England territory. 265 calls, costing $175, were made from six key towns.

As a result, the active customer list increased from 78 to 190. Nine direct orders ranging up to $1000 were received. Fifty other orders developed in the next few months. Two calls, costing $1 each, produced a $3000 sale. Subsequent "Long Distance trips" proved similarly successful and the plan has been extended to all territories.

Woolford reports that telephoning a prospect offers six definite advantages: (1) It quickly determines when he'll be in the market, (2) often secures an immediate order, (3) saves time and expense of personal visit, (4) permits making appointment if visit is necessary, (5) builds good will, and (6) produces new leads.

To the telephone company, Woolford recently wrote: "We cannot express too highly our appreciation of your service in helping us to help ourselves." . . . Your own local telephone company may have equally sound suggestions for your business.

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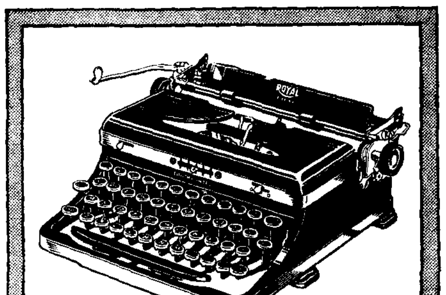

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Please tell me how I can own—for only a few cents a day—a latest model, factory-new Royal Portable—complete with *free* Carrying Case and Instant Typing Chart.

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I already own a __________ Typewriter, Serial No. __________ Tell me how much you will allow on it as CASH payment on a new Royal Portable.

and hidden motive which had rubbed him since his first hour in the country grew greater, as though this spot was one of its sources. The sound of the ax stopped, the talking of the women quit and afterward someone came through the hall at a light, quick step. Pedee Barr got up promptly. Following suit, Jim Majors turned to find Katherine Barr paused in the doorway.

Pedee Barr said: "I believe you have an apology to offer my daughter for the ungentlemanly character of your speech in Reservation last night."

Majors spoke directly to the girl, the half smile remaining on his solid lips: "If you consider an apology in order I freely make it."

Pedee Barr spoke with a cold, rising tone: "I hear no direct apology, sir. Either make it or tell me that you refuse to make it."

Katherine Barr said: "He has made it, Father. Have you asked him to stay for supper?"

Pedee Barr murmured, "I have not asked him," in a way that was thin and final.

Katherine Barr looked back at Majors. There was a break in her expression, a minute embarrassment. These were the times, Majors thought, when the hidden color of the girl's personality broke through the repose of her face—these times when she was disturbed, or angered. He said: "It is not my desire to intrude."

Men came silently around the corner of the house, causing Majors to swing on his heels. They stopped at the steps, four of them loosely grouped together. Pedee Barr said: "This is my son Fay Barr—and this is my son Ring. I regret my third son, Dan, is not here for you to meet. These others are Creed and Will Barr."

Majors could distinguish little difference between Fay and Ring Barr, except that Fay was the younger of the pair. They had the same lank build, the same dark narrowness of face, and their eyes held the same close and sullen distrust that was characteristic of their father. Pedee Barr was speaking again, to Jim Majors.

"I have my own ideas why you came here. I want you to remember these boys. It is entirely your business what you do, but if you set yourself against us, expect no charity from me or from them. I want you to understand that. There will never be another warning. Now, if you have nothing else to detain you—"

Majors clapped on his hat and went out to the sorrel, climbing up. He had his look at this group, at the metal-darkness of their faces, at old Pedee standing so stiff and domineering above them, and at Katherine Barr, who held his glance as though trying to read what he thought. He lifted his hat to her and his sudden grin appeared, long and ironic.

"If Ben Maffitt comes out of the Pocket in the next day or so you might say I'd like a word with him."

THERE was no change on Pedee's features. He turned abruptly and entered the house. Majors turned to swing away when the girl's voice stopped him: "Wait."

He pulled around. The girl looked up. "Tell Tony I'd like to do something for her. Tell her that." Then her voice dropped: "I want to talk to you, sometime. But don't come into this valley again."

"The road's free," pointed out Majors.

She gave him a direct look. "It may be. But you've already talked to Buff Sultan. We know that."

Majors put his horse to a trot and presently passed around the bend. Sunlight held the sky, but it had gone from the valley and the bite of winter lay in the shadows. At the next bend he saw a rider slide off the rim at the same point he had earlier entered this little valley, and come galloping forward. A hundred yards away the rider drew in to a walk; and thus they came abreast. It was, Majors guessed, the third son, Dan Barr. The family resemblance was on the youngster's face, though he had a broader spread between his eyes and less sultriness in them. Abreast Majors, Dan Barr said, "Howdy;" and after Majors had answered the youngster flung his pony into a gallop and went by.

At one point in the valley Majors took note of a well-used trail shooting off from the road to the river, crossing at a gravel ford and angling instantly into the high timber. He made note of it, meanwhile considering the Barr family with a practical interest; and so came to Reservation at suppertime's dusk. Instead of going directly to the stable he dropped off in front of the print shop and went in.

IT WAS a single room with a counter behind which stood the cases and hand press and accumulated junk of a printer's business; a man, prematurely gray and sallowed by his trade, turned reluctantly from the cases. After he got closer to the lamplight Majors discovered he was younger than the shadows made him out.

Majors reached into his pocket and took out a single folded sheet of paper. He said: "I'll wait while you print this up."

The man said, "I was about to close shop."

"Won't take a minute," Majors suggested, and turned behind the counter. The printer lifted his shoulders and let them fall, and walked to a case. Majors handed him the paper and stood back, watching the printer's expression slowly change. The man's glance slanted angularly at him, bright and wise and old. "That lets the cat out. You sure you want it printed?"

"Go ahead," ordered Majors. He fished for his pipe and packed it, and stood there smoking while the printer's hand moved swiftly over the case. Riders trotted past the office and a supper triangle began to ring. The printer locked up the type and ran an ink roller over it and pressed out a copy, handing it to Majors. "How many you want?"

"One's enough."

"More than enough," agreed the printer dryly.

"What's the cost?"

"I guess that's all right," said the printer. "I'm sorry for you."

Majors left the office, riding to the stable; afterward he crossed to the jail. He met Charley Chavis at the doorway and waved him back. "Talk to you a minute," he said.

Chavis turned into the room. "Listen," he said, "I don't want any part in your business. I just found out you talked to Buff Sultan last night."

"News spreads."

"You're damn' right," said Charley Chavis.

"How fast you figure this will spread?" asked Majors and handed the marshal the printed sheet.

The marshal's glance hit the printing and bounced back to Majors. He stepped away from Majors, shaking his head. He moved his hands nervously. He said: "No, not me. What the hell you come here for? That's what I thought this morning." Anger got into his talk, vehement and complaining. "You got no business shovin' into this place. Who the hell asked you to come here? I didn't. Nobody in the town did. Well, why then?"

There was an election picture of Charley Chavis on the office wall. Majors went over and took the tacks that held it up and pulled the printed sheet from Chavis' loose fingers and went to the street. He thumbed the notice onto a bulletin board beside the door, and called back to Chavis, "I'll use your office now and then, Charley," and strolled down the street.

When he got to the hotel corner he looked behind him to see Charley Chavis standing before the notice, reading it. A man came out of the saloon, walking rapidly that way. The notice had on it this information:

REWARD

The United States Government will pay $500 for information concerning any of the undersigned men, all of whom are wanted for bank robbery, train robbery, mail-stage holdups or for violation of other federal statutes. These men last known to be in the Pocket country of the Silver Lode range:

Ed Dale
Thorpe Carow, alias Salt River Tod
Willy Lee Breen
Yancey Stowbrick
Harry M'Gillivry

Communicate with U. S. Marshal Jeff D. White at Territorial Capital, or to the undersigned, in Reservation.

J. J. MAJORS
Deputy United States Marshal.

Majors went to his room and washed up and returned to the lobby. Night's full darkness rolled off the shoulders of the Silver Lode range and a little wind, definitely cold, began to stir in the street. The lights of the Old Dixie made a mellow gush across the square, outlining now and then a townsman casually strolling by. The supper triangle began to ring again from the dining-room door, beating into this hour's deep silence.

MAJORS crossed the square and entered the saloon. A pair of men sat idly at one of the poker tables and the printer had his belly to the bar, drinking in gloomy silence. He threw a swift side glance at the arriving Majors and afterward turned half away, which was, Majors understood, a clear signal of his desire to keep out of trouble. The barkeep saw Majors' lifted finger and slid a bottle and a glass along the counter. Majors had his drink and stood there, hearing a chair scrape behind him. Presently a voice said: "The drink is on the house, Captain."

Majors turned. One of the men at the poker table had risen and come forward. He was short and soft-fleshed, dressed in a black serge suit and a white shirt with a string tie. A diamond ring flashed on the small finger of his left hand and his black hair lay oiled and flattened to his head. There was a close attention in his eyes, but no depth of expression. He said, "My name's Cal Soder."

Majors shook hands with him. There was no strength to Soder's grip, only a cold brief pressure and a swift withdrawal. The barkeep slid another glass along the bar. Soder poured a short drink and murmured, "You're welcome in my place any time, Captain," and downed the drink with a quick tip of his head. The printer had turned to look at this scene and the barkeep rested by, both hands on the bar's surface. The remaining man at the poker table showed Majors a thin, impassive countenance.

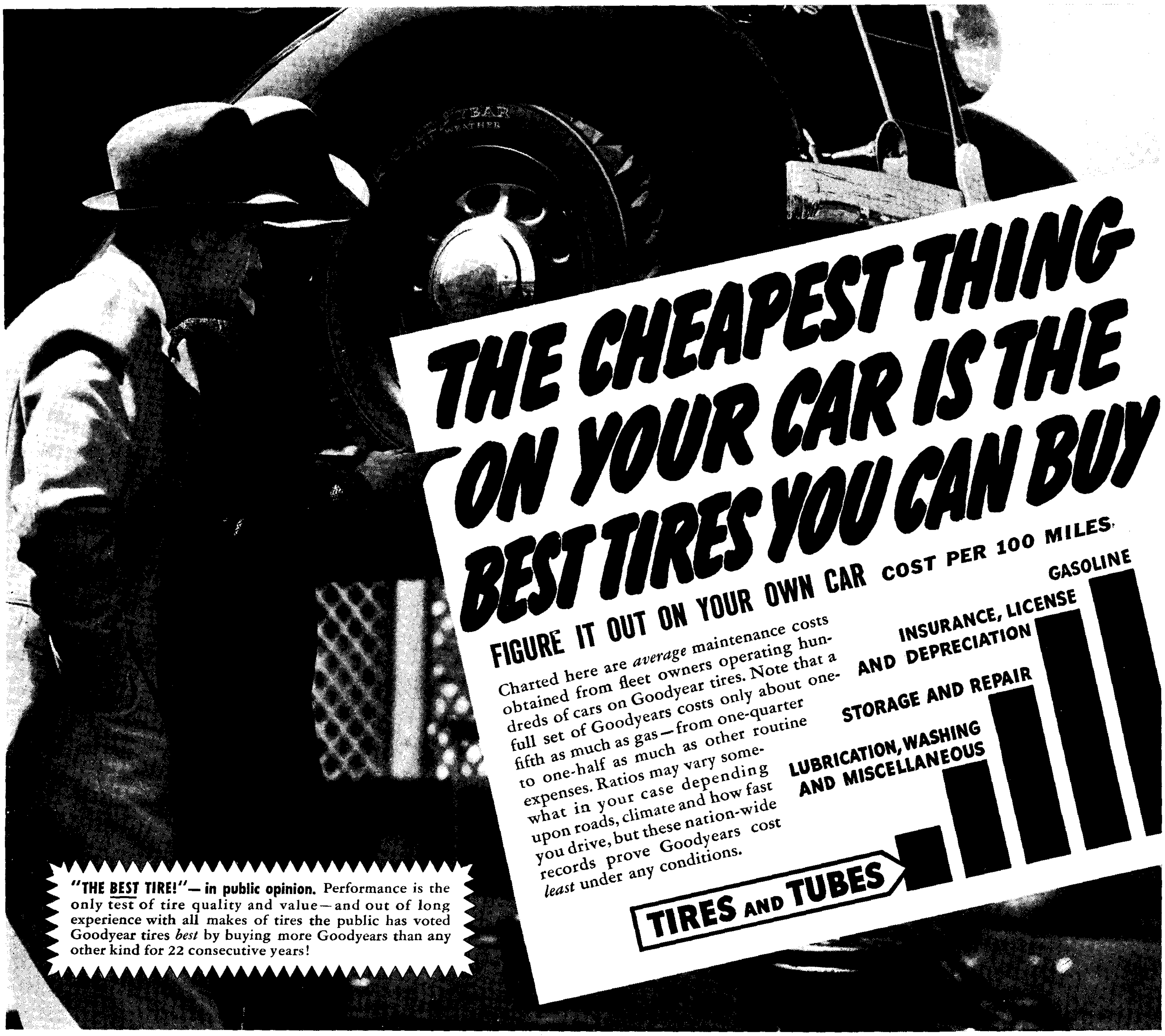
Majors nodded. "Thanks."

Soder said: "I run a clean place here and want no trouble. I ask no questions and treat my customers like gentlemen. It is my wish that you won't find it necessary to use my saloon for fighting."

Majors grinned. "We'll both wish that."

"No," said Soder, insistence coming to his talk. "It is more than a wish, Captain. It is something I ask. I make no exceptions, even for law officers."

Majors quit smiling. His heavy head



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WELL, I SWAN, CHUBBINS! PROFESSOR RANDALL IS STOPPING HERE. LET'S LOOK HIM UP
PROFESSOR RANDALL IS OUT STUDYING GRINNELL GLACIER. HE'LL BE HARD TO FIND, SIR
WELL, WE'LL TRY, ANYHOW. THANKS
PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
PHEW! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP OUR SEARCH, CHUBBINS
DADDY THAT SMOKE SMELLS GOOD LIKE YOUR PRINCE ALBERT!
THAT WAS A GOOD HUNCH, CHUBBINS - IT'S THE OLD PROFESSOR HIMSELF, SMOKING P.A. AS USUAL
JUMPING JEHOSOPHAT! JUDGE ROBBINS AND CHUBBINS! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM - THE MOON?
TELL US ABOUT GLACIERS PROFESSOR
W-E-L-L, THE ICE FIELD YOU SEE HIGH UP THIS VALLEY IS A GLACIER REMAINING FROM THE ICE AGE, WHEN AVALANCHES OF FROZEN WATER, ROCK, AND EARTH ALMOST 3000 FEET THICK CARVED THESE U-SHAPED VALLEYS FROM MOUNTAINS AND ROCK
PROFESSOR, I THINK YOU ENJOY GEOLOGY AS MUCH AS YOU DO PRINCE ALBERT
WELL, JUDGE, PRINCE ALBERT GOES ANY PLACE THAT I GO. IT'S GOT THE MELLOWNESS AND GOOD FULL BODY TO KEEP A MAN CONTENTED NO MATTER WHAT HE'S DOING!
PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
A SMASH HIT!
BEGINNER
OCCASIONAL
REGULAR
WE NEW PIPE-SMOKERS JUST CAN'T STAND RAWNESS. THE NO-BITE PROCESS MAKES P.A. MILDER!
NO MORE VACATIONS FOR MY PIPE. PRINCE ALBERT'S CRIMP CUT OPENED MY EYES TO COOL, MELLOW SMOKES
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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

lifted a notch and the gray surface of his eyes showed a smokier color. "You had better drop that information to Ben Maffitt."

The saloonman said calmly: "Make no mistake about Cal Soder, Captain. I have run my business in some lively towns and I have handled tougher peace officers than I think you are. Maffitt will be a customer of mine long after you're gone. I do a lot of business with boys from the Pocket and find them all genteel customers. Don't come in here for trouble, Captain. I will not have it."

Majors said dryly, "I'll let that remark go by, Soder."

Soder shrugged his shoulders. There was no heat or added sharpness in his voice, but definiteness was increasingly there: "I want to be clear to you."

Majors put a hand into his pocket and drew out a quarter and laid it on the bar, whereupon Soder said, "The drink was on me, as I believe I said."

"No," murmured Majors, "I guess not."

But he was careful to watch the faint signals in the back of this saloonman's eyes, suddenly knowing him to be dangerous. Soder's mouth changed minutely. He said: "Not civil of you, Captain, but it's your business. You're strange here—and you're young, and you need friends which you are never likely to have in Reservation. I watched you in action last night and thought you had more grit than good sense. It was the wrong play to make and I can tell you now that you'll either be dead or out of this valley in sixty days."

"Maybe," said Majors, "and maybe not," and observed the little devils of a remote temper dance deep down in Soder's obscure eyes.

Soder shrugged his shoulders. "I saw Tom Smith with his head chopped off, in Abilene. I saw Wild Bill lyin' dead on a barroom floor in Deadwood, four years ago. They were smarter men than you, Captain. And this is a tougher camp than those places were. I give you the warning for what it's worth—and not out of friendliness either. I do not like you and no merchant in town likes you. You come here and make business bad for us by keeping the boys scared away. That's part of our trade you're botherin'. We're not askin' the Territory or the government to come in here and stir up trouble. We'll run our business like we want, regardless." He gave Majors a stiff, straight glance and added evenly, "There's more to this business than you can handle and there's more than one way to skin a cat." Having said it, he turned and went back to the poker table.

The printer stood with both elbows hanging to the bar, his head moodily slumped over. The barkeep hadn't stirred. Soder loosened himself indifferently in his chair and faced the thin-cheeked gambler. A pair of riders ran past the saloon, the hoofs of their horses lifting muffled sound from the street's thick dust. Majors took out his pipe and tapped it on the bar hard enough to jerk at the printer's nerves; the printer looked around at him, eyes obscurely bitter. Majors returned the pipe to his pocket and left the saloon.

He had his supper and went up to his room. He drew the blinds and lighted the lamp and stood a moment filling his pipe. After he got it drawing well he laid himself full length on the bed, his boots hanging over its end.

THERE was no clear pattern to this business, which was the way old Jeff White had warned him it would be. He had come up from the Sundown country, summoned by Jeff, who had been his chief for five years. He could remember Jeff's grin and the way that veteran man-hunter tugged at the ends of his tawny mustache, which had been a portent of something.

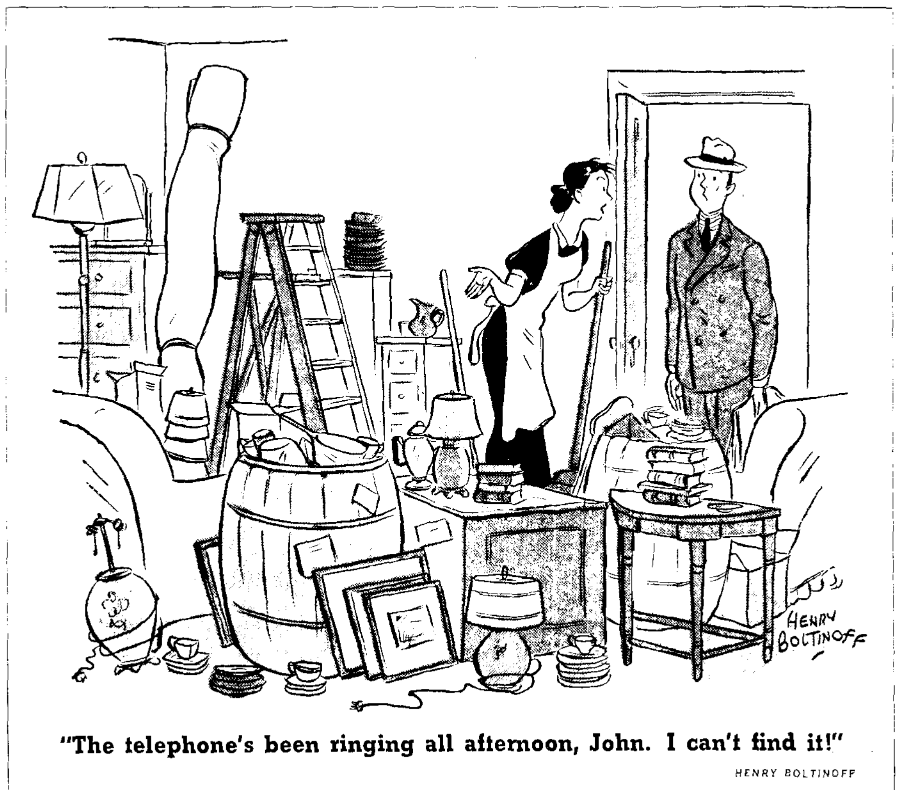
Old Jeff had said: "You been leadin' a sedentary life lately, Jim."

And he had answered: "Nothin' much to report, for a fact."

Whereupon Jeff White's bright blue glance had gone through him like a high-powered bullet. "Well, kid, in two hours you'll be on your way to the Ute Fork country, across the Silver Lode."

"A man?" he had asked, and could remember that Old Jeff had quit smiling. Old Jeff had taken time to light up a cigar, his hands long and white and beginning to take on the transparency of age. At seventy, Jeff White was a legend, but once he had been unbeatable at the draw when he had to draw; which was seldom, for Jeff White's fame rested on his smartness. He said now:

"Well, there's half a dozen men around Reservation I'd like to have. But it ain't the men so much as the country. That town is bad. It protects anybody who's on the dodge. There's some ranchers strung along the Ute water, but far as I can get it, they ain't much better than the tough ones. The damn' country is ready to blow up over a quarrel that goes back ten or fifteen years and


HENRY BOLTINOFF

"The telephone's been ringing all afternoon, John. I can't find it!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

I guess one set of ranchers is usin' the toughs to help out. There's a marshal at Reservation. Don't trust him. Last sheriff was bushwhacked seven months ago. What we got is a scope of land turnin' into an outlaw strip. I don't want any war to get started and I don't want all the outlaws in the West to run there for shelter. I'll give you warrants for some of the boys wanted on federal charges. That's your excuse. But the real thing I'm after is to open that country up."

"A large order."

Old Jeff had looked at him and had said candidly: "I lost Joe Mossman there last year."

Majors remembered asking: "How far can I go, Jeff?"

Jeff White's eyes could get agate hard. They had then. "You're the kind of a scrapper that can be pretty tough, Jim. I've seen you work. The sky's the limit. I'll ask no questions. Just clean it up in your own way. There's things a man with a star ain't supposed to do, which you know as well as I do. But I'll never ask you whether you stuck on the right side of the line or not. That's the mistake I made with the last boy. I told him to be fair. I ain't telling you that. If I did you wouldn't last."

He had walked away from old Jeff's office with this last advice: "Try to find out what the politics of the situation is before you show your hand. Don't trust a living soul. Well—there's one man you can rely on. If you've got to get word through, old Sam Rhett, who runs the stage, will do, but don't let anybody else know about that."

So he was here and at the end of his first twenty-four hours it was plain to him that even old Jeff didn't know how wicked the situation was. In every man's mind lay either a hatred or a fear, rising from some source he couldn't yet discover. There was no neutral party in the country. Running the list of the people he had so far met, he realized that no one of them was free. Not one.

Somebody came up the stairs and walked to the rear of the hall. Riders were trotting into town. Majors remained slack-muscled on the bed, piecing his stray bits of information together. The Barrs were openly hostile and had some arrangement with Ben Maffitt and the other outlaws of the Pocket. Buff Sultan had come here to hint at a bargain he would make—and then had decided not to make it. The saloonman, Cal Soder, had expressed the antagonism of the town and the sorrel-headed marshal wasn't to be trusted at all. It made a kind of tight circle and though Majors' mind prowled around the outer edge of that circle carefully he found no break through which he might force his way.

IT DIDN'T surprise him, for he knew how men acted in times like this. They would go on with their fighting but they would draw farther back into secrecy, either afraid of the star he wore or despising it. They would use him for their own purposes if they could; and if they couldn't use him they'd try to get rid of him. There was this gray realism in Majors' head. The years had hardened him, the years had ground into him a sense of men's treacheries. He had taken enough punishment in his time to be able to return that punishment without pity, and it was one of his weaknesses that, knowing so little of the soft side of life, he was skeptical of its existence.

He hoisted himself from the bed, refilling his pipe while he ran his calculations out to the end. So far he could find no break and no place from which to start working. What he had to do was wait for a break, or make one; and he had a hatred of waiting. Maybe it was better to make a break. He had enough warrants in his pocket and maybe it was the proper play—to ride into the hills until he found a man he wanted and drag him out and see who answered that challenge.

Somebody else trotted into town. Lifting the edge of a window blind, he saw Katherine Barr swing at the general store adjoining the empty building and get down. She stood on the walk a moment, her glance searching the street, and presently turning toward the hotel. Afterward she went into the store.

He left the room and walked down the stairs. The hotelman sat in his chair talking to someone Majors hadn't seen before. Both of them looked around at him. The hotelman said, "That's Majors, Dobe."

The other one got up spryly and stuck out a hand. He said, "I'm Dobe Hyde. Heard you was here."

He was short and bald-headed, with a pair of pale gray eyes as bright and cold as a magpie's recessed deeply in a round face. He wore a suit of clothes that didn't fit him and a wool shirt stiffened by sweat and dust. There was dirt grimed into the creases of his skin and he carried cattle smell strongly with him. His small, rosebud mouth made a single vivid dot against the steel-gray stubble of his whiskers. Majors took the extended hand.

"Pay me a visit," said Dobe Hyde. "If you calculate to stay here long."

Majors recognized the indirect question, and directly answered it: "I intend to stay."

DOBE HYDE'S glance came out bright and slanting. "Fine. Country could stand a little law."

The hotelman put in his dry statement: "Who for, Dobe?"

Dobe Hyde grinned, his dry skin seeming to crack at the effort. He was all slyness and smartness, even in his humor. He reached over and dug the hotelman's ribs with the blunt end of his thumb. "A joke on old Dobe, hey? Listen, Broderick, I'll abide by law as soon as anybody else will."

Broderick grunted: "That will be a long time, Dobe."

Dobe Hyde let go a short shrill bleat of laughter. "As soon as any. Not before and not after." He had been looking at Broderick, but his glance came surreptitiously around, as though to catch Majors off guard. He said: "Come over and see me. You hear it said I'm pretty hard and pretty close. Maybe so—maybe so. I learn well and I don't forget. Come over and have a meal on me."

The hotelman slid in his ironic remark: "He'll serve you beef, Majors—but it won't be his beef."

Dobe Hyde cackled. "Never was a hand to disregard the custom of the country, Broderick."

All this while he had never directly faced Majors and never directly looked at him; all his glances had been thrown from one side of his face or the other and all had been quick and bright and brief. Suddenly he slapped Broderick on the back and, saying no more to Majors, went out of the lobby at a loose shuffle. Majors observed him get on a white horse badly in need of grooming and go down the street at a trot which showed him as the poorest of riders.

So Majors watched Dobe Hyde leave town. Nor was he the only one to take heed of the little man, for during the few moments Dobe had talked with Majors, Charley Chavis stood in the heavy shadows across the square and kept a close eye on the scene in the lobby. Chavis waited until Dobe Hyde was entirely out of Reservation and then cut back to his horse standing in the livery stable, rode around the town and caught the silhouette of Dobe Hyde in the road leading down to Ute's east branch. Charley Chavis dropped back a safer distance and settled to the pursuit.

(To be continued next week)

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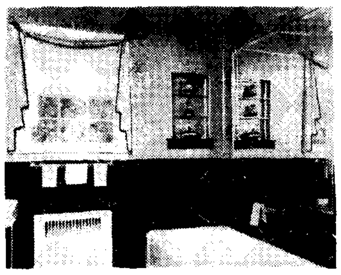

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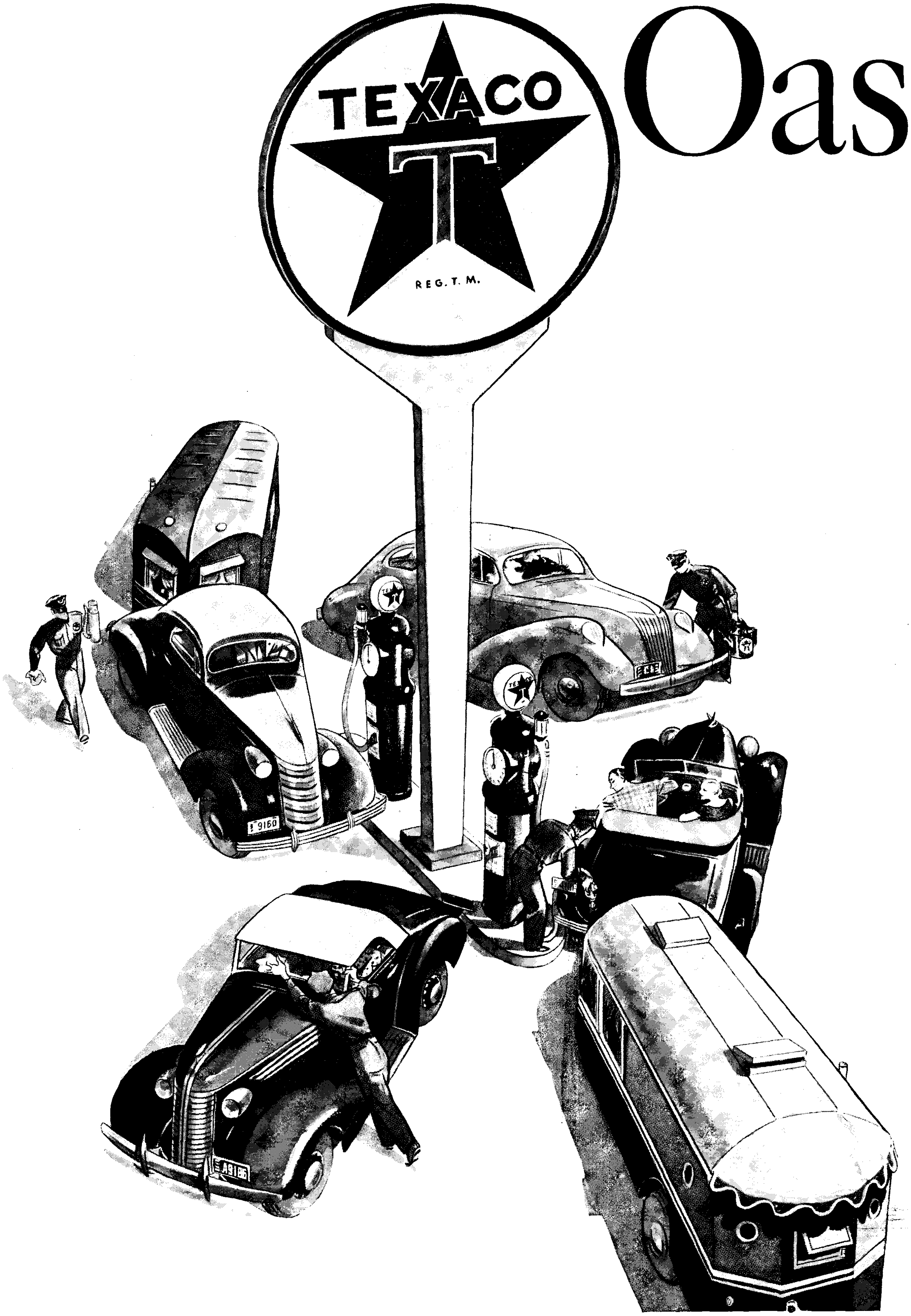
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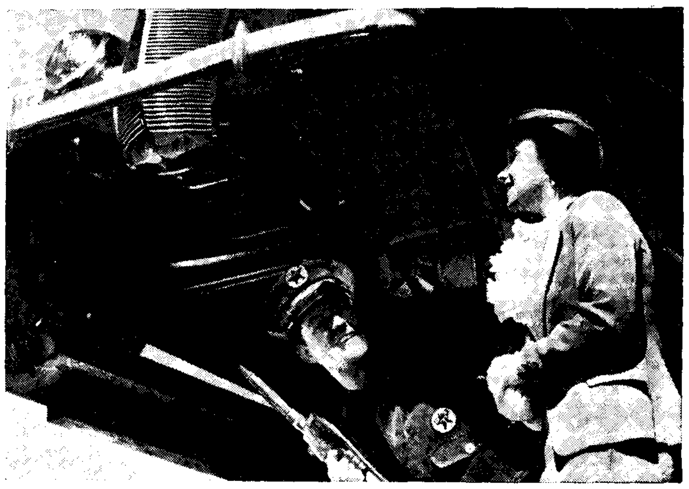

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By HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

Little Lovey

Continued from page 17

when it will strike and you can't get away from it."

She looked solemn.

"I'm going home, Mr. Davies. I'm sorry I didn't take your advice before. Sam's lost three straight games."

So Verna disappeared from the scene, leading little Lovey by the hand, and the players' Pullman was serene again. Jim Pestair chuckled, and we still led the league by a comfortable margin. There was nothing to worry about—for a while.

Then it became obvious that something ailed our Sam Reed, and the first game he pitched after Verna's departure he seemed to falter a little. He lost it, four to eight. His speed was unchanged, but his control wobbled. Back on the home ground, he won again, maybe because Verna and Lovey were there in the stand, but when we started around the circuit he began losing and couldn't stop losing.

The former wildness crept up on Sam again, the same that had chased him to the coast, and Washington began barking at our heels and refused to shake off as the season wore down to a close. The whole team seemed to catch something bad, and the pitching staff went off about fourteen points and we hung onto our lead by a faint shred.

That was the situation when we started our last series at home, free now of little Lovey, but very jangly in the nerves from other causes. Sam pitched and won and Joe Henderson pitched the second game and we won that, so life looked a trifle brighter, although the pestilential Senators stayed right against our vest. We wound up the home series dramatically, tied with Washington for first place, with one game left to play, and that single and deciding game with Washington in their own bailiwick in the shadow of the Capitol. It was an old-fashioned photo finish and the outfit prepared for the across-the-country trip on the night train.

"Whom do we pitch tomorrow?" I asked Tommy Sutherland, who, if he had any jitters, carefully concealed them.

"Sam," he said. "Who else?"

"How about Joe?"

"Joe's half sick. It's Sam or nothing."

WE WERE scheduled to pull out at six o'clock, and a half hour before traintime the players assembled. Last to drift into the station was Sam Reed, and by his side Verna and Lovey. They'd come along merely to say goodby.

Tommy Sutherland scowled a while at the three of them, as they leaned against the iron fence, with little Lovey trying to crawl through and get at a locomotive. Beyond them, the team was clustered into a group, as if in conference, heads together, tongues wagging, and after a time Jim Pestair and Sandy Kane emerged and walked straight to Sutherland.

"We're a committee of two," Jim said, "and represent the team. We have a small request to make."

"All right," Tommy said. "Shoot."

"We ask as a special favor that you order Sam Reed to take his wife and kid on the train with us. All of us want little Lovey, just for tonight."

Tommy Sutherland is a man who laughs but rarely, and then it's only a slight crease in his face. He broke into one of these.

"I been thinking of that myself for the last ten minutes. And I'm not afraid of ladders or black cats, either. They're coming along."

Pestair went back to report and we stepped over to the little family at the fence.

"Sam," said the chief, "this is our last game tomorrow, and I believe Verna ought to see it, just for luck. What do you think?"

Sam's face broadened into a grin of pure delight. "I'm for that, Mr. Sutherland. Gee, that's fine!"

Verna voiced a few further feeble objections, but they didn't count and when we pulled out for Washington to do or die, little Lovey was walking down the aisle as usual and Verna was sitting with Sam and holding his hand. The assembled ballplayers seemed happy and relieved. There was an air of joviality in the car, somewhat like Christmas Eve, and husky outfielders actually played games with the innocent child. Buck Jones had a ball on a string and a monkey that whistled. Jim Pestair came through with a rubber elephant and a toy train. Even the reporters spoke kindly to the tad, and they were genuine sufferers.

WELL, I don't have to tell you how that last game came out in Washington and who won the pennant in our league and nosed into the series coin, *for it is all down in the records.*

We collected ten hits and three runs and the Senators went overboard with four hits and no runs and doubtless they put a horrible curse on Sam. He never displayed any better speed or control.

Verna and child sat in a box and Verna cheered and laughed throughout an afternoon that was to enrich her husband and the boys by many a buck. . . . We were washed up and out of Washington and headed for home in exactly two hours after the game ended, and now nobody cared whether Lovey howled or didn't howl.

Jim Pestair sat beside me, wearing a look of extreme affability on his bronze mug, and pretty soon Sam wandered down the aisle and dropped into the seat opposite us. He was happy and proud. He stared out of the window a while and then leaned forward.

"Mr. Davies," he said, "you and Jim have been my good friends this season and I feel closer to you two than anybody on the team."

"We feel the same, Sam."

"And that's why I'm going to tell you something nobody else knows," he went on, his eyes growing brighter. He sat up in the seat and made his shoulders broader and a beatific glow suffused his sunburned countenance.

"What's that, Sam?"

"Don't tell anybody just yet—will you?—but I and Verna are gonna have another baby."

Pestair and I looked at each other and I could notice a change in Jim.

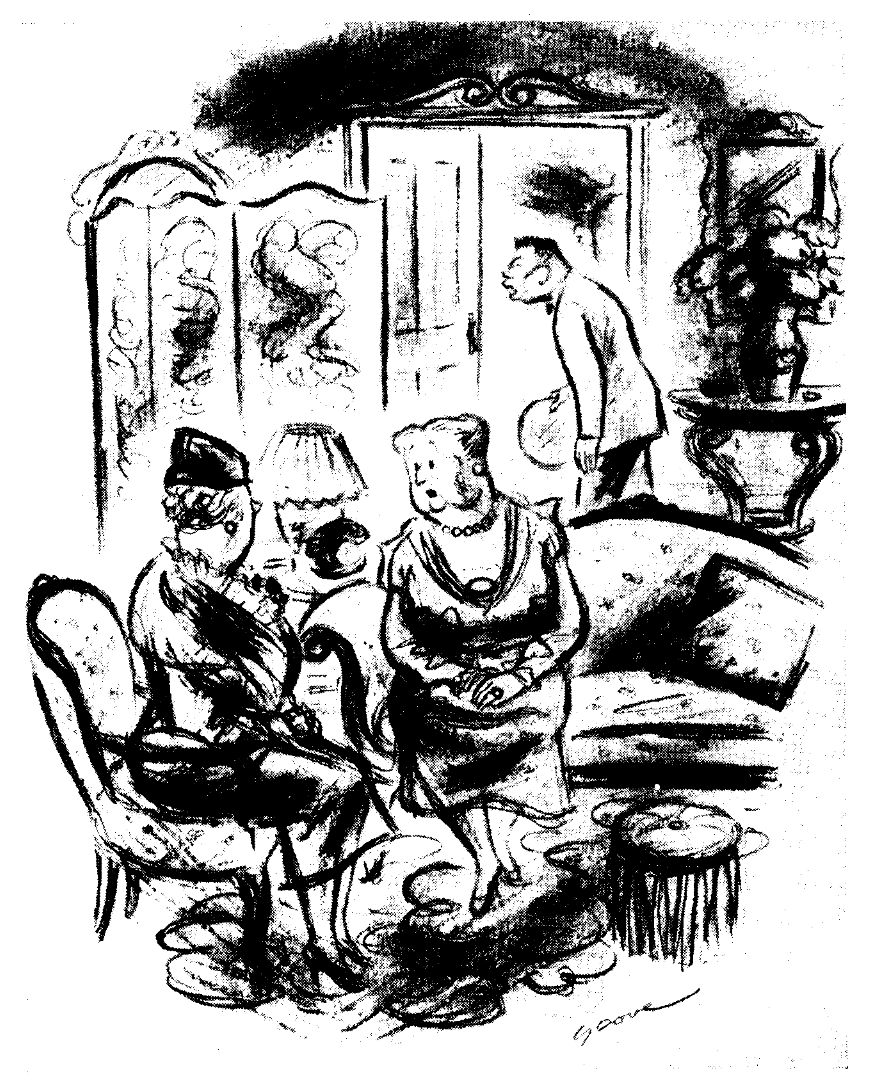
"That's fine, Sam," I said in a hollow voice. "That's great."

We shook hands warmly and Sam beamed and went back to Verna and Lovey. Pestair turned away from the window.

"Wouldn't it be funny?" he demanded.

"Wouldn't what be funny?"

"If they was twins," said Pestair, very sad and glumlike.



"Oh, I'm sure Toguchi's trustworthy. And besides, Mr. Whitby and I have practically no military significance"

LEONARD DOVE

YOU CAN'T LOSE

AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR . . . THIS NEW-TYPE GOODRICH BATTERY IS GUARANTEED NEVER TO COST YOU A CENT FOR REPAIRS OR REPLACEMENT

GOODRICH *ELECTRO-PAK* IS THE ONLY BATTERY IN AMERICA WITH THE POWER-SAVING TOP COVER

● Look at the top of this amazing battery. Nothing exposed. No way for costly trouble to get in. You can bet that dirt, acid film and corrosion won't rob a Goodrich Electro-Pak of its *super-power*. No wonder this sensational 145 ampere battery with its exclusive Power-Saving Top Cover—its 45 over-size plates—can whip a motor over *double-quick* on the coldest days and still have plenty of reserve juice so that your radio, heater and other electrical accessories won't "go hungry" for power.

Goodrich
KATHANODE
Electro-Pak
GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR
45 PLATES
120 AMP HRS.
45 AMPS
TYPE K-45
THE B.F. GOODRICH CO.
GENUINE HARD RUBBER

YOUR GOODRICH DEALER OFFERS YOU THIS FREE 6 POINT BATTERY SERVICE

1. Hydrometer Test. 2. Pure water fill. 3. Clean Battery. 4. Tighten hold-downs. 5. Clean and grease terminals. 6. Cable Inspection. Latest certified testing equipment. No obligation. Come in today *before* trouble stalls you.

There's a Goodrich Battery for Every Need and Pocketbook

HERE IT IS! The battery that has what it takes to give American motorists the most startling, sweeping battery guarantee ever written—a battery that's built with the patented Kathanode construction—famous for its use on airplanes, submarines, dreadnaughts and crack trains, where split second starts, steady brilliant lights, top efficiency performance, regardless of weather or climate, are "musts."

Avoid Battery Grief

Take the longest vacation from battery expenses you've ever enjoyed by putting a Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak* in your car *right now*. Then, no matter how long you own your car—or how far you drive it, if the Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak you buy fails to give you satisfactory service in that car, The B. F. Goodrich Company will replace it, *without charge*, as clearly stated in the written guarantee. *You can't lose!* Your protection on this battery is down in black-and-white!

The Secret of The Kathanode Electro-Pak's Long Life and Super Power

The life of a battery depends on the life of its plates. This new Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak is built with flexible, porous spun glass retainer mats that prevent the loss of power-producing materials in the plates.

But that's not all. This sensational Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak exceeds the Society of Automotive Engineers' battery starting requirements for standard types up to 105%—a real "power-house" if there ever was one.

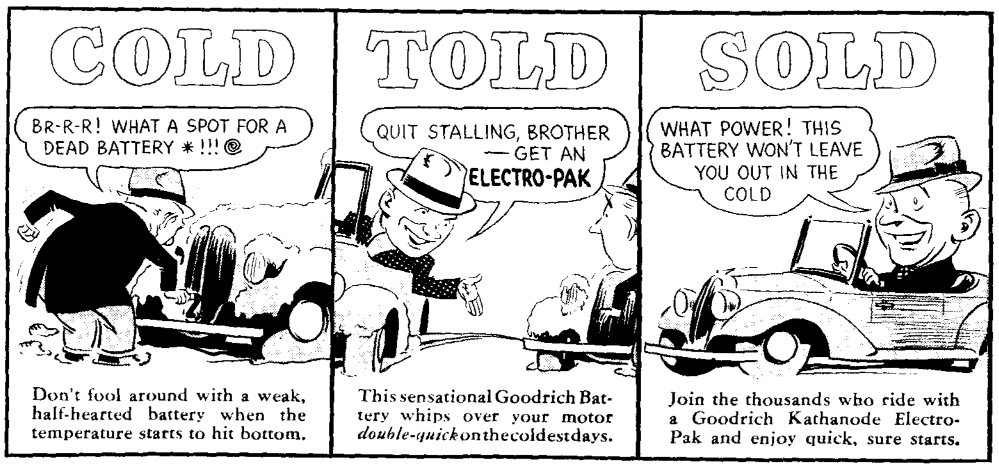
Here at last is a *guaranteed* battery that will keep you happy, not only all winter long, but as long as you own your car—a battery that will give you expense-free service. Don't let cold weather catch you napping. Have your Goodrich Tire and Battery Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store put a Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak in your car today. *It will never cost you a cent for repairs or replacement.* That's the Goodrich guarantee.

**Made under the Kathanode Patent*

New Car Owners!

Think of it! You can drive your new car 1,000 or 100,000 miles and as long as you own that car, Goodrich guarantees this *top cover* battery will never cost you a cent for repairs or replacement.

Isn't that the kind of battery and guarantee your new car deserves? See your Goodrich Tire and Battery Dealer today for a liberal trade-in allowance on your original equipment battery while it's still new! *Start your car off right when it's new and it will always start "right off" for you!*


COLD
BR-R-R! WHAT A SPOT FOR A DEAD BATTERY ✱!!!◎
TOLD
QUIT STALLING, BROTHER — GET AN ELECTRO-PAK
SOLD
WHAT POWER! THIS BATTERY WON'T LEAVE YOU OUT IN THE COLD

Don't fool around with a weak, half-hearted battery when the temperature starts to hit bottom.

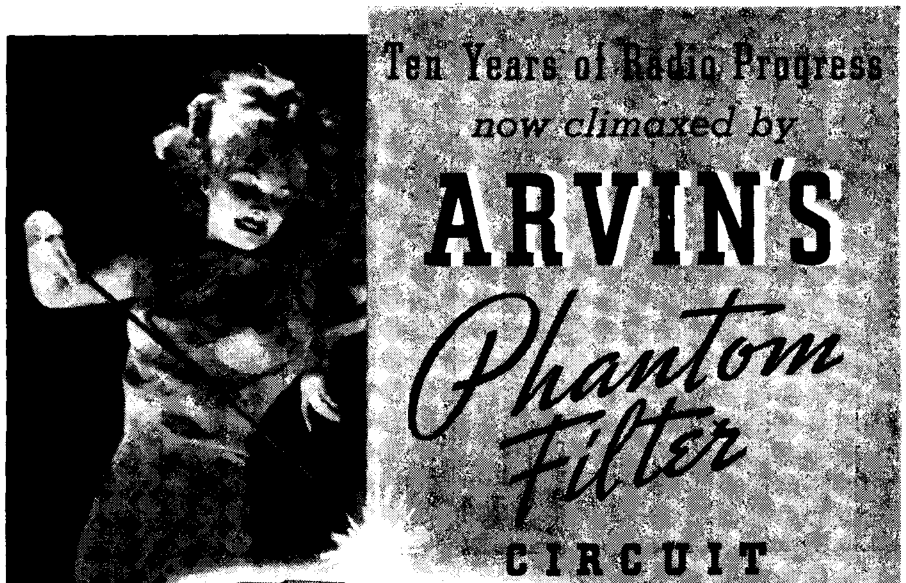
This sensational Goodrich Battery whips over your motor *double-quick* on the coldest days.

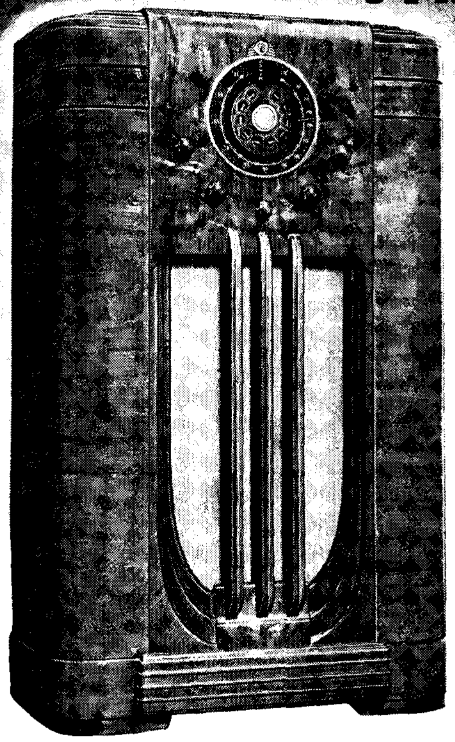
Join the thousands who ride with a Goodrich Kathanode Electro-Pak and enjoy quick, sure starts.

Goodrich KATHANODE *Electro-Pak*

GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN YOUR CAR

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT



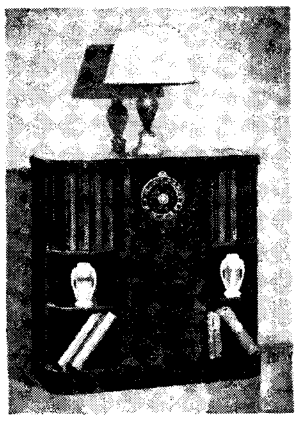


PHANTOM PRINCE Smartly styled 12-tube walnut console. Automatic tuning with the new Presto-Station-Changer—$119.50.

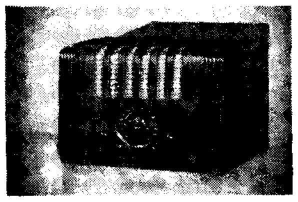
First . . . the Tuned Radio Frequency Circuit . . . introduced 10 years ago . . . the first big step toward better radio reception.

Next. . . the Superheterodyne Circuit . . . a second step ahead . . . it revolutionized quality of radio reception 6 years ago.

And now. . . the Phantom Filter Circuit . . . exclusively Arvin . . . it's the third big step toward perfected reception.



PHANTOM QUEEN—New! A radio that is also a handsome walnut bookcase. 12 tubes. Twin 8" speakers. $150.



PHANTOM BELLE—Attractively styled 5-tube table set. In walnut or the new blonde holly wood . . . . . . $29.95.

PHANTOM BACHELOR—Lounge and listen to this most practical of radios. End table design for your chair-side. Six tubes, 8" speaker—$74.95. Other chair-side models as low as $39.95.

Hear every broadcast as perfectly as though you were sitting beside your entertainers. It's thrilling—it's beautiful—because Arvin's Phantom Filter Circuit *filters out* objectionable circuit noises that annoy and disturb you.

As though by magic, station range is automatically increased, faulty reception is clarified, tone distortion becomes a thing of the past.

What Tuned Radio Frequency did for radio in 1927 . . . what Superheterodyne did for radio in 1931 . . . the Arvin Phantom Filter Circuit does for radio today.

Stop in where Arvins are shown and hear these new radios. And remember . . . Arvin Phantom Filter Radio is available for your car, too. Models as low as $29.95.

NOBLITT-SPARKS INDUSTRIES, Inc., COLUMBUS, INDIANA
Also Makers of Arvin Triple-Duty Car Heaters
Prices slightly higher West of Denver and in extreme South

ARVIN
THE NEW BIG NAME IN RADIO

Can America Keep Out of War?

Continued from page 15

with which an American President or a British Prime Minister submits himself to an adverse popular verdict. For a dictator the choice may well be the throne or the grave. The character of the men who have raised themselves from obscurity to these positions of fierce, dazzling authority does not permit us to believe that they would bow their heads meekly to the stroke of fate. One has the feeling they would go down or conquer fighting, and play the fearful stakes which are in their hands.

The position of the German dictator and his associates is indeed grim. Rearmament in its industrial aspect will soon reach its culminating point. To stop or slow down the great wheels is not only to enable alarmed rivals to catch up but to deprive of employment millions of hard-pressed men, hitherto placated only by state work and already restive under grievous physical privations. How to dismount from the tiger? Alas, we cannot see the way! The dangerous ride cannot be indefinitely prolonged. Food is running short. Raw material is with difficulty purchased across the exchange. Credit is almost dead. There is a steel famine in the world. The period of high prices into which we have entered is full of danger, even to the best organized and most prosperous nations. But to Germany, and in a lesser degree to Italy, the increasing world-squeeze of raw materials and the sinister rise in the price of foodstuffs can only spell a check on armament production and a spur to political discontent.

Trophies of War

Thus we are confronted with a situation in Europe abhorrent to its peoples, including the great mass of German and Italian peoples, in which bands of competent, determined men under ruthless leadership find themselves alike unable to go or to stop. It may well be that the choice before Germany is a choice between an internal and an external explosion. But it is not Germany that will really choose. It is only that band of politicians who have obtained this enormous power, whose movements are guided by two or three men, who will decide the supreme issue of peace or war. To this horrible decision they cannot come unbiased. Economic and political ruin may stare them in the face, and the only means of escape may be victory in the field. They have the power to make war. They have the incentive to make war; nay, it may well be almost compulsion.

Such is the danger to Europe. I am far from convinced that it may not be averted, but that it is dire, imminent, growing, none can doubt. I survey this scene as an Englishman. Our only interest is peace. We have nothing to gain by war. We have much to lose by victory, and everything to lose by defeat. Yet if there should be resumption of the general war in Europe we might well, in spite of our dearest wishes, be compelled to take part in it.

But why, it may well be asked, should the United States, with all the Atlantic between it and this scene, with the Pacific guarding its opposite flank—why should it be involved in so hideous a catastrophe if it should occur, which God forbid? In later years I have become more closely acquainted with the thought and feeling of the American people. I understand something of their point of view. If I had had an American father instead of an American mother, I have little doubt I should share it. I cannot now conceive any argument which could be addressed to them if the European war suddenly began again, which should lead them to seek to take part in it.

Although the loss of American life in the Great War was spared by its victorious close in the winter of 1918, and the homes of the United States did not suffer the same horrible depletion as those of Britain and France, nevertheless, precious life was lost, vast expenditure was incurred, money was lent in billions which have never been repaid. Reproaches, recriminations and belittlings were the aftermath of victory. The only trophies were disappointment and disillusion. One cannot doubt what would be the reply of the American people to any argument, however cogent, and any appeal, however impassioned, which might be addressed to them from Britain or from France, to enter once again this European maelstrom.

However, great wars and those who take part in them are not decided by debate and division in elected assemblies, nor by the ordinary processes of reason. There are tides and floods in human affairs before which such dikes and dams which mankind has yet been able to build have been swept away. The day may come, perhaps it has already dawned, when human precautions and organizations will be strong enough to prevent the vast senseless carnage and destruction of war. If the power of the United States were joined to that of the League of Nations, perhaps we could say with confidence that the world we live in would not suffer the supreme misfortune. We must take it, however, as settled that nothing of this kind will occur at present. Whether a world war breaks out or not will depend almost entirely upon such forces of restraint and control as Great Britain and France can bring to bear.

But what happens if these forces fail? The movement of opinion in the United States toward trading in time of war is remarkable. The doctrine of the freedom of the seas which produced the miserable quarrel of 1812, and which gave cause to grave anxieties in 1915 and 1916, has been discarded. So resolved are the American people not to be drawn into any future war in Europe that they are prepared to deny to their countrymen all right of trading in American ships with belligerent countries. There is to be an embargo upon the export of war material, and American vessels, adventurers or traders who put to sea must do so at their own risk.

By the Gesture of One Man

Certainly, upon the basis that the United States is a neutral, we in Great Britain would be bound to concur in American decisions about blockading. The principle of naval parity between the two English-speaking nations would make it impossible for Great Britain ever to enforce a blockade which the United States was determined to resist. But it may well be that the United States, although a neutral, would sympathize strongly with those powers which were declared by the Tribunal of Europe to be the victims of unprovoked aggression.

But even if no question arose about the freedom of the seas, if the citizens of the United States in their desire to avoid war suspended altogether ocean traffic, may there not be other causes even more potent which would overwhelm the most invincible neutrality? Would the complete domination of Europe by a Nazi regime be compatible with the safety of the American Republic? Could the United States afford to see, for instance, the subjugation of the British Isles and the transference of all the immense territories of the British Empire to the control of the European conqueror? There are many people on the continent who consider that the most suitable area for Teutonic racial expansion lies in South America, and especially in Brazil, the Argentine and Chile. At present, Britain and her navy stand as an obstacle so serious that such ideas seem fantastic. But if Britain were either crushed into surrender or forced (even, perhaps, without a war) to enter the vast Nordic system, then, for the first time, the New World, with all its hopes of freedom, would stand face to face with the Old World and its armed ambitions.

Naturally, all these issues are only to be discussed as vague and remote contingencies. But it is sometimes well to peer ahead into the mysteries of the future, and so dispose one's thoughts and arrangements as to promote good tendencies rather than bad, thus preventing nightmares from being translated into tragedies. To adopt a humble metaphor: "A stitch in time saves nine." In proportion as the United States can lend even an indirect encouragement to the forces which are at work to establish a reign of law through the instrumentality of President Wilson's great conception, the League of Nations, so will increase, step by step, the assurances against a renewal of general war. The sympathy which the United States ambassador in Paris has recently expressed with the ideals of free democracy has in itself exercised a steadying influence by the agencies both of warning to some and encouragement to others. No one would expect the government of the United States to commit itself to any form of European entanglement or adventure. But, on the other hand, declarations of total indifference to anything that may occur outside the American continent will not, in fact, be founded upon truth, and might well in effect stimulate the very dangers which sane and virtuous men and women throughout the world have the greatest interest in avoiding.

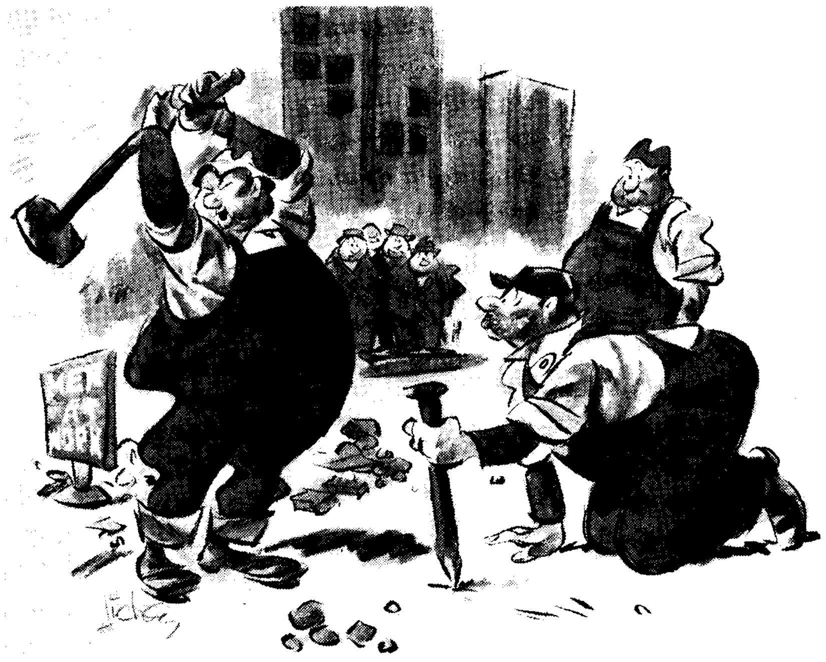
Nor is this period of increasing anxiety through which Europe is passing necessarily permanent. The bad conjunction which has brought it about is the rise of the Nazi spirit of armed intolerance, coupled and synchronizing with the development of the airplane as a terrible and possibly supreme engine of war. Navies cannot invade at all: armies cannot invade by surprise. A long period of mobilization and assembly lies as a merciful time-pad between even the most highly organized military powers. The vast masses of conscript populations might refuse to take part in wars of aggression, if only some interlude could be provided. But the air power is at once the most sudden and the most irresponsible. It involves the use of comparatively small numbers of highly trained persons. It can be set in motion by the gesture of a single man. Its action is at once instantaneous and irrevocable.

A capital city might be laid in ashes before even a diplomatic dispute, let alone an ultimatum or formal declaration of war, had occurred. Then that nation whose air force had committed this awful crime would be told that the action taken by their government had forestalled in the nick of time a similar attack about to be made on them. It is this volatile power of an air force acting at the caprice or dark design of a handful of individuals in response to the will of a single despot that has made this hideous addition to the older perils.

Our Hope for Peace

But will this air power last forever? There are many who say it is exaggerated even now. There are high experts in many countries who contend that though an air force might start a war at a moment's notice it could not bring it to a conclusion, and that it would not be a decisive weapon. As to that, we can only hope that no proof will ever be afforded. But meanwhile, the march of science proceeds along the earth as well as in the sky. The day will almost certainly come, perhaps in ten years, perhaps even in less, when the ground will have regained indisputable superiority over the air, and when the raiding airplane will be clawed down in flaming ruin with sufficient certainty to impose an effective deterrent on whose who would use it. If, therefore, peace can be maintained during this intervening period, we may hope that far greater reassurances of its maintenance will be secured, and that the curse which threatens the world may give place to the splendid opportunities, joys and glories which science and freedom offer to modern man.

All the more, then, it is indispensable that the whole influence of the United States should be consciously and continuously exerted to maintain stability during this era of hazardous transition, and thus gain the blessings alike of the unslain and of the unborn.



"I can't look!"

GEORGE LICHTY

here early, Mother. Harry's parents can't
afford the trip just now, but please don't
let anything keep you and Father away.
as ever, Dorothy

GUESTS OF HONOR

"MY WIFE and I took a trip out to see our married daughter last week. We had a very pleasant visit with them. They wanted us to stay longer, but we'd made plans to drive on to Yellowstone Park.

"After we left, my wife got to talking about how lucky we are. She said there aren't many parents who can walk into the homes of their married children with a complete feeling of independence. I've often wondered myself how many of them are really *welcome?* Treated like honored guests, and coaxed to stay longer, as we were?

"I've seen plenty of the other kind, so I know what an awful burden dependent parents can be on their married children. They're the cause of lots of friction too. It must be dreadful for the parents—getting old and forced to rely on somebody else for their food and shelter.

"My wife and I escaped that tragedy. We come and go as we please. We always pay our own way. So we can hold our heads up with the pride of people who know that they're guests of honor—and not burdens on anybody.

"It isn't luck, though. I'd hate to depend on luck for anything as important as financial independence. I would much rather rely on those good old monthly checks we get from the New England Mutual!"

Would you like to know how easily you can provide yourself with a cash income at 55 or 60? Write to Dept. C 1 for our interesting new booklet, "Have You Signed Your Declaration of Independence?"

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. CHARTERED 1835

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL

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AMERICA'S FIRST CHARTERED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY — AND STILL PIONEERING

Appointment with Death

Continued from page 21

think she must have sent him to fetch her something and I suppose he brought the wrong thing—I don't really know what it was—but she was very angry about it. The poor man slunk away as fast as he could, and she shook her stick at him and called out."

"What did she call out?"

"We were too far away to hear. At least I didn't hear anything distinctly, did you, Miss Pierce?"

"No, I didn't. I think she'd sent him to fetch something from her youngest daughter's tent—or perhaps she was angry with him for going into her daughter's tent—I couldn't say exactly."

"What did he look like?"

Miss Pierce, to whom the question was addressed, shook her head vaguely.

"Really, I couldn't say. He was too far away. All these Arabs look alike."

"He was a man of more than average height," said Lady Westholme, "and wore the usual native headdress. He had on a pair of very torn and patched breeches—really disgraceful they were—and his puttees were wound most untidily—all anyhow! These men need *discipline!*"

"You could point the man out?"

"I doubt it. We didn't see his face—it was too far away. And, as Miss Pierce says, really these Arabs look all alike."

"I WONDER," *said Poirot thoughtfully*, "what it was he did to make Mrs. Boynton so angry?"

"They are very trying to the patience sometimes," said Lady Westholme.

"Well, well," said Poirot. "We can soon inquire from this man what it was that irritated Mrs. Boynton. To continue with your story?"

"We strolled along slowly," said Lady Westholme. "And then we met Dr. Gerard. He was staggering along and looked very ill."

"He was shaking," put in Miss Pierce.

"I saw at once he had an attack of *malaria coming on," said Lady Westholme.* "I offered to come back with him and get him some quinine, but he said he had his own supply with him."

"Poor man," said Miss Pierce.

"We strolled on," continued Lady Westholme. "And then we sat down on a rock."

Miss Pierce murmured:

"Really—so tired after the morning's exertion—the climbing—"

"Were you out of sight of the camp?"

"No, we were sitting facing toward it."

"So romantic!" murmured Miss Pierce.

"That camp could be much better run than it is," said Lady Westholme.

Poirot coughed and led the conversation quickly away from the subject.

"Did you see any other members of the party?" he inquired.

"Yes. The elder Mr. Boynton and his wife passed us on their way back."

"Were they together?"

"No, Mr. Boynton came first. He looked a little as though he had had a touch of the sun. He was walking as though he were slightly dizzy."

"What did Mr. Lennox Boynton do on his return to the camp?" asked Poirot.

For once *Miss Pierce managed to get* in first before Lady Westholme could speak:

"He went right up to his mother, but he didn't stay long with her."

"How long?"

"I should put it at just over a minute myself," said Lady Westholme. "Then he went on into his cave and after that he went down to the marquee."

"And his wife?"

"She came along about a quarter of an hour later. She stopped a minute and spoke to us—quite civilly."

"I think she's very nice," said Miss Pierce. "Very nice indeed."

"You *watched her return to the camp?*"

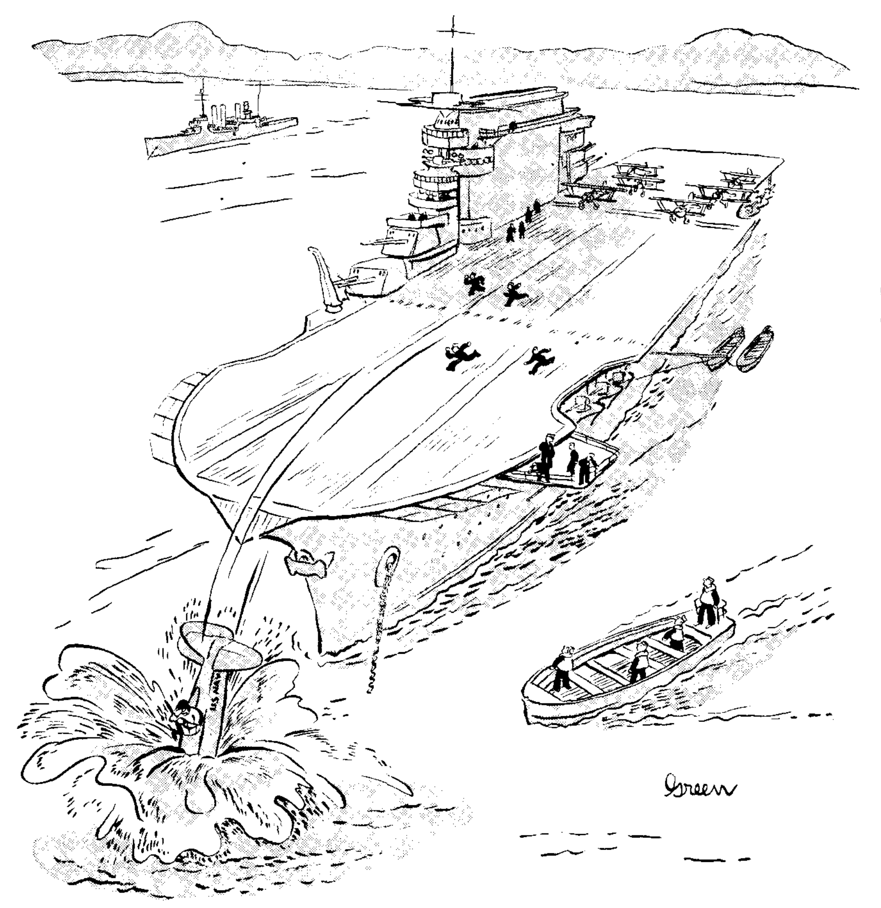
"Yes. She went up and spoke to her mother-in-law. Then she went into her cave and brought out a chair and sat by her, talking for some time—about ten minutes, I should say."

"And then?"

"Then she took the chair back to the cave and went down to the marquee, where her husband was."

"What happened next?"

"That very peculiar American came along," said Lady Westholme. "Cope, I think his name is. He told us that *there was a very good example of the* debased architecture of the period just round the bend of the valley. He said we ought not to miss it. Accordingly we walked there."



"That's the third today for Austin. Let him get out himself this time"

WILLIAM GREEN

"It was all *most* interesting," declared Miss Pierce fervently.

Lady Westholme continued:

"We strolled back to the camp, it being then about twenty minutes to six. It was growing quite chilly."

"MRS. BOYNTON was still sitting where you had left her?"

"Yes."

"Did you speak to her?"

"No. As a matter of fact, I hardly noticed her."

"What did you do next?"

"I went to my tent, changed my shoes and got out my own packet of China tea. I then went to the marquee."

"*I* always say a cup of tea makes *all* the difference," murmured Miss Pierce vaguely.

"Was there anyone in the marquee?"

"Oh, yes. Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Boynton were sitting at one end reading, and Carol Boynton was there too."

"And Mr. Cope?"

"He joined us at our tea," said Miss Pierce. "Though he said tea drinking wasn't an American habit."

Lady Westholme coughed.

"I became just a little afraid that Mr. Cope was going to be a nuisance—that he might fasten himself upon me. It is a little difficult sometimes to keep people at arms' length when one is traveling. I find they are inclined to presume. Americans, especially, are sometimes rather dense."

POIROT murmured suavely:

"I am sure, Lady Westholme, that you are quite capable of dealing with situations of that kind. When traveling acquaintances are no longer of any use *to you, I am sure you are an adept at* dropping them."

"I think I am capable of dealing with most situations," said Lady Westholme.

The twinkle in Poirot's eye was quite lost upon her.

"If you will just conclude your recital of the day's happenings?" murmured Poirot.

"Certainly. As far as I can remember, Raymond Boynton and the red-haired Boynton girl came in shortly afterward. Miss King arrived last. Dinner was then ready to be served. One of the servants was dispatched by the dragoman to announce the fact to old Mrs. Boynton. The man came running back with one of his comrades in a state of some agitation and spoke to the dragoman in Arabic. There was some mention of Mrs. Boynton being taken ill. Miss King offered her services. She went out with the dragoman. She came back and broke the news to the members of Mrs. Boynton's family."

"She did it very abruptly," put in Miss Pierce. "Just blurted it out. I think myself it ought to have been done more gradually."

"And how did Mrs. Boynton's family take the news?" asked Poirot.

For once both Lady Westholme and Miss Pierce seemed a little at a loss. The former said at last in a voice lacking its usual self-assurance.

"Well—really—it is difficult to say. They—they were very quiet about it."

"Stunned," said Miss Pierce.

She offered the word more as a suggestion than as a fact.

"They all went out with Miss King," said Lady Westholme. "Miss Pierce and I very sensibly remained where we were."

"Later," concluded Lady Westholme, "the dragoman and Miss King returned. I suggested that dinner should be served immediately to the four of us, so that the Boynton family could dine later in the marquee without the embarrassment of strangers being present. My suggestion was adopted and immediately after the meal I retired to my tent. Miss King and Miss Pierce did the same. Mr. Cope, I believe, remained in the marquee, as he was a friend of the family and thought he might be of some assistance to them. That is all I know, M. Poirot."

"When Miss King had broken the news, *all* the Boynton family accompanied her out of the marquee?"

"Yes—no, I believe, now that you come to mention it, that the red-haired girl stayed behind. Perhaps you can remember, Miss Pierce?"

"Yes, I think—I am quite sure she did."

Poirot asked:

"What did she do?"

Lady Westholme stared at him.

"What did she *do,* M. Poirot? She did not do anything as far as I can remember."

"I MEAN, was she sewing—or reading—did she look anxious—did she say anything?"

"Well, really—" Lady Westholme frowned. "She—er—she just sat there as far as I can remember."

"She twiddled her fingers," said Miss Pierce suddenly. "I remember noticing—poor thing, I thought; it shows what she's feeling! Not that there was anything to show in her *face,* you know—just her hands turning and twisting.

"Once," went on Miss Pierce conversationally, "I remember tearing up a pound note that way—not thinking of what I was doing."

Not entirely approving of this sudden bid for the limelight on the part of her satellite, Lady Westholme said coldly:

"Is there anything else, M. Poirot?"

With a start, Poirot seemed to come out of a brown study.

"Nothing—nothing—you have been most clear—most definite."

"I have an excellent memory," said Lady Westholme with satisfaction.

"One last little demand, Lady Westholme," said Poirot. "Please continue to sit as you are sitting—without looking round. Now would you be so kind as to describe to me just what Miss Pierce is wearing today—that is, if Miss Pierce does not object?"

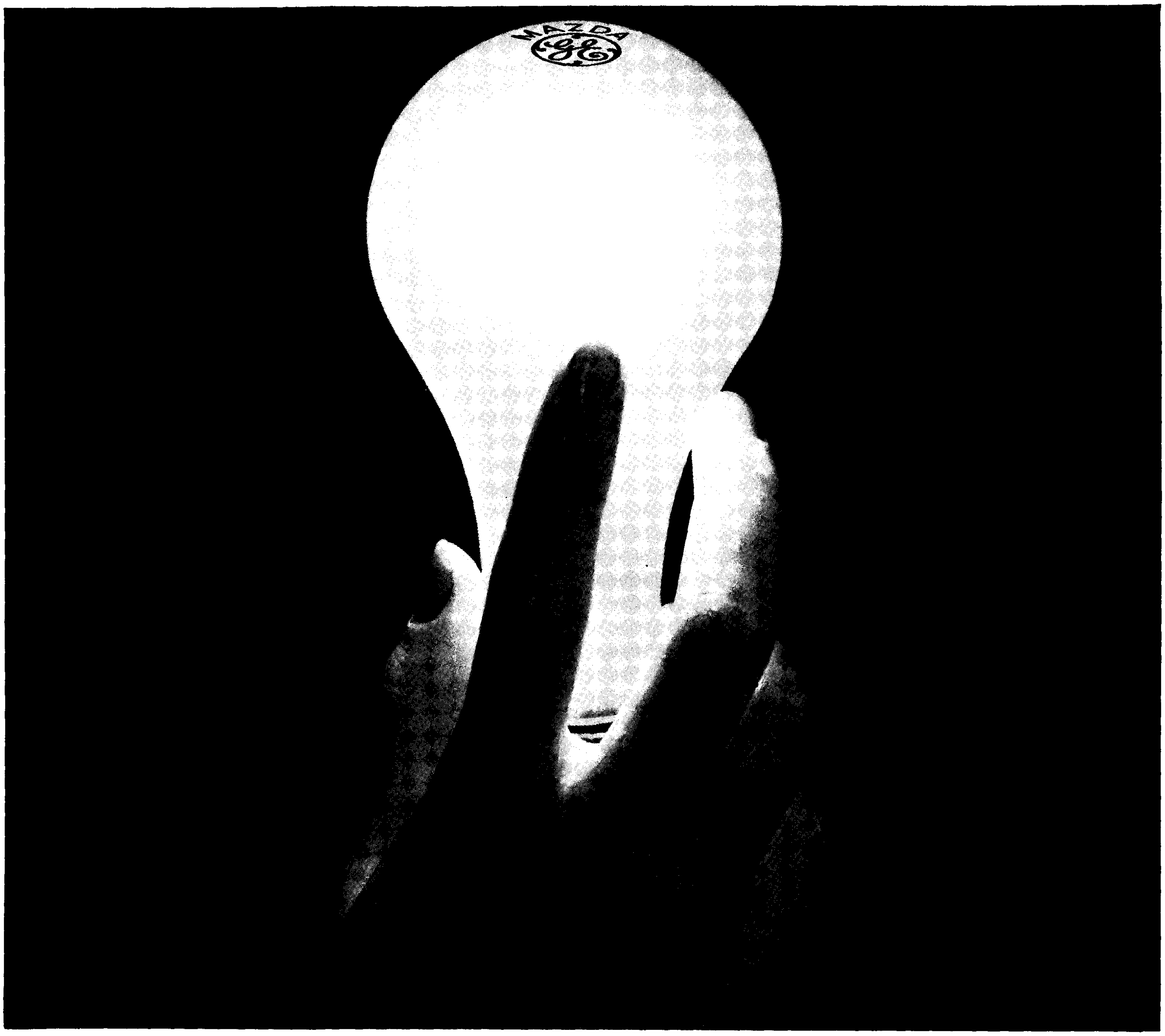
"Oh, not in the least!" twittered Miss Pierce.

"Really, M. Poirot, is there any *object*—"

"Please be so kind as to do as I ask, Madame."

Lady Westholme shrugged her shoulders and then said with a rather bad grace:

"Miss Pierce has on a striped brown and white cotton dress and is wearing with it a Sudanese belt of red, blue and



WHY G-E BULBS GIVE MORE LIGHT THIS YEAR

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beige leather. She is wearing beige silk stockings and brown glacé strap shoes. There is a run in her left stocking. She has a necklace of cornelian beads and one of bright royal blue beads—and is wearing a brooch with a pearl butterfly on it. She has an imitation scarab ring on the third finger of her right hand. On her head she has a double terai of pink and brown felt."

She paused—a pause of quiet competence. Then:

"Is there anything further?" she asked.

Poirot spread out his hands in a wide gesture.

"You have my entire admiration, Madame. Your observation is of the highest order."

"Details rarely escape me."

Lady Westholme rose, made a slight inclination of her head, and left the room. As Miss Pierce was following her, gazing down ruefully at her left leg, Poirot said:

"A little moment, please, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes?" Miss Pierce looked up, a slightly apprehensive look upon her face.

Poirot leaned forward confidentially.

"You see this bunch of wild flowers on the table here?"

"Yes," said Miss Pierce—staring.

"And you noticed that, when you first came into the room, I sneezed?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice if I had just been sniffing those flowers?"

"Well—really—no—I couldn't say."

"But you remember my sneezing?"

"Oh yes, I remember *that!*"

"Ah, well—no matter. I wondered, you see, if these flowers might induce the hay fever. No matter!"

"Hay fever?" cried Miss Pierce. "I remember a cousin of mine was a *martyr* to it!"

With some difficulty Poirot shelved the cousin's nasal troubles and got rid of Miss Pierce. He shut the door and came back into the room with his eyebrows raised.

"But I did not sneeze," he murmured. "So much for that. No, I did not sneeze."

LENNOX BOYNTON came into the room with a quick, resolute step. Had he been there, Dr. Gerard would have been surprised at the change in the man. The apathy was gone. His bearing was alert—although he was plainly nervous. His eyes had a tendency to shift rapidly from point to point about the room.

"Good morning, M. Boynton." Poirot rose and bowed ceremoniously. Lennox responded somewhat awkwardly. "I much appreciate your giving me this interview."

Lennox Boynton said rather uncertainly:

"Er—Colonel Carbury said it would be a good thing—advised it—some formalities, he said."

"Please sit down, M. Boynton."

Lennox sat down on the chair lately vacated by Lady Westholme.

Poirot went on conversationally:

"This has been a great shock to you, I am afraid?"

"Yes, of course. Well, no, perhaps not. . . . We always knew that my mother's heart was not strong."

"Was it wise, under those circumstances, to allow her to undertake such an arduous expedition?"

Lennox Boynton raised his head. He spoke not without a certain sad dignity.

"My mother, M.—er Poirot, made her own decisions. If she had made up her mind to anything it was no good our opposing her."

He drew in his breath sharply as he said the last words. His face suddenly grew rather white.

"I know well," admitted Poirot, "that elderly ladies are sometimes headstrong."

Lennox said irritably:

"What is the purpose of all this? That is what I want to know. Why have all these formalities arisen?"

"Perhaps you do not realize, Mr. Boynton, that in cases of sudden and unexplained deaths, formalities must necessarily arise."

LENNOX said sharply:

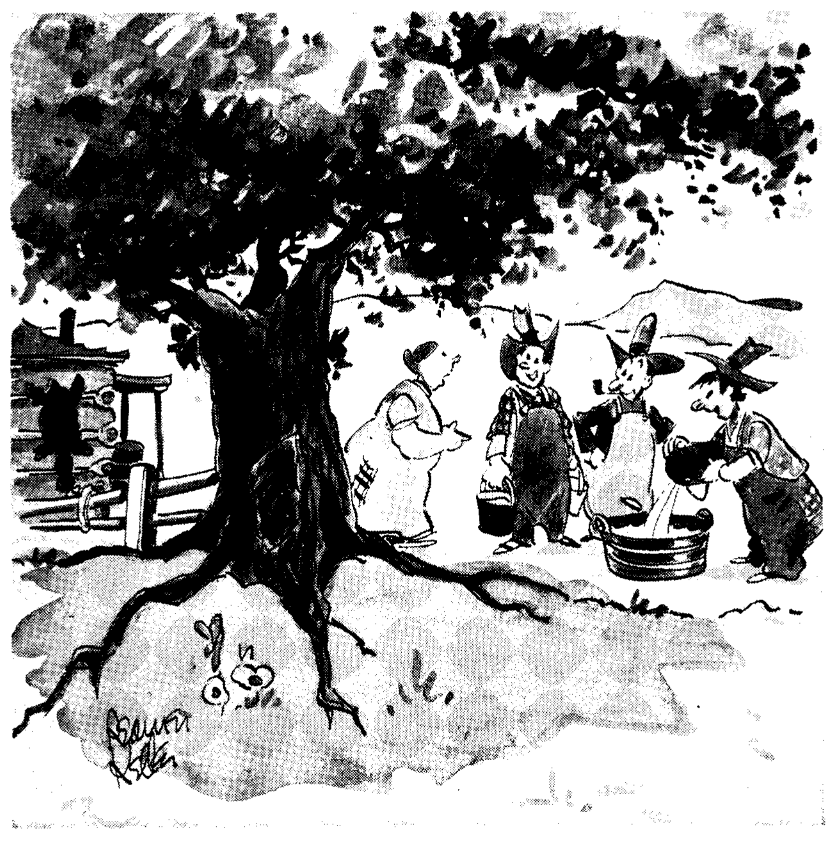
"What do you mean by 'unexplained?' "

"There is always the question to be considered. Is a death natural—or might it perhaps be suicide?"

"Suicide?" Lennox Boynton stared.

Poirot said lightly:

"You, of course, would know best about such possibilities. Colonel Carbury, naturally, is in the dark. It is necessary for him to decide whether to order an inquiry—an autopsy—all the rest of it. As I was on the spot and as I have much experience in these matters, he suggested that I should make a few inquiries and advise him upon the matter. Naturally he does not wish to cause you inconvenience if it can be helped."



"Why don't you boys figure out something different to give Kennesaw for his birthday? You gave him a bath last year"

REAMER KELLER

Lennox Boynton said angrily: "I shall wire to our consul in Jerusalem."

Poirot said noncommittally:

"You are quite within your rights in doing so, of course."

There was a pause. Then Poirot said:

"If you object to answering my questions—"

Lennox Boynton said quickly:

"Not at all. Only—it seems—all so unnecessary."

"I comprehend. I comprehend perfectly. But it is all very simple really. A matter, as they say, of routine. Now on the afternoon of your mother's death, M. Boynton, I believe you left the camp at Petra and went for a walk?"

"Yes. We all went—with the exception of my mother and my younger sister."

"Your mother was then sitting in the mouth of her cave?"

"Yes, just outside it. She sat there every afternoon."

"Quite so. You started—when?"

"Soon after three, I should say."

"You returned from your walk—when?"

"I really couldn't say what time it was—four o'clock—five o'clock perhaps."

"About an hour to two hours after you set out?"

"Yes—about that, I should think."

"Did you pass anyone on your way back?"

"Did I what?"

"Pass anyone. Two ladies sitting on a rock, for instance."

"I don't know. Yes, I think I did."

"You were, perhaps, too absorbed in your thoughts to notice?"

"Yes, I was."

"Did you speak to your mother when you got back to the camp?"

"Yes—yes, I did."

"She did not then complain of feeling ill?"

"No—no, she seemed perfectly all right."

"May I ask what exactly passed between you?"

Lennox paused a minute.

"She said I had come back soon. I said, yes, I had." He paused again in an effort of concentration. "I said it was hot. She—she asked me the time—said her wrist watch had stopped. I took it from her, wound it up, set it, and put it back on her wrist."

Poirot interrupted gently:

"And what time was it?"

"Eh?" said Lennox.

"WHAT time was it when you set the hands of the wrist watch?"

"Oh, I see. It—it was twenty-five minutes to five."

"So you do know exactly the time you returned to the camp!" said Poirot gently.

Lennox flushed.

"Yes, what a fool I am! I'm sorry, M. Poirot, my wits are all astray, I'm afraid. All this worry—"

Poirot chimed in quickly:

"Oh, I understand—I understand perfectly! It is all most disquieting! And what happened next?"

"I asked my mother if she wanted anything. A drink—tea, coffee. She said no. Then I went to the marquee. None of the servants seemed to be about, but I found some soda water and drank it. I was thirsty. I sat there reading some old magazines. I think I must have dozed off."

"Your wife joined you in the marquee?"

"Yes, she came in not long after."

"And you did not see your mother again alive?"

"No."

"She did not seem in any way agitated or upset when you were talking to her?"

"No, she was exactly as usual."

"She did not refer to any trouble or annoyance with one of the servants?"

Lennox stared.

"No, nothing at all."

"And that is all you can tell me?"

"I am afraid so—yes."

"Thank you, M. Boynton."

Poirot inclined his head as a sign that the interview was over.

Lennox did not seem very willing to depart. He stood hesitating by the door.

"Er—there's nothing else?"

"Nothing. Perhaps you would be so good as to ask your wife to come here?"

Lennox went slowly out. On his pad Poirot wrote: L. B. 4:35 P. M.

POIROT looked with interest at the tall dignified young woman who entered the room.

He rose and bowed to her politely.

"Mrs. Lennox Boynton? Hercule Poirot, at your service."

Nadine Boynton sat down. Her thoughtful eyes were on Poirot's face.

"I hope you do not mind, Madame, my intruding on your sorrow in this way?"

Her eyes did not waver.

She did not reply at once. Her eyes remained steady and grave. At last, she gave a sigh and said:

"I think it is best for me to be quite frank with you, M. Poirot."

"I agree with you, Madame."

"You apologized for intruding upon my sorrow. That sorrow, M. Poirot, does not exist and it is idle to pretend that it does. I had no love for my mother-in-law and I cannot honestly say that I regret her death."

"Thank you, Madame, for your plain speaking."

Nadine went on:

"Still, although I cannot pretend sorrow, I can admit to another feeling—remorse."

"Remorse?" Poirot's eyebrows rose.

"Yes. Because, you see, it was I who brought about her death. For that I blame myself bitterly."

"What is this that you are saying, Madame?"

"I am saying that *I* was the cause of my mother-in-law's death. I was acting, as I thought, honestly—but the result was unfortunate. To all intents and purposes, I killed her."

Poirot leaned back in his chair.

"Will you be so kind as to elucidate this statement, Madame?"

Nadine bent her head.

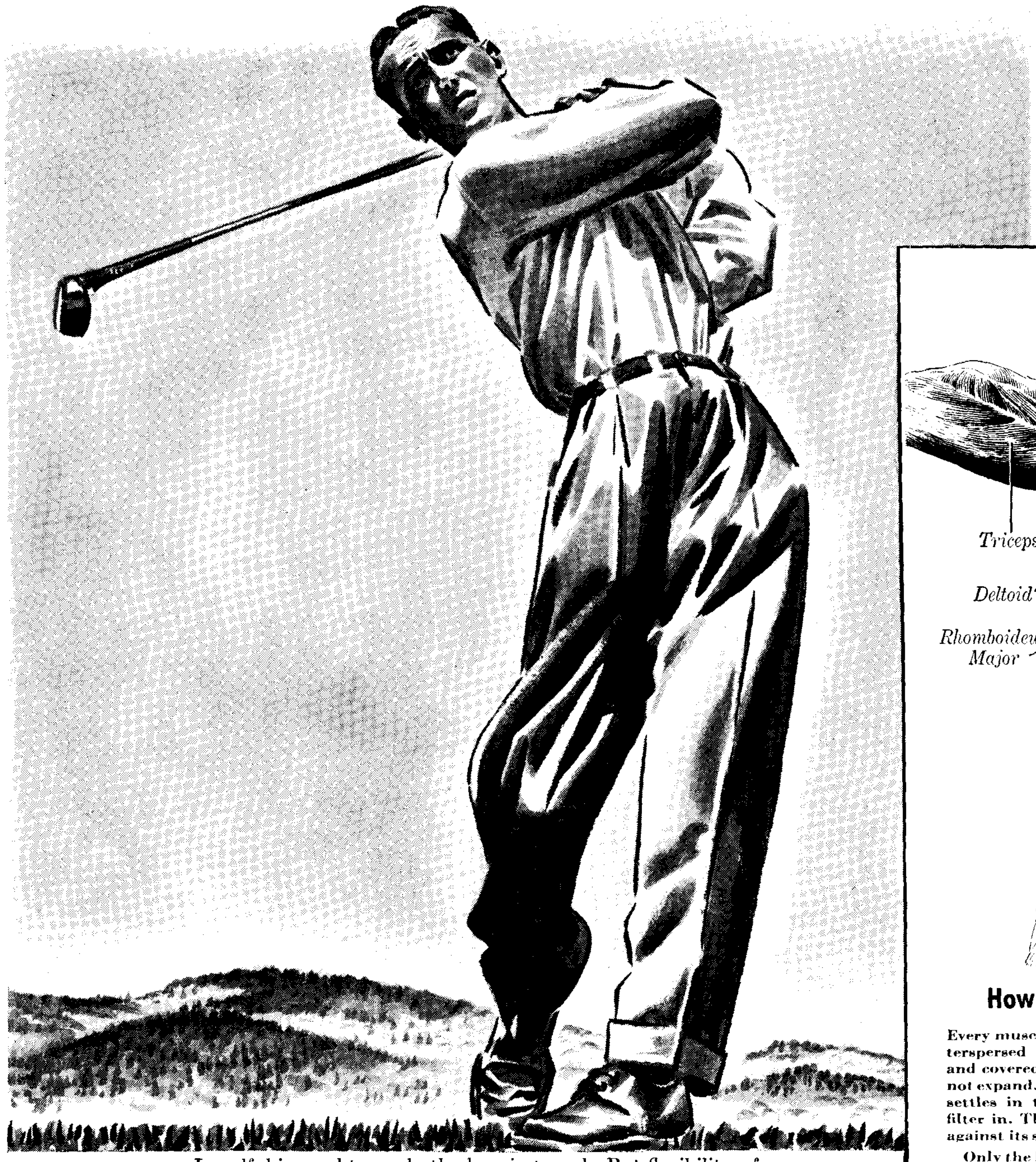
"Yes, that is what I wish to do. My first reaction, naturally, was to keep my private affairs to myself, but I see that the time has come when it would be better to speak out. I have no doubt, M. Poirot, that you have often received confidences of a somewhat intimate nature?"

"That, yes."

"Then I will tell you quite simply what occurred. My married life, M. Poirot, has not been particularly happy. My husband is not entirely to blame for that—his mother's influence over him has been unfortunate—but I have been feeling for some time that my life was becoming intolerable."

She paused and then went on:

"On the afternoon of my mother-in-law's death I came to a decision. I have a friend—a very good friend. He has



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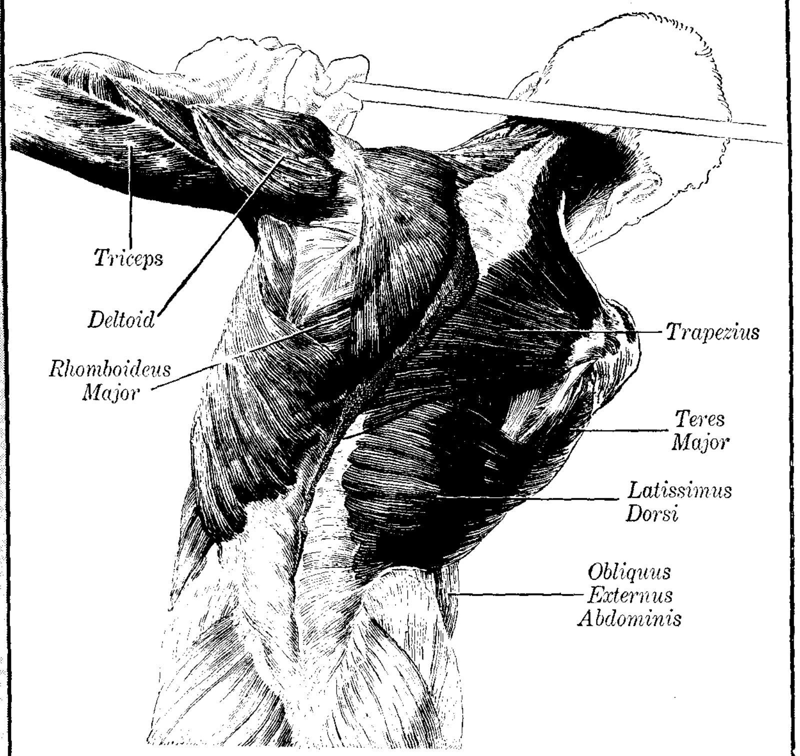

How Muscle Tissue Behaves When You Exercise

Every muscle is a bundle of fibres interspersed with connecting tissue, and covered by a sheath which cannot expand. After exercise, lactic acid settles in the muscle fibres, fluids filter in. The muscle swells, presses against its sheath, feels stiff, painful.

Only the blood can carry this lactic acid away. Absorbine Jr. quickly brings an *increased supply of blood* to the overworked muscle. This carries off the lactic acid, and brings fresh fuel for renewed energy.

After exercise, rub Absorbine Jr. on the sore muscles. Spread over a wide area around them—the wider the better. Repeat 2 or 3 times during the day.

Why the Saturday "Champion" can't break 90 on Sunday

A Simple Physiological Fact Explains Why Muscles Stiffen, Grow Sore, After First Workout of the Week-End . . . How Absorbine Jr. Relieves them, Improves your Second-Day Game

EVERY "week-end athlete" knows it. That brilliant score the first day. The terrible falling off next day.

A simple physiological fact explains it.

Physiologists say muscular exercise produces toxic waste matter *in the muscles themselves.* Notably, *lactic acid.* It lodges in the muscles until it is carried off by the blood.

Meantime fluids filter in. The muscle swells and stiffens. You feel pain, soreness—and your game falls off! There's a simple way to avoid this soreness.

Easy to relieve

Absorbine Jr., used right after exercise, immediately brings blood to tired muscles! The blood washes away the lactic acid. Restores muscular energy. Stiffness is avoided. Your muscles stay limber, able to give you next day the sensitive performance you demand of them.

Absorbine Jr. has been used by professionals for over 40 years, to restore muscle efficiency after exercise. Trainers and coaches use it regularly.

Keep Absorbine Jr. at home as well as in the locker room. Use it no matter what your sport. Simply rub Absorbine Jr. on—and the pain and stiffness are relieved! Antiseptic, cooling, soothing. Aromatic. And not oily. Absorbine Jr. is a pleasure to use!—W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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Relieves Muscular Pain —

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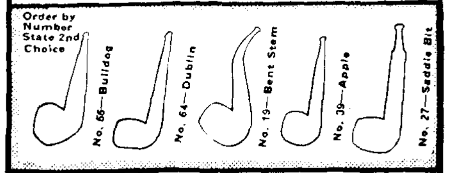

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If the pipe itself does not give you at least $2.50 smoking pleasure, we refund full purchase price. Note: We reserve the right to refund your money if no more of these pipes are available when your order reaches us. Only one Special to a customer.

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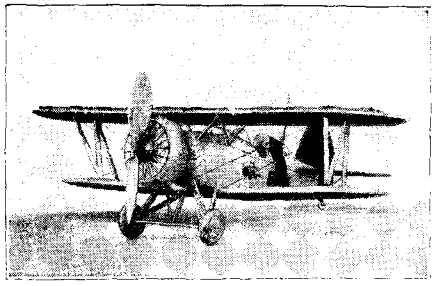

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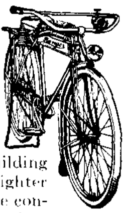

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suggested more than once that I should *throw in my lot with his.* On that afternoon I accepted his proposal."

"You decided to leave your husband?"

"Yes."

"Continue, Madame."

Nadine said in a lower voice:

"Having once made my decision I wanted to—to establish it as soon as possible. I walked home to the camp by myself. My mother-in-law was sitting alone, there was no one about, and I decided to break the news to her then and there. I got a chair, sat down by her and told her abruptly what I had decided."

"She was surprised?"

"Yes, I am afraid it was a great shock to her. She was both surprised and angry—very angry. She—she worked herself into quite a state about it! Presently I refused to discuss the matter any longer. I got up and walked away." Her voice dropped. "I—I never saw her again alive."

Poirot nodded his head slowly.

"I see."

Then he said:

"You think her death was the result of the shock?"

"It seems to me almost certain. You see, she had already overexerted herself considerably getting to this place. My news, and her anger at it, would do the rest. . . . I feel additionally guilty because I have had a certain amount of training in illness and so I, more than anyone else, ought to have realized the possibility of such a thing happening."

POIROT sat in silence for some minutes, then he said:

"What exactly did you do when you left her?"

"I took the chair I had brought out back into my cave, then I went down to the marquee. My husband was there."

Poirot watched her closely as he said:

"Did you tell *him* of your decision? Or had you already told him?"

There was a pause, an infinitesimal pause, before Nadine said:

"I told him then."

"How did he take it?"

"He was very upset."

"Did he urge you to reconsider your decision?"

"He—he didn't say very much. You see, we had both known for some time that something like this might happen."

Poirot said:

"You will pardon me, but the other man was, of course, Mr. Jefferson Cope?"

"Yes."

There was a long pause, then, without any change of voice, Poirot asked:

"Do you own a hypodermic syringe, Madame?"

"Yes—no."

His eyebrows rose.

She explained:

"I have an old hypodermic among other things in a traveling medicine chest, but we left it in Jerusalem."

"I see."

There was a pause, then she said with a shiver of uneasiness:

"Why did you ask me that?"

He did not answer the question. Instead he put one of his own:

"Mrs. Boynton was, I believe, taking a mixture containing digitalis?"

"Yes."

"That was for her heart trouble?"

"Yes."

"Digitalis is, to some extent, a cumulative drug?"

"I believe it is. I do not know very much about it."

"If Mrs. Boynton had taken a big overdose of digitalis—"

She interrupted him quickly:

"She did not. She was always most careful. So was I, if I measured the dose for her."

"There might have been an overdose in this particular bottle. A mistake of the person who made it up?"

"I think that is very unlikely," she replied quietly.

"Well, the analysis will soon tell us."

Nadine said:

"Unfortunately the bottle was broken."

Poirot eyed her with sudden interest.

"Indeed. Who broke it?"

"I'm not quite sure. One of the servants, I think. In carrying my mother-in-law's body in to her cave a table got knocked over."

Poirot eyed her steadily.

"That," he said "is very interesting."

Nadine Boynton shifted wearily in her chair.

"You are suggesting, I think, that my mother-in-law did not die of shock, but of an overdose of digitalis?" She went on: "That seems to me most improbable."

Poirot leaned forward.

"Even when I tell you that Dr. Gerard, the French physician who was staying in the camp, had missed an appreciable quantity of a preparation of digitoxin from his medicine chest?"

Her face grew very pale. He saw the clutch of her hand on the table. Her eyes dropped. She sat very still. She was like a madonna carved in stone.

"Well, Madame," said Poirot at last, "what have you to say to that?"

The seconds ticked on but she did not speak. It was quite two minutes before she raised her head, and he started a little when he saw the look in her eyes.

"M. Poirot, I did not kill my mother-in-law. That you know! She was alive and well when I left her. There are many people who can testify to that! Therefore, being innocent of the crime I can venture to appeal to you. Why must you mix yourself up in this business? If I swear to you on my honor that justice and only justice has been done, will you not abandon this inquiry? There has been so much suffering—you do not know. Now that at last there is peace and the possibility of happiness, must you destroy it all?"

"Let me be clear, Madame—what are you asking me to do?"

"I am telling you that my mother-in-law died a natural death and I am asking you to accept that statement."

"LET us be definite. You believe that your mother-in-law was deliberately killed, and you are asking me to condone—*murder!*"

"I am asking you to have pity!"

"Yes—on someone who had no pity!"

"You don't understand—it was not like that."

"Did you commit the crime yourself, Madame, that you know so well?"

"No," Nadine said quietly. "She was alive when I left her."

"And then—what happened? You *know*—or you *suspect?*"

Nadine said passionately:

"I have heard, M. Poirot, that once, in that affair of the Orient Express, you accepted an official verdict of what had happened."

Poirot looked at her curiously.

"I wonder who told you that."

"Is it true?"

He said slowly:

"That case was—different."

"No. No, it was not different! The man who was killed was evil," her voice dropped, "as *she* was. . . ."

Poirot said:

"The moral character of the victim has nothing to do with it! A human being who has exercised the right of private judgment and taken the life of another human being is not safe to exist among the community. *I* tell you that! I, Hercule Poirot!"

She got up. Her dark eyes flashed with sudden fire.

"Then go on! Bring ruin and misery into the lives of innocent people! I have nothing more to say."

"But I—I think, Madame, that you have a lot to say. . . ."

"No, nothing more."

"But yes. What happened, Madame, *after* you left your mother-in-law? While you and your husband were in the marquee together?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"How should I know?"

"You *do* know—or you suspect."

She looked him straight in the eyes.

"I know nothing, M. Poirot."

Turning, she left the room.

AFTER noting on his pad—N. B. 4:40, Poirot opened the door and called to the orderly whom Colonel Carbury had left at his disposal, an intelligent man with a good knowledge of English. He asked him to fetch Miss Carol Boynton.

He looked with some interest at the girl as she entered, at the chestnut hair, the poise of the head on the long neck, the nervous energy of the beautifully shaped hands.

He said:

"Sit down, Mademoiselle."

She sat down obediently. Her face was colorless and expressionless.

Poirot began with a mechanical expression of sympathy to which the girl acquiesced without any change of expression.

"And now, Mademoiselle, will you recount to me how you spent the afternoon of the day in question?"

Her answer came promptly, raising the suspicion that it had already been well rehearsed.

"After luncheon we all went for a stroll. I returned to the camp—"

Poirot interrupted.

"A little minute. Were you all together until then?"

"No, I was with my brother Raymond and Miss King for most of the time. Then I strolled off on my own."

"Thank you. And you were saying you returned to the camp. Do you know the approximate time?"

"I believe it was just about ten minutes past five."

Poirot put down: *C. B. 5:10.*

"And what then?"

"My mother was still sitting where she had been when we set out. I went up and spoke to her and then went on to my tent."

"Can you remember exactly what passed between you?"

"I just said it was very hot and that I was going to lie down. My mother said she would remain where she was."

"Did anything in her appearance strike you as out of the ordinary?"

"No. At least, that is—"

She paused doubtfully, staring at Poirot.

"It is not from me that you can get the answer, Mademoiselle," said Poirot quietly.

She flushed and looked away.

"I was just considering. I hardly noticed at the time, but now, looking back—"

"Yes?"

Carol said slowly:

"It is true—she was a funny color—her face was very red—more so than usual."

"She might, perhaps, have had a shock of some kind?" Poirot suggested.

"A shock?" She stared at him.

"Yes, she might have had, let us say, some trouble with one of the Arab servants."

"Oh!" her face cleared. "Yes—she might."

"She did not mention such a thing having happened?"

"No-o—no, nothing at all."

Poirot went on:

"And what did you do next, Mademoiselle?"

(To be continued next week)

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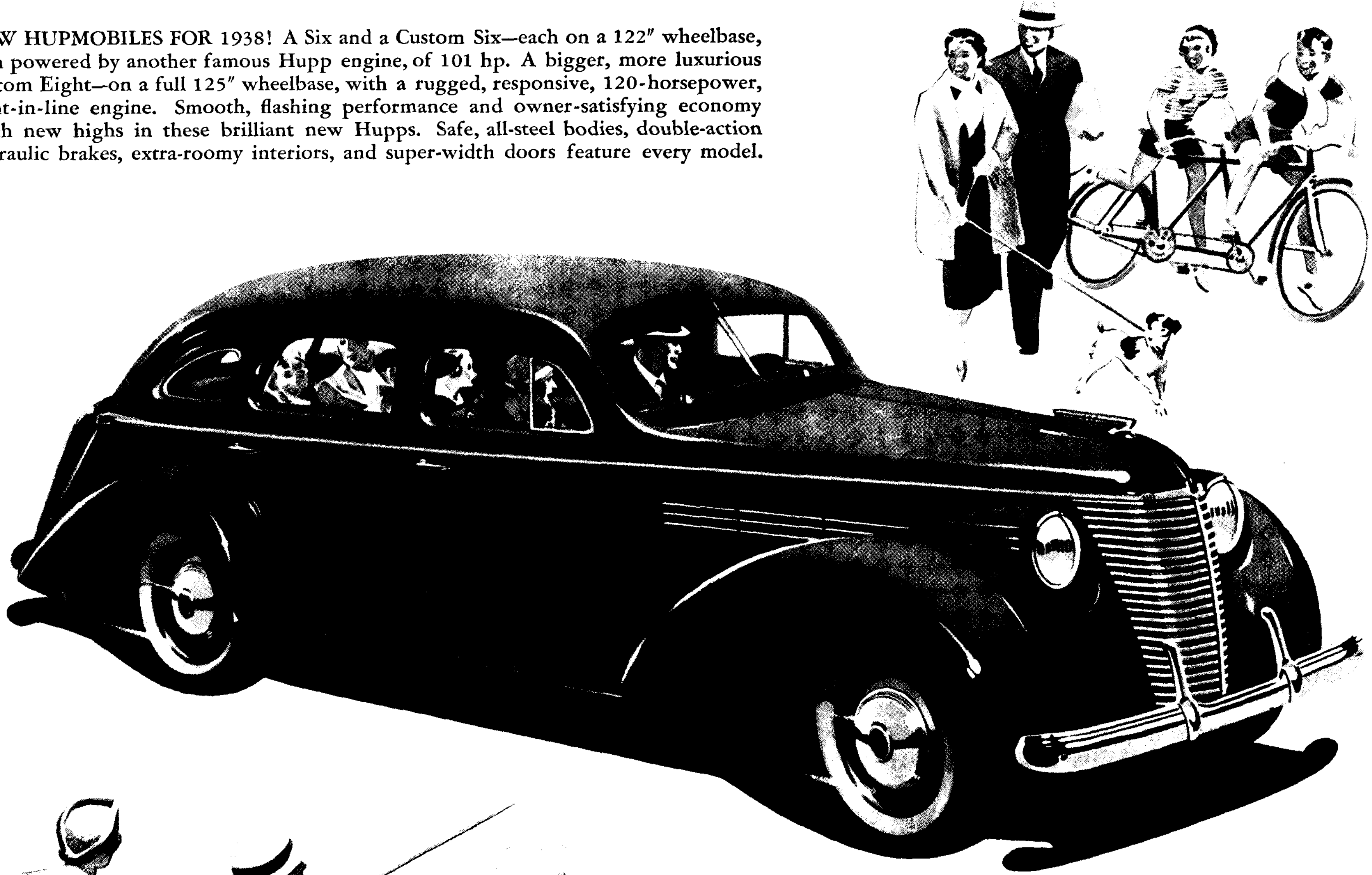
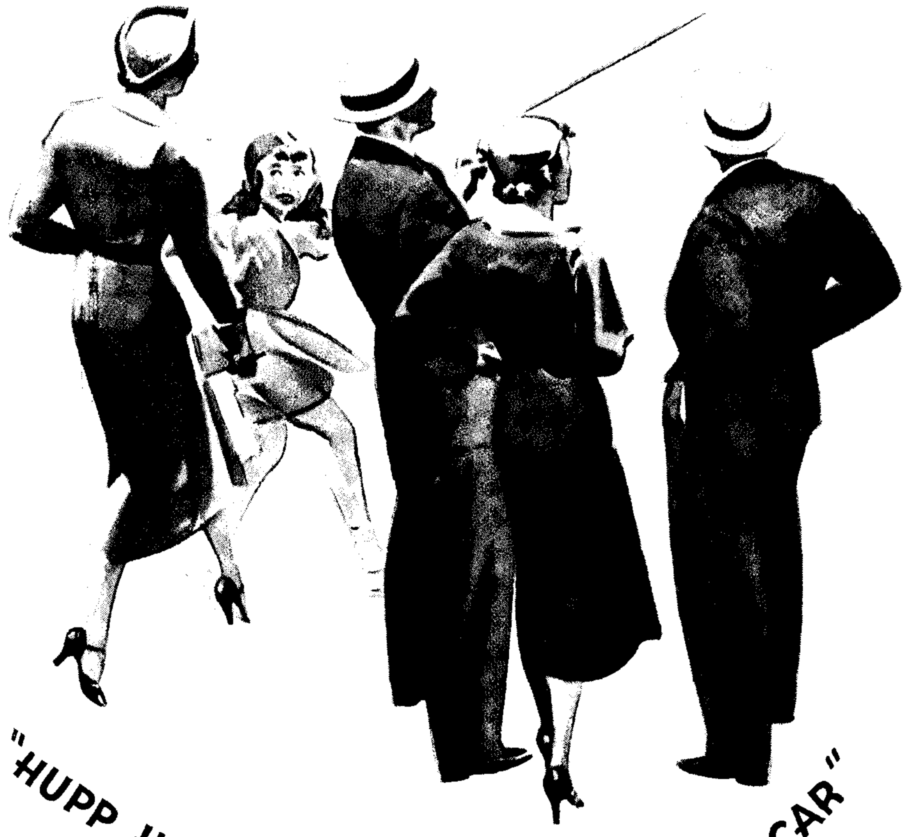
NEW HUPMOBILES FOR 1938! A Six and a Custom Six—each on a 122″ wheelbase, each powered by another famous Hupp engine, of 101 hp. A bigger, more luxurious Custom Eight—on a full 125″ wheelbase, with a rugged, responsive, 120-horsepower, eight-in-line engine. Smooth, flashing performance and owner-satisfying economy reach new highs in these brilliant new Hupps. Safe, all-steel bodies, double-action hydraulic brakes, extra-roomy interiors, and super-width doors feature every model.





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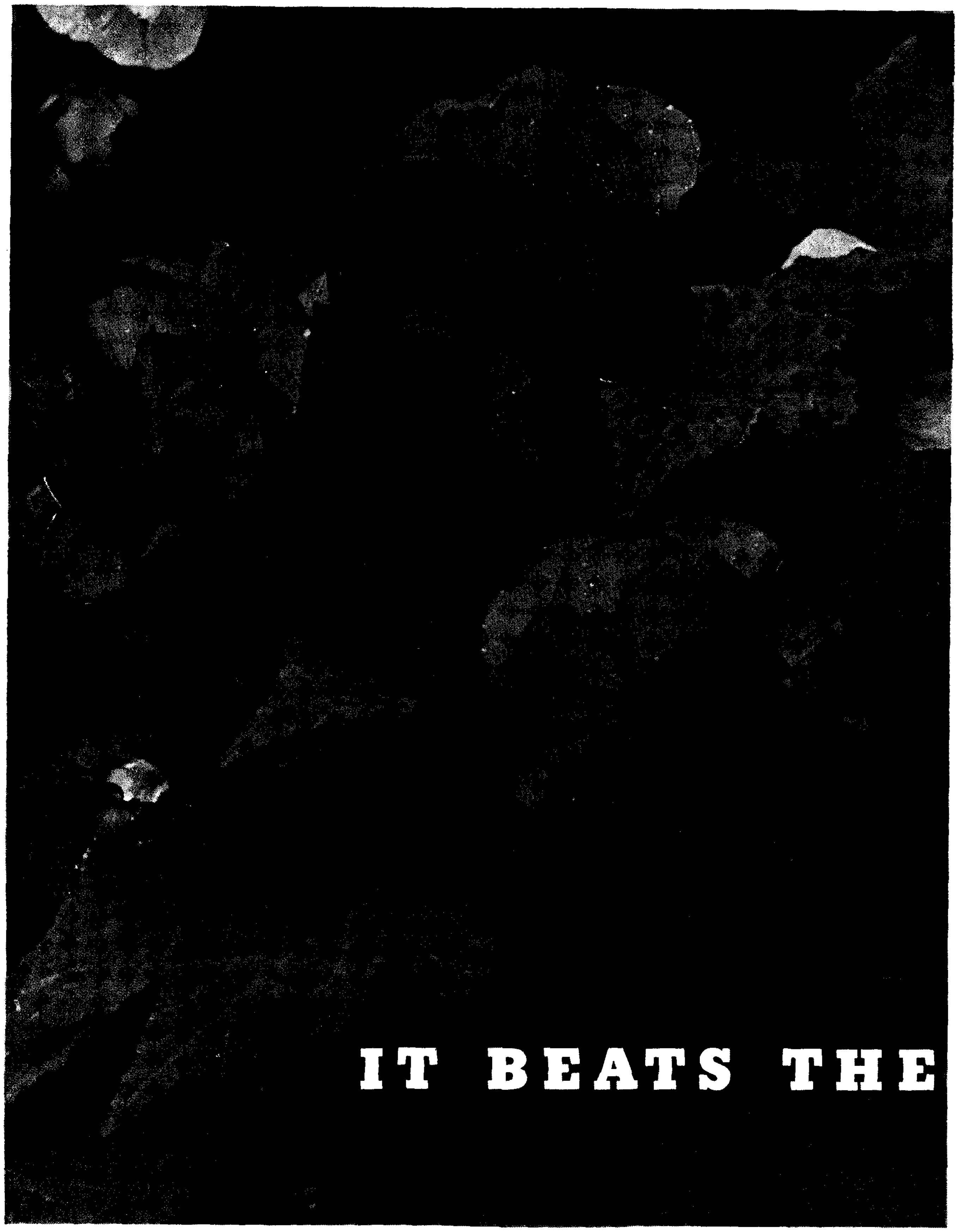
THE 1938 **HUPMOBILE**

SIXES and EIGHTS



Larger and lovelier than ever are the tuberous begonias, a versatile blossom that the home gardener may grow in a wide variety of types

IT BEATS THE DUTCH

By Frank J. Taylor

SILVERY-HAIRED Grandmother Briggs, gladiolus queen of the U. S. A., settled her little folding chair alongside Seventh Heaven and sat down. From a pink blossom in the adjoining row she removed the stamen and carefully tickled the pistil of the gorgeous array of gladioli at her side. Then she burst into a hearty laugh. Her husband looked across the garden, surprised.

"I've just crossed Honeymoon with Seventh Heaven," she chuckled. "That ought to be good."

It has to be good to beat the Dutch, which is Mrs. Briggs' major ambition. She has been after the Dutch for twenty-three years, ever since she gave up school teaching to cultivate glads. The European growers, of course, had a sweet head start on Mrs. Briggs, but, all things considered, she has given them a good run for their money. She is meeting them on equal terms in glads, just as is Frank Reinelt in tuberous begonias, Earl Frazee in ranunculi and freesias, or Henry Hyde in callas. And so on—choose your bulb.

Until recently the Dutch had been the champion bulb culturists for so long that they say the babes of Haarlem and Noordwijk are born with silver bulbs in their mouths. The year 1916 is hailed by the American growers as the birth of the industry in this country. That year the U. S. Department of Agriculture planked down an embargo on foreign bulbs to head off the introduction of soil diseases, and after that it was a case of grow bulbs or do without them.

By some quirk of fate, plus soil and climate, most of the growers in this country eventually concentrated in seven small areas scattered along the shores of the Pacific from San Diego to Tacoma. In these isolated spots bulbs are big business, and it keeps the growers *humping to satisfy* the insatiable American appetite. They have to mature about a third of a billion bulbs a year to keep the gardeners of the country happy.

This fall when your favorite seedsman supplies you with bulbs for the flowers that bloom in the spring, you little suspect the trials and tribulations that led up to their arrival in his bins. The bulb game is different from every other seed-growing business because bulbs are stored-up life and energy. They sense the time of year and are ready to explode into blossom at the slightest provocation. Bulbs are as temperamental as children, and if you want to see what a job it is to bring them to perfection, hitch along on a bulb farm excursion from the southernmost tip of California to the northernmost corner of Washington.

You start at the little town of Encinitas, which sprawls along the cliffs overlooking the Pacific, just north of San Diego, a veritable hotbed of bulb growers, most of them gladiolus fans.

Glads are big-money bulbs today for the reason that florists anywhere can force them in hothouses to produce blossoms for weddings, funerals, housewarmings and parties. They are distinctly the florists' flower for another reason, too—they can be seen but not smelled. A blossom of that size with a fragrance would be too overwhelming. Hence, about half of the twenty million glad bulbs grown around Encinitas, Santa Maria Valley and near Grants Pass, Oregon, are destined for one grand burst of blossom, then will be thrown away, exhausted by the forcing process. Those that find their way into your garden, however, may live through eight summers of glory.

All bulbous blossoms are what they are today because of the patient work of the hybridizers, who have slowly built most varieties into twice or thrice their natural size and added luster to their colors. Among the dozen or so noted gladiolus originators, Elizabeth Briggs

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The Bars Between

Continued from page 22

and Conroy, looking pretty neat in tails, showed up at ten. He went into the bar for a drink and found Britton sitting there on a high stool and looking quite tight.

"You got me here," said Britton, "but you can't make me dance."

"She'll be well taken care of."

"Oh, she's being well taken care of, all right. Have a drink."

"Make it a short beer."

Conroy went into the ballroom and had a couple of dances. When he returned to the bar Nora Jackson was sitting there with Britton.

"Listen, officer," said Britton. "Do me a favor. Dance with her. She wants me to dance. I hate dancing."

Conroy looked at her. "How about it?"

"Do you feel it's your duty?" she asked, smiling.

"Well, I feel it's a duty to a swell-looking girl."

"Ah, he's a smoothie," Britton said. "Go ahead, Nora—swing it."

IT WAS a good beginning, because the orchestra was playing a waltz and he was a nice waltzer.

They danced three times in a row. Then the music stopped and she said she'd better go back and watch Britton: he might get too tight. But when they returned to the bar Britton was not there.

The bartender said, "I think he went home."

"Maybe he got sore," Conroy said.

"Oh, no," Nora told him. "He said that if you showed up he was going to palm me off on you."

"That's no hardship. Let's go around to the cocktail lounge and sit out a couple of dances."

"You're being awfully kind."

"Kind to do something I like?"

She looked at him and he was wondering if her eyes lacked the frankness he'd first noticed in them. Right now, she seemed a little troubled, uneasy.

"Britton your boy friend?" he asked.

"Goodness, no!"

He took her home at half past one. She lived pretty far out, in a four-story apartment house on Oliver. He walked with her into the vestibule and stood with his hat in his hand while she got her key out of her purse. She opened the hall door and then turned to say:

"Well, it was grand, and I don't know how to thank you."

A faint smile played back and forth across his lips as he looked down at her. "I want to see you again," he said.

"It was fun tonight. Why spoil it?"

"Who's going to spoil it?"

She shrugged. "I'm going with a fellow."

"What's his name?"

She pulled her wrap closer. "There's a draft here. I'd better go up."

"All right," he said. A small glitter came into his eyes as he took hold of her shoulders and pressed his lips against her mouth. She didn't move. No part of her moved, not even her lips. He drew back and she was still looking at him, not angry or outraged or embarrassed but merely weary.

"Now what do you think that will get you?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Skip it. I just felt like kissing you. It seemed like a good idea."

She turned and went into the hall and closed the door.

He was busy during the next week but in the intervals when he relaxed he thought of her and it wasn't clear in his mind whether he really cared for her or just wanted to experiment a little further and find out what made her tick. He was sent to Chicago with Ed Shoemaker to bring back a felon and with so much time to kill on the train he thought about her more and more. When he got back, it was an easy matter to pretend that his new car needed some minor adjustments, so he drove over to Hemple's and while the car was being serviced he drifted as far as the office doorway and leaned there.

"Oh, hello," she called out.

"I'm having the car adjusted."

"They always need that when they're new."

"I guess so." He tossed a coin and slapped his hand over it in mid-air. "How about going to the hockey game tonight?"

"I don't care for hockey games."

"Well, we don't have to go. We can eat and then take in a movie."

She shook her head, gathered up a handful of papers and said, "Excuse me. I've got to take these letters upstairs."

"Pretend I never stopped by," he said.

"I'll do that. Do you mind letting me by?"

"Listen. Suppose I apologized for making that pass at you?"

"You needn't."

"Well, I want to."

"All right, then."

"I apologize. Now let's start over again. How about going to dinner and a movie?"

Her smile was chilled by the look in her eyes. "Thank you, Mr. Conroy, but I prefer not to."

"The hat is high, sister."

"Now may I pass?"

He stepped back out of the doorway and without stopping turned and walked away. He was a little red behind the ears but the quiet look in his eyes was pointed with determination. She had nicked his vanity. But more than that, she puzzled him.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "if I love that girl."

WHATEVER it was, love or vanity or petty vengeance, it would give him no rest. During the next week he telephoned her at the office. He sent flowers around to her apartment. But there was no call from her, no letter of thanks. He drove over to her apartment house late one afternoon and hung around until she got off the bus. She was carrying several bundles. He met her in front of the vestibule and said:

"Am I still in the doghouse?"

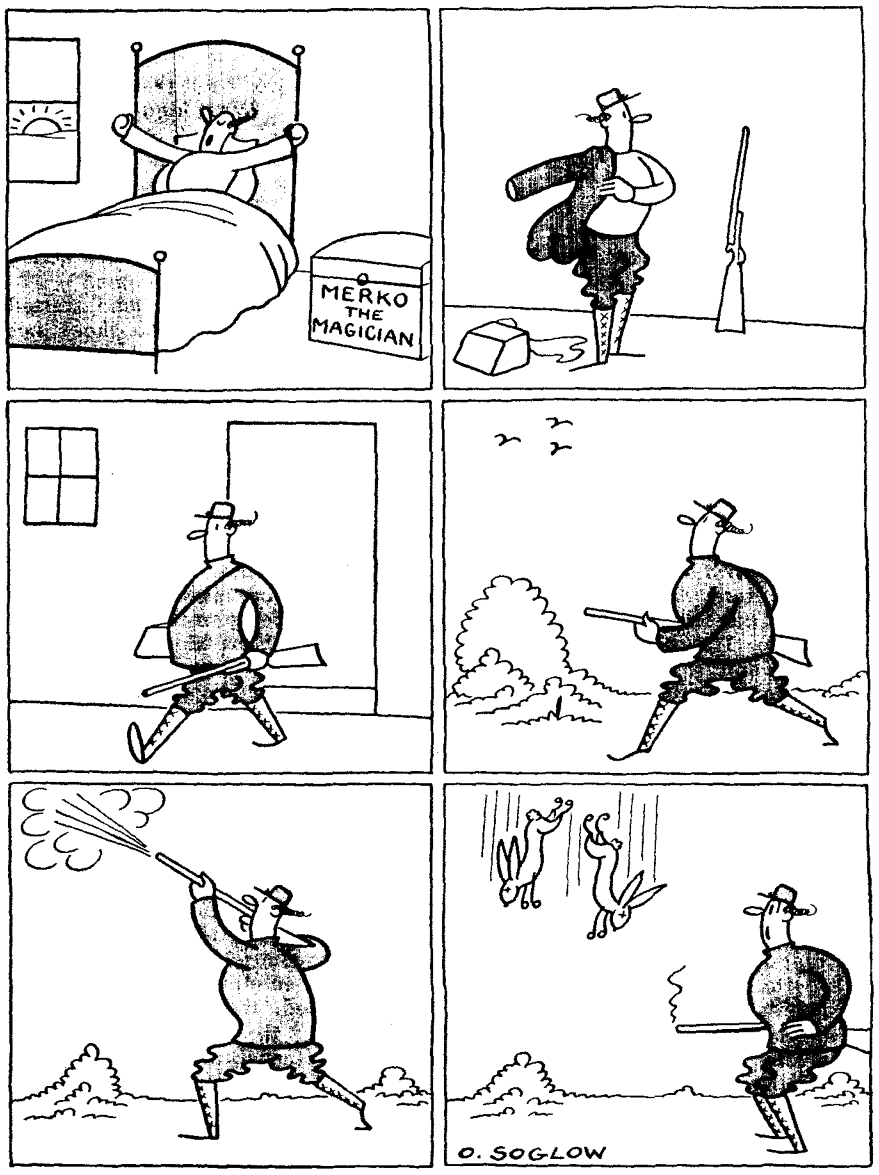
She wouldn't look at him. "I don't remember that you were ever in the doghouse," she said in a hostile voice. "But I don't want any dates with you."

"Why?"

"You're ridiculous!" she burst out in sheer exasperation and ran inside.

But he was after her before the hall door oozed shut. She ran up the staircase and he followed swiftly, two steps at a time, though he didn't run. He caught up with her as she got her apartment door open but in her haste to enter she dropped one of the paper sacks and oranges rolled at his feet.

She glared at him, her jaw shaking with anger. He said, "I'll get them," and gathered up the oranges. He carried them through a small living room with a day bed and dumped them on the drainboard of the sink in the little



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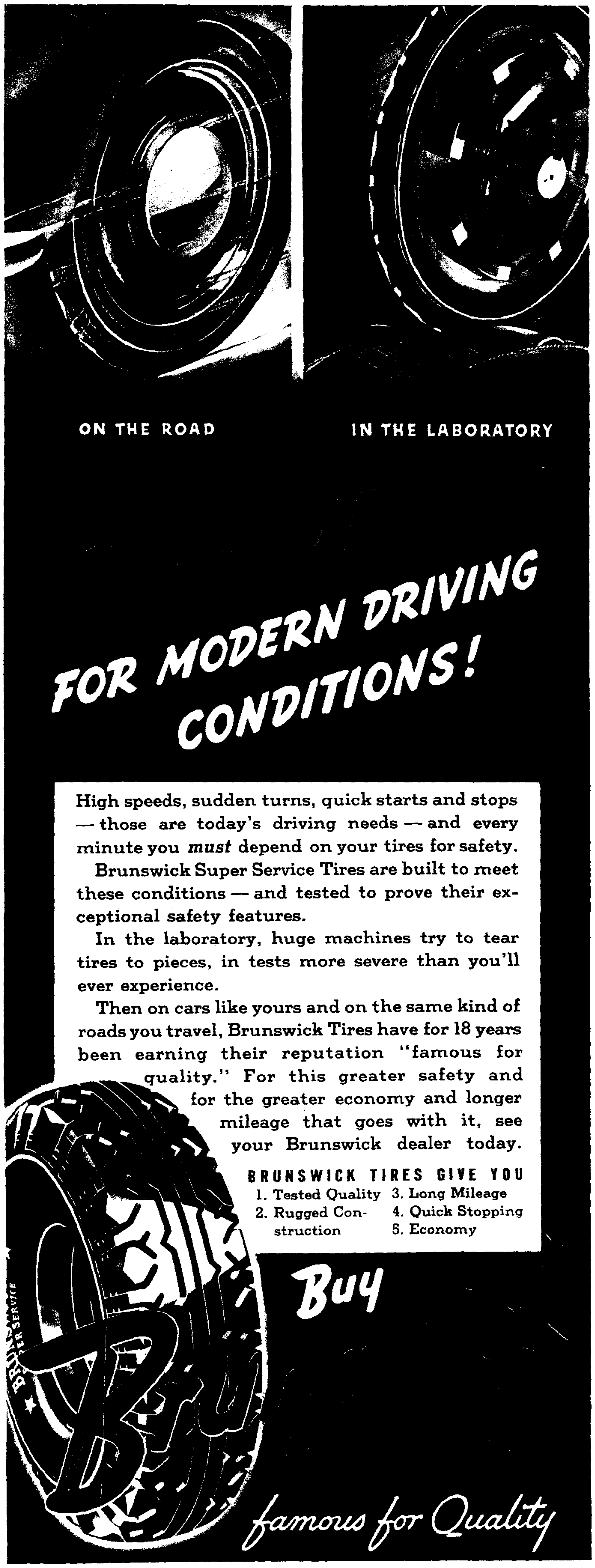

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kitchenette. When he returned to the living room she was still standing inside the door, holding the other bundles and staring vacantly at him.

He said, "Powder your nose and we'll go out and eat. How about the Caravan? There's music and the food's good."

The grim line of her jaw was relentless. "All right. Any place you say. I've nothing to do with this."

"We'll stop at Jerry's for a cocktail."

They stopped at Jerry's and then they went to the Caravan. She ran up some kind of record for saying either yes or no and no more. She never looked directly at him, not once. He bought wine during the meal and brandy afterward. She danced with him when he asked her to and when he held her close, pressing her against him, she didn't do anything about it; she didn't even look at him. At ten he looked at his watch and said:

"I guess you'll want to get some sleep."

"Yes."

It was a relief to get outside, to get behind the wheel and drive fast through the clear cold night. Pulling up in front of her apartment house, he left the motor running and stood on the curb. He figured she wouldn't want him to hand her out, so he thrust his hands into his overcoat pockets. She stepped past him, turned her face away and walked across the sidewalk.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night."

He watched her enter the vestibule, unlock the hall door and disappear inside. After a couple of minutes he drove off and went to a saloon where there was a back room and half a dozen booths. He found an empty one and sat there for two hours drinking beer and thinking. Then he phoned her.

"I guess I woke you up."

"Yes."

"I just wanted you to get me straight. The trouble is, I probably love you."

She hung up on him.

"I'm licked," he thought. "It practically took a kick in the face to make me realize it."

BUT he couldn't forget her. That isn't to say that she was in his thoughts every minute, for he was a busy man; but after hours, or during meals alone, he thought about her and in the days and weeks that followed she became more real than she had ever been before. He often wished he had a picture of her.

One Sunday toward the end of January he was detailed along with Ed Shoemaker to take a couple of men to the state prison, fifty miles away. They went up on a morning train, turned the men over to the prison authorities and sat around a while talking with the warden. They left by way of the visitors' room and Conroy saw Nora sitting on a bench along with a lot of other visitors. His step faltered but he picked it up and ducked out with Shoemaker before she saw him. The next train wasn't due for an hour and by the time it pulled in the platform was crowded with the visitors from the prison. Nora was among them and he saw her board one of the coaches. He followed Shoemaker into the smoker.

Shoemaker stuffed and lit a caked, battered pipe. He said, "Well, those two babies had their last train ride for a long time. Ten years. Or five, if they got a drag. And with good behavior. Don't forget to remind me I got to phone that one guy's old lady and tell her his cold's better. Soon as we get in—hey, Miles, don't tear them tickets up!"

"Can you beat that!" chuckled Conroy, looking at the torn tickets.

The train was rolling through blanched winter woodlands and past small country towns where people were out in their Sunday best. After a while Conroy got up, left Shoemaker snoring and made his way back through the coaches. He was wondering how he ought to approach her, what he should say. She saw him come through the doorway and if he expected to find her surprised he was mistaken.

"Hello, Nora," he said, sitting down beside her.

She said, "Hello," and turned to look at the fields and woods rolling past.

He felt silly saying, "This sure is a pleasant surprise."

"You didn't get out of the visitors' room quite fast enough."

"Okay, okay," he muttered, dropping his shoulders. He looked down at his bony knuckles. "Some relative?"

"Husband."

HE CLOSED his hands tight, hard. For a minute he sat motionless, staring blankly at the seat ahead, his breath locked in his lungs. He opened his hands and looked at his palms. "I'm sorry," he said dully.

"Don't say you're sorry!" Her voice was quick, almost strident, and her fist struck her knee and pressed hard against it, quivering. She turned her face farther away from him.

"How long's he been in?"

"Two years."

"How many to go?"

"Three." The word was chipped sharply out of her breathlessness.

"Been married long? Got any parents?"

"Three years, almost." She inhaled deeply. "My parents kicked me out when I married him." She swallowed. "No one at Hemple's knows. They think I'm single. I use my maiden name."

"Where'd the trouble start?"

"Eldersville, my home town—and his. You probably never heard of it. It's the other end of the state, two hundred miles. It never got in the city papers. I've been lucky holding my job at Hemple's." Her voice cracked.

He muttered, "Don't worry about Hemple's."

"You—you won't tell them?"

He scowled. "What kind of a mug do you think I am?"

She turned and looked at him and then dropped her eyes as color overtook her face.

"I guess I understand why you wouldn't see me," he said. He added gloomily, "Why you hated me."

She grimaced and her hand started out, then drew back. She shook her head. "I never hated you," she mumbled unhappily.

His moody voice went on: "I'm a cop and he's up there and cops put him there—took him away from you. Tough going. Well—" In one motion he rose, gave her hand a quick grasp, said, "Goodby, kid," and left the coach.

HE THOUGHT it over for more than a week and on his next day off, a Thursday, drove up to the prison to see the warden and ask him about the lad from Eldersville. It turned out that his name was Roy Paddison. He was thirty-three. He'd been married before; divorced for non-support and desertion. He was doing his five-year stretch for having stolen a car and run down the state trooper who'd attempted to stop him. The trooper had spent two months in a hospital. Paddison had been arrested twice previously, once for passing a bad check and once for beating up a girl. His father had used up his savings to pay counsel fees, and when the jury brought in a guilty verdict the old man collapsed. He died a month later.

"His wife," the warden said, "comes up every other Sunday. Brings him money and smokes and magazines and things. You know him?"

"No. I know his wife. How's he doing here?"

"He's been in solitary twice. He's smart. Too smart. When they get too smart they land in solitary. He can walk up to a crowd of pretty contented men and inside of ten minutes make them feel they're here because society double-crossed them. He doesn't even need a soapbox. What were you thinking about?"

"Parole, maybe."

"I might be willing to recommend a parole, Miles, but I don't think the parole board would okay it. You could try, though. Especially if you know some friendly politicians. Want to see him?"

"Not today."

DRIVING back, he thought of the people he knew who might be useful. That night he had a long talk with Jacob Straub, a district leader, and after they had knocked off a couple of bottles of beer Straub said he would have a talk with Homer Brighthouse, a state senator he'd grown up with politically. But first Straub wanted to see Paddison's record in black and white.

A week later Conroy sat by a telephone almost half an hour before he picked it up and called Nora.

"Hello, Nora," he said. "I'd like to see you about your husband."

Her voice was quick, startled. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I might be able to get him a break."

There was a moment of silence, and then she said, "Well—all right."

"When?"

"Almost any night."

"Tonight?"

There was another pause. "Well—yes," she said at last.

When she let him in her glance was uncertain, wary. He sat down on a straight-backed chair across the room from her, put his hat on his knees, and told her what he had done. All the while he was talking she kept her back turned to him. Once or twice she sobbed.

He said, "But he'll have to tame down, so the next time you see him tell him that. Tell him there's a good chance he'll get a parole but that he's got to be sensible in the meantime."

"I'm going up Sunday," she said. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands and sobbed.

Conroy took his hat off his knees, uncreased the crown, creased it again, and waited. In another minute she was quietly blowing her nose.

"There's no way I can thank you," she said in a voice her handkerchief muffled.

"I don't expect anything." He stood up. "I think you ought to meet Jacob Straub, though. It'll help."

She nodded. "All right."

HE TOOK her to Billy's Steak House Friday night to meet Straub and when Straub left he shook her hand warmly and said he would do everything possible. Conroy sat on with her for another hour and then drove her home. He wanted to say that he was doing it for her, that it was tough she didn't love him but that was the way life was. He wanted to tell her how good she was, sticking by Paddison, going to see him every other week. He wanted to tell her that he probably loved her twice as much as Paddison did. But he didn't say any of those things, because he wanted to break clean.

"You and Mr. Straub have made me very happy tonight," she said when he pulled up.

"That's fine. I'll give you a ring Monday, after you've been up."

"Will you want to see him up there some day?"

"No need." He didn't want to see him, he didn't want to know what he looked like or hear the sound of his voice.

But he telephoned the warden once a week and the reports were good: Paddison was behaving himself, keeping his mouth shut and doing his work. Conroy, immediately afterward, would relay the good news to Nora. Everything pointed toward success. She surprised him by asking if he'd like to come by the apartment for dinner and he said, no, he was busy nights right now. He imagined he caught a touch of disappointment in her voice. But he didn't want to be alone with her; he didn't want to run the risk of messing things up.

The day the parole board met, the middle of March, he tried to stay as near his office as possible. He figured the warden would telephone him about noon. He skipped luncheon in order to be on hand if the call came through. But it didn't come through until five in the afternoon.

"Okay, Miles," the warden said, and went on to give him the details.

Conroy's hand shook as he hung up the receiver. He wasn't happy because Paddison was free. He didn't feel like a martyr, like a great guy. All at once he felt miserable and it was ten minutes before he could bring himself to telephone her.

Her "Yes?" was pitched in a taut, anxious voice.

"They paroled him," he said.

"Thank God!" Her voice cut sharply downward.

"He'll be down tomorrow."

"Yes, yes," she said hoarsely.

"He'll leave on the 11:05 and arrive at 12:07."

"Thank you—thank you. I—I just can't seem to—to—"

"Sure, sure."

"It's—it's—"

"I know, kid. Well, lots of good luck."

HE CLOSED the connection because he couldn't bear to hear her voice cracking and choking that way. "This bird Paddison," he said to himself, "must certainly have something I haven't got." He stood up, slapped on his hat and slung his topcoat over his arm. The ringing of the telephone stopped him at the door, drew him back to the desk.

"We—we were cut off," she said.

"Oh," he said. "I thought you hung up."

"No. We were cut off. I—I wanted to say goodby."

"Oh, well, I'll probably run into you around somewhere."

"Well, I don't know," she said haltingly. "What I meant by goodby is I'm leaving the city. I'm leaving tonight. I'm leaving in about an hour. I'm—"

"But he doesn't get in till tomorrow—"

"I know. Miles. Listen, Miles."

He was becoming exasperated. "I'm listening."

"Miles . . . come over, will you?"

When she opened the door of her apartment he stared down at her in a kind of gloomy resentment. He'd tried to make a clean break and he didn't want it gummed up.

"Aren't you coming in?" she said.

He walked in, scaled his hat onto the sofa and stood by a window, looking down into the street.

Staring at his back, she said, "I see you don't feel like—"

"What is this?" he demanded, turning on her. "He gets out tomorrow and tonight you take a run-out powder on him!" He waved his hand at the trunk, the suitcase. "What kind of a stunt is that to pull on a guy? You want him out and then when he gets out you duck. That sure makes sense!"

She said quietly, "He won't expect to find me here. He knows I won't be here. He won't even come here."

"Boy, oh, boy, the more you go along the more sense it makes! Next thing I know you'll be saying you didn't want

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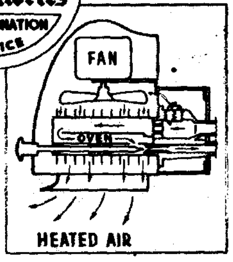

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him out in the first place. Or you changed your mind. Like a lot of dames."

"Listen," she said quietly, sitting down. "I want you to know some things."

"I don't want to know anything," he cut in. "I pulled strings and got him out. I don't care a bit about the details."

"You must listen," she urged him. "Ever since he went to prison, I saw him every two weeks. I gave him money, ten of the thirty I earned each week. I married him because he was an underdog, because everybody in our home town was against him, and because I liked the carefree way he took life. My folks were always strict and I was brought up that way and I was allowed to see only the boys they thought were proper. The boys were terribly dull. Roy was different. He'd always got mixed up with the wrong girls. He admitted that. But he was gay and I felt that if I married him we'd be happy. I suppose there was something of the reformer in me, too. So when he asked me to marry him, I married him. And my folks told me never to show my face in their place again.

"It was all right for a couple of months, and then he began staying out nights, all night, and there were other girls. And then this trouble. My folks wanted me to leave him then, but I said no. I stuck by him. Every time I went up to the prison to see him, he asked me what fellow I was going with. It got worse. When I said there was no one else, he accused me of lying. It got worse and worse. He said he had friends on the outside watching me."

He muttered, "You wanted him out. You got him out. What kind of talk is this?"

"When I told him about the chance of a parole," she went on doggedly, refusing to be sidetracked, "he wanted to know the details. So I told him about how you'd offered to use your influence. He—he asked me what I'd done to influence you. He said a cop never did anything for nothing." Her voice was clogging up. "I told him he was wrong. 'But if you feel that way, Roy,' I said, 'you wouldn't want him to get you a parole.' Then he begged me to forgive him, to get him the parole, and he said he didn't care what I'd done, who I loved, only get him out, work on you, anybody, everybody, but get him out!" Her voice broke; it pounded on: "I hated him then; I despised him; I couldn't help myself. I'd stuck by him so long. But this thing gagged me. 'All right,' I said, 'I'll get you out. I'll try. But not because I love you. I'll get you out because somebody else loves me and I love him, but not the rotten way you think. And because we'd never be happy, never really happy, if we didn't get you out. But the minute you're out,' I said, 'I'm going to get free of you.'" Her voice throbbed. "And he said, 'All right; anything; only get me out.'" She looked at Conroy. "If you don't believe me, see him when he comes out—ask him."

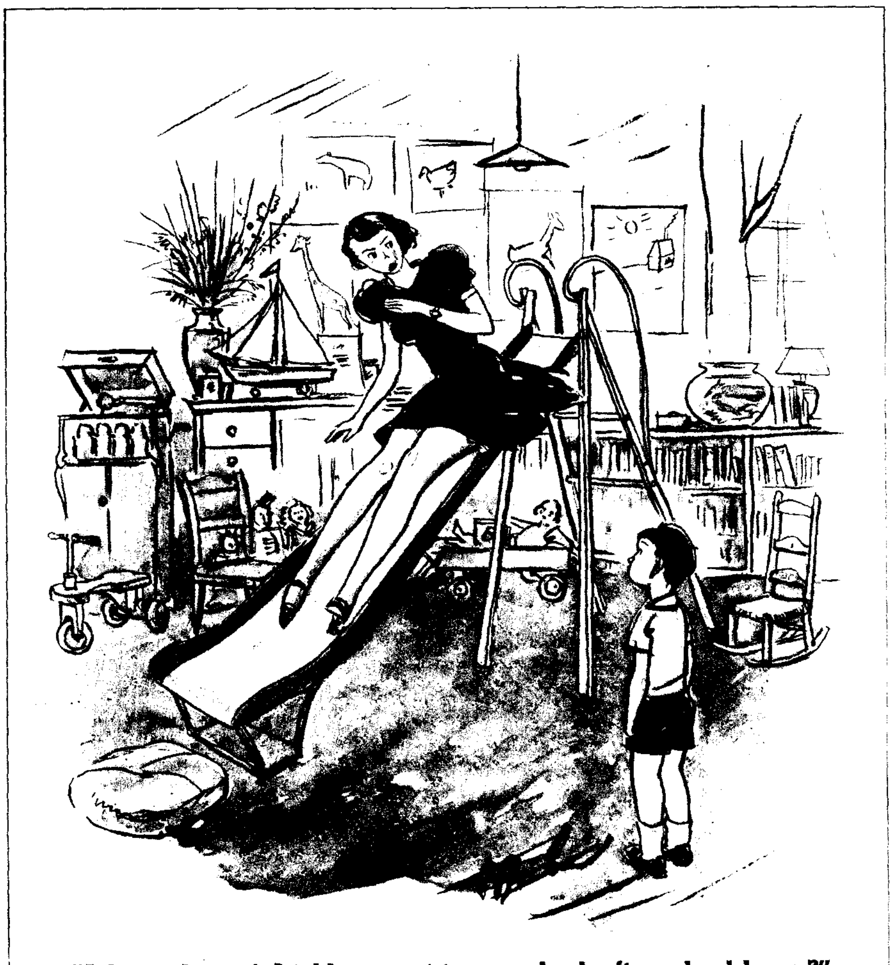
CONROY was gazing at her with somber eyes. "I want to see him," he said slowly. "I want to bust his teeth. I want to take him apart."

"Don't, Miles," she said. "Don't do anything like that. Only ask him if what I've just told you isn't true."

"If I see him, I know I'll poke him. Besides, why should I see him? I believe you. And suppose I didn't believe you? Do you think that'd stop me from loving you? Where you're concerned, Nora, I've got a one-track mind."

She cried, "Oh, Miles, and I tried so hard to make you hate me! But I never hated you. Oh, believe me, Miles! I did it because I knew I was falling in love with you. And I wanted to stick by Roy—to show my folks and all the others back home that I was right. But I was wrong, Miles. And I wasn't going to be wrong again. They can all laugh at me—but let them—just so long as I have you."

He put his hands on her shoulders. There was a grim smile on his lips, a wicked glint in his eyes. "They won't laugh," he said. "Not if they know what's good for them."



"Johnny, haven't I told you not to come back after school hours?"

PERRY BARLOW

He Likes to Fly

Continued from page 11

his first infant cry in King's Norton, Worcestershire, England, he fixed his mother with a firm glance and said succinctly, "I do not want to go on the stage." Although she had never acted professionally, she was interested in amateur theatricals and was one of the organizers of the Birmingham Repertory Company. She did not take him seriously at the moment and, at the helpless age of three, he made his enforced debut in one of her productions. He continued his career in various roles for seven long years. Then when he was ten years old, the unwilling veteran, still rebelliously insisting that he wanted to be a businessman, was placed in the famous Italia Conti School of Acting in London. He sturdily continued his resistance and by the time he was eleven his mother was worn out by argument and he departed victoriously for a preparatory school where he'd get a better grounding for commercial life.

Two of his schoolmates at the Conti School were little Gertie Lawrence and little Noel Coward, in no way resisting things theatrical. In fact, he didn't see much of young Miss Lawrence because, as a successful child actress, she was off trouping most of the time.

"She was sort of in and out of the school," he reports, "but even then, she had something of the skill and the colorful quality she has now—and was always delightfully professional."

Master Coward is recalled as "a brash youngster with large ears and an assertive ambition." According to yearly custom, the Christmas plays for children were staged in London and the children of the school took part with established actors. Aherne and Coward appeared with Sir Charles Hawtrey in The End of the Rainbow, Coward, from the height of four years' seniority, having a much more impressive role than Aherne and being duly conscious of it. An important adult member of the cast was Reginald Owen, an actor whom young Aherne deeply revered.

Now even though he was rebelling against the theater, he did have an autograph book, and he sent it in to Mr. Owen with a humble request for his signature. The book came back with Owen's signature, but scratched boldly over the same page was the signature of that brash boy with the large ears—Noel Coward.

Recently Brian Aherne taxed Noel Coward with being the cause of this minor tragedy in his youth, and Mr. Coward apologized handsomely.

In Search of Scope

As Mr. Aherne looks back at his youthful insistence upon commercial life, he realizes it was because he was looking for excitement. "Our home was so full of actors and discussions of acting that I was bored with the whole idea," he explains. "I saw business as a great contrasting adventure. I wanted something that would give me—well, scope. I didn't realize that, unless you have special connections and opportunities, business can be pretty confining." After the preparatory school, he went to Malvern College and then he went to work, first in the office of his father, who is an architect, and then in a mercantile establishment in Liverpool, where he spent two years bending over ledgers. It offered little scope.

So he went to London to look for a job. But London was averse to giving him work. When he got down to his last five shillings, he decided to turn to acting till he could get a "real job."

He went to an agent who looked him over and said, "They need someone like you over at the Savoy. You'd better hurry." He dashed over and promptly got a part in Paddy, the Next Best Thing. He presently began to discover in the theater all that he'd been looking for. He found it really was exciting and that the "scope" he had wanted was in the work he had abandoned to go and look for it. Mother, after all, knew best. A few smaller roles and then a jump into the juvenile lead in White Cargo followed, and the next thing he knew he was headed for Australia as leading man in a repertory of Barrie plays.

He returned to London and roles in The Silver Cord, Craig's Wife, and a few other plays before Guthrie McClintic, American producer, arrived searching for a Robert Browning to play opposite Katharine Cornell's Elizabeth in The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

Off to America

Mr. McClintic had ten days in which to find an actor for the part and, since the only logical one in America was unavailable, he had to be right. Six days went by—no actor. There were those who suggested Brian Aherne and, as always, there were those who said, "Oh, no." He went to see Aherne in something called A Marriage Has Been Disarranged. Aherne wore modern clothes. McClintic had to be sure his actor could wear costume. (Some actors can and others look as though the times—and much more—were out of joint.) The play itself was so bad that it was impossible to tell whether this Brian Aherne could really act. McClintic went home wondering whether to call off their appointment. But it took place the next afternoon. He saw a pleasant, tall young man with slick brown hair, blue eyes, and a manner so diffident that he could tell little more about him than he had been able to the night before, until, with the mention of a mutual friend, the young man's Irish impulsiveness broke through his British restraint and he warmed up amazingly. Almost at once Mr. McClintic heard himself offering him the part of Browning, to which Aherne, in the next breath, answered, "Certainly." He soon embarked for America, where he has played continuously. The English stage has not seen him since that day in December, 1930.

The New York press hailed a fiery and romantic Browning and, after a year on Broadway, the play made a coast-to-coast tour. More scope. From then on, he was flooded with playscripts on practically every tempestuous gentleman in history. He waded out of a welter of Byrons, Keatses, Poes and da Vincis and, still true to the Cornell-McClintic colors, he abandoned the side whiskers and fine Victorian ways of Browning for the virile Roman in Lucrece, following it with a gallant Mercutio in Romeo and Juliet, and the Warwick in Saint Joan. He may be fickle in his film relations, but he cannot be accused of that in the theater. Four of his five roles in over six years have been with the producing firm that brought him over here.

All five have been in costume. If McClintic had at first been dubious on that point, he has had his answer.

Mr. Aherne so enjoys a good wig and well-fitting doublet and hose that, if you want to find him half an hour after a role has been assigned, the place to look for him is the costume department. He is exceedingly precise about each detail. This precision carries also through his playing, his catching of trains when on tour, and his general deportment.

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The Arkansas Traveler

Continued from page 13

Steve read the papers until the midnight diners thinned out. And when the last pusher had gone the big redhead fumbled in his jumper pocket, then pushed a little package across the counter to Blanche.

He didn't look at her as she opened it. It was a simple little piece of jewelry, a clasp pin with a tiny gem in it.

"Oh, Steve, honey!" Blanche spoke without thinking. "It's beautiful!"

"Ought to be." Steve beamed. "Set me back four sixty-nine."

"You're blowing your dough, Steve. Better save it, honey."

Steve put down his coffee and stood looking at her.

"There's something I want to tell you, Blanche. When I'm boss—maybe I'll fall for my stenographer."

"But who is going to be the stenog, Stevie?"

"You are. I told you that once before. Take a letter right now."

"Okay, Boss." Blanche sat before the typewriter and waited.

" 'Let's go on a picnic Sunday,' " Steve dictated, as she hunted down the keys and pecked them. " 'I'll lay over here. We'll use the Traveler and go to the Ouachita Mountains. How do you like the plan?' . . . And I want an answer right away, Miss Thorn." Steve looked sternly at her.

And so directly under his message she typed an answer:

"Alright. Plan's a honie."

Steve was looking over her shoulder. "That's not the way to spell 'all right.' It's two words. And honey is h-o-n-e-y."

"I told you I couldn't spell, honey."

"I'll teach you, Blanche. I'll—" He reached for her hand, but she jerked it away.

"Stop, Steve. Somebody's coming."

HE PICKED up the newspaper and began reading again. Halfway through the story of the kidnaping, he caught his breath suddenly, laid down the paper and stared at Blanche.

"What's the matter, Stevie? You look like a ghost." She spoke anxiously.

He didn't answer immediately, but waited until the customer left.

"Listen, Blanche. Spell 'honey' again."

"You just told me how to spell it, Steve. What's eating you? It's h-o-n-e-y."

"Swell! Now spell 'money'!"

"Why, er, er—m-o-n—it's just like honey, except you change the *h* to *m*."

"How did you spell 'money' before I told you how to spell 'honey'?"

"M-o-n-i-e!"

"Great God! I thought so." The blood drained from Steve's face. "Blanche—look at me! I love you! I—"

"Oh, Steve—"

"Don't butt in. We are in a jam. A real one. *You wrote that ransom note!*"

"*What!* You are crazy!"

He lifted the paper, pointed to the note as reproduced. It read:

"Kid alright. Want 200 $50 bills. Watch Little Rock Star for contact. Must have monie."

"Well, so what?"

Steve walked to the typewriter, flipped in a sheet of paper and demanded:

"Copy that note."

And when she pecked out the words, he studied them a minute, then compared the printed note with the machine's type.

"See, Blanche? It's the same! That message was written on this very typewriter!"

"But, Steve—"

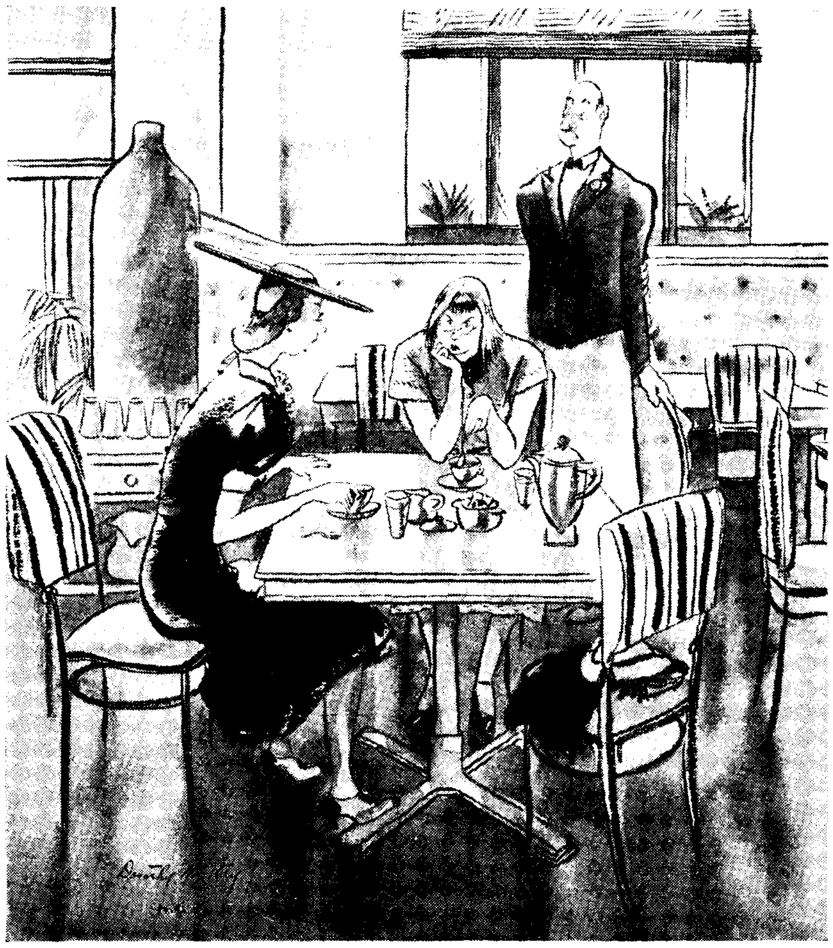
"I know you didn't know you were doing it, darling. Don't you see what happened? This note is made of words pasted together. The paper says so. You've probably written those words hundreds of times in writing letters for pushers."

"Oh!" Blanche swayed dizzily. "I see. Lots of times I've written 'kid alright' for some driver, writing to his folks about his family. Also the other words. They are words I write every day. What'll I do, Steve—phone the cops?"

"*No!*" Steve worried the visor of his cap. "The cops'll question you for hours. This note proves a pusher is the snatcher. Maybe one of the guys that *comes through here regular. And if the cops question you, the kidnaper'll figure we are wise to him and he'll hightail it. Pour me another cup of tar and let me think. And give me some grub.* Some of that —*hey!* When was the coffeecake guy in here last?"

"Yesterday."

"*What kind of a job is he pushing?*"



"Don't get a divorce yet, dear. Try a permanent!" DOROTHY MC KAY

"Straight job. 'Bout 40,000 pounds. Had a Georgia license."

"Georgia gypsies don't eat coffeecake, Blanche! They eat battercakes for breakfast!"

"BUT maybe he just had his truck registered in Georgia. Nothing funny 'bout that. License cheaper there. He's from the East, but that don't make him a kidnaper."

"Maybe not. Did you ever write a letter for that guy?"

"Lord, Stevie. I don't remember."

"Maybe that coffeecake ain't important, but we got to think of everything. Now, darling, I want you to make a list of every driver you can remember writing letters for. Get some paper. Let's begin with the A's, then the B's. See? Ever write for a guy whose name begins with A?"

"There was Aaron. Don't know his last name, though. And, of course, Dude."

"Dude is D."

"But his last name is Adams, Steve."

Steve's mouth dropped open. "Blanche! *Did you ever write any letters for Dude Adams?*"

"Of course. Lots of 'em."

"My God! Dude was fired off this run for forging toll-bridge receipts. He can write better than *I* can!"

BLANCHE was the first to regain her voice. "I'm going to tell the law!" She started for the door, but Steve blocked her passage.

"If you leave this pie wagon, it'll be the tip-off. You've got to stay here. *I'll* get the law. What kind of a job was Dude driving?"

"I didn't see his truck. Don't think he was pushing one."

"Was he with that coffeecake guy?"

"Didn't notice."

"Blanche, *think!* Was that coffeecake guy's truck *sealed?*" She hesitated a minute.

"Yes, it was. I'm sure now. The seal was shiny, like tin, and shaped like a railroad car seal. Steve! *It was a New York seal!* I know 'em. I've seen 'em on hundreds of New York manifest jobs!"

"But that coffeecake guy ain't pushing a manifest—he's a gypsy!"

"With a Georgia license and a manifest New York seal! Steve, that means—"

"That means his load's supposed to have been sealed in New York and not unloaded since."

"Yet his truck's been unloaded several times right around here! I know he ran up a general load from Texarkana the other day."

"Then his truck should have been sealed with an Arkansas seal!" Steve's neck muscles tightened. "That guy is bound to be toting a New York sealer and a supply of seals. That proves he's a crook—he's sealing his own loads! He's got something he's hiding. Now, get this, darling—tell every pusher you see tonight that the weighers are out!"

Blanche understood. Weighers are state employees who operate scales along the highways to check cargoes which may be over the legal weight. Guilt means a heavy fine. Drivers never know what nights the weighers will be out. But pie-wagon waitresses usually get the news and pass it along.

"What about your own load, Stevie?"

"I'm light. But the weighers never stop me because I always stay within the limit. They hear my cutout roaring and flag me through. But I got to get rolling. Do as I told you. I'll call the law from the phone up the road. And don't worry."

"I'm not afraid any more," she whispered.

"SOMETHING funny about the whole thing," Steve muttered to himself as he began braking his speed near a public telephone. "Where does Dude come in?" He throttled down and let the truck idle along. "I can find Dude. And I know how to handle him."

Suddenly he shoved in his gear again and picked up speed. "To hell with the deputies! If Blanche and I are wrong in this, the law and the pushers will *laugh us off the road.* I'll make Dude talk!"

He nursed his truck until it thundered over the road toward Dardanelle, but leveled off just before he reached the diner there. That diner was run by Dude's girl friend, Inez. Then he steered the Traveler into a side road, did something to the burglar lock, and took a pump hose from his tool chest and taped it. With his screw driver he pried an opening in the Traveler's muffler, adjusted the hose into the exhaust and taped it.

"It'll smell when it burns," he thought aloud. He worked the other end through a crack in the floor board, sandpapered a tiny hole in the rubber matting on the floor, examined the job and smiled.

Then he backed his truck to the highroad and gave it the gun.

Steve killed his motor as he halted for coffee at Inez's Diner. Waving his hand to the other pusher in the pie wagon, he told Inez:

"Gimme a cup of tar, babe."

"Yeah, boy." She flashed a smile at him. "Heard you coming hell-bent for high water. Want to wake up the dead?"

"I'm in a hurry. The weighers are out tonight. But they'll know my cutout and won't stop me. Give me a piece of pie or som'n—maybe some cake. What kind you got?"

He glanced down the counter and, nestling next to the doughnuts, was a hunk of coffeecake! Steve felt his stomach lurch, and he watched Inez closely.

"Weighers out, huh?" She shoved the sugar toward Steve. "Funny I hadn't heard about it. Mighty cold night for them guys to be working."

"Yeah." Steve stirred his coffee. "They are out helping the posses look for that kidnaper."

If Inez knew anything, her face didn't betray her.

"Do me a favor, Stevie." She patted his cheek. "Watch the joint while I dash up to the house a minute."

"You won't have any more customers for hours, Inez. Wait a minute and I'll

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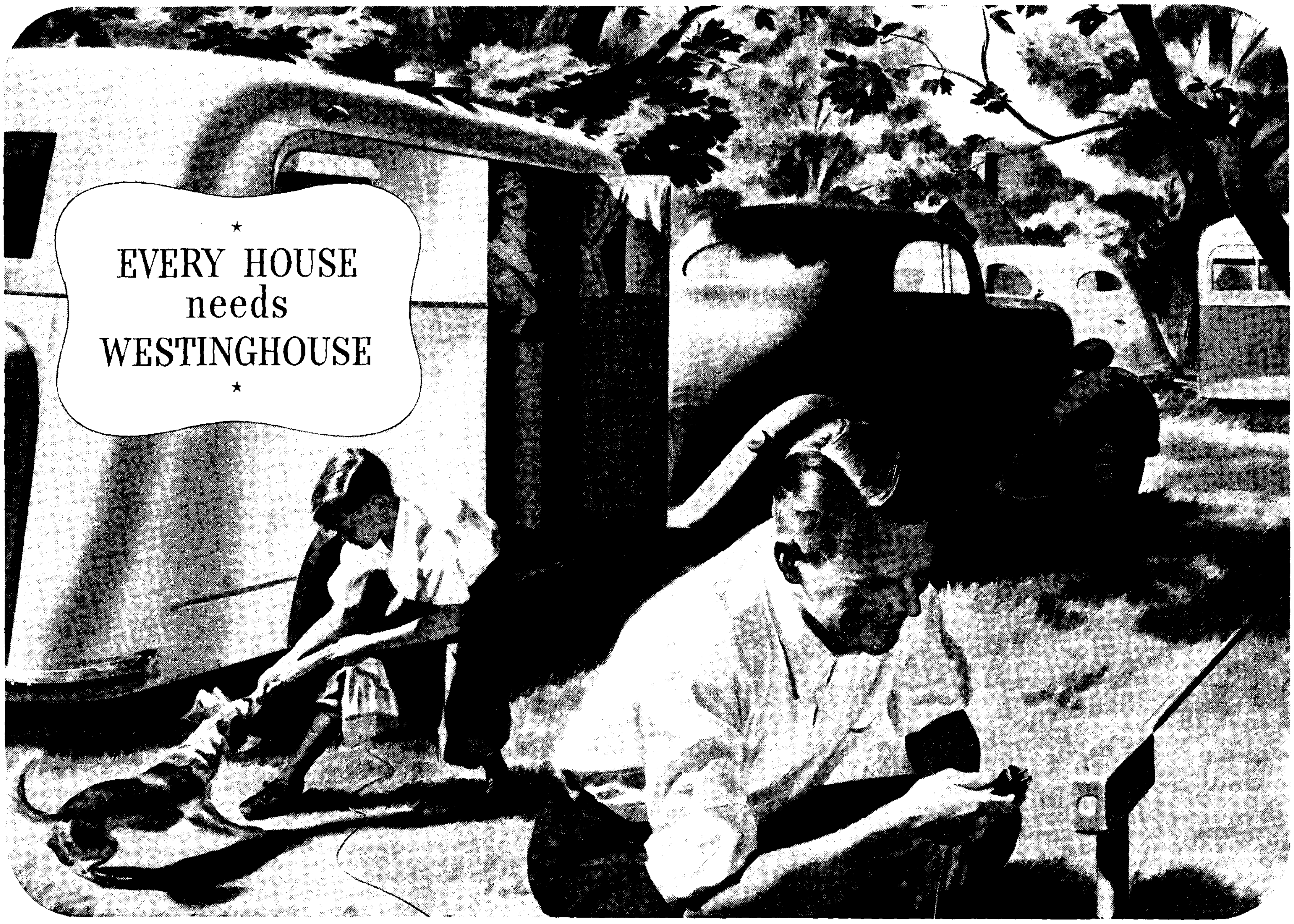

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take you up there. It's raining, and a bad night."

"Thanks, Stevie. But I can—"

"I'll go right with you. You may melt in the rain, sugar." And while Inez protested, he wrapped his jumper around her and led her to her little house behind the diner. As she reached for the doorknob, he caught her hand quickly, opened the door himself, pushed her ahead and spoke jauntily to the two men sitting by the fire:

"Hi, Dude. 'Lo, stranger."

The stranger, a slender man, reached for his armpit, but Dude smiled.

"Howdy, Steve." His calm voice reassured the stranger, who relaxed. "Meet Slim here. Haven't seen you in a coon's age, Steve. What you doin' at Inez's house—trying to steal my gal?"

"Nope, Dude. Just fetched her in out of the wet. Might have known I'd find you here on a rainy night." He winked at Slim and nodded toward Inez. "Well, I got to roll, fellows. By the way, whose truck is that outside? Yours, Slim?"

"Why?"

"Just thought I'd tip you off that the weighers are out tonight." Steve walked toward the door.

"Just a minute, Steve!" Dude's voice crackled.

When Steve faced him he was looking into a revolver.

"What the hell?" Steve exploded.

"You just talked too much. Weighers out, huh?"

"Sure. Thought I was doing you guys a favor to tell you."

"You were—" Dude eyed him narrowly. "But you didn't do *yourself* a favor. Sit down, Steve. I'll talk a while. We are deadheading with you tonight."

"Okay, Dude. But you don't have to pull a gun on me. Be glad to take you and your pal to Fort Smith."

"You're taking us to Oklahoma—me and Slim and *the Oldham kid!*"

"Huh?" Steve looked bewildered. "Don't get you, Dude."

"You will. Slim, here, and me need $10,000, and we've got old man Oldham's kid for collateral. But don't get het up, Steve. The kid's okay. Out there in Slim's truck, snug as you please. But it happens that Slim had to seal his own truck with some seals he borrowed in New York. We couldn't use Arkansas seals with the collateral aboard. And them weighers might get suspicious and peep inside, 'specially with us running so light. And with a Georgia license and a New York seal and the woods full of posses—see?"

"Uh-huh."

"Figured you would. So we'll ride in *your* truck. The weighers know you and will flag you through."

UNDER the prod of the gun muzzle Steve moved. But he still was grumbling mightily when they broke the Traveler's seal, shoved the child inside, closed the great doors and herded Steve toward the cab again.

Slim reached for the cab door to open it, but Dude grabbed his arm.

"Let Steve open that cab! This truck's got a burglar lock. It cuts the ignition if anybody touches that handle who doesn't know the combination. Hijacker safety lock. . . . In you go, Steve."

Steve slipped behind the wheel. Dude sat beside him, and Slim sat on the far side.

Steve switched on his running lights, lowered the window by his head a few inches, turned on the windshield wiper, and petted The Arkansas Traveler until its nerves settled.

"Put up that window over there!" Slim snapped. "It's cold!"

"Raining so hard I can't see with it up!" Steve yelled back above the motor's roar. "The windshield will get cloudy, with no air inside. Hold tight, fellows. I'm going to open her up!"

The big truck put its nose to the road, grunted and whined. Steve worked it to the right of the highway, picked the bumps deliberately and hit them full on. The Traveler shook itself and staggered.

"How come we're bumping so?" Slim demanded.

"'Cause we are traveling light and fast," Steve explained. "This is a 20-ton job. The Traveler always jumps when she's light."

Slim was satisfied. He watched the revolutions show on the dial. The Traveler was throwing fire. Its cutout sounded like claps of thunder.

"I smell rubber burning!" Dude spoke suddenly.

"Sure. The tires," Steve said quickly. "All tires burn at this speed, Dude."

He watched his instruments hawkishly. The ignition needle fluttered, wavered. *He gave the Traveler the air,* then gunned it. The mighty truck groaned, then lunged. The ignition needle swung far to the right, flopped to the left, then to zero! It was dead! The ignition was off!

DUDE and Slim hadn't noticed. Steve let his truck roll free until he reached a bend. Before him stretched a long downhill slope. He knew the stretch. He gripped the wheel, felt the Traveler gather momentum.

Slim and Dude felt it too.

"Better brake it on this grade, Steve," Dude spoke lazily.

"Sure, Dude." Steve eased in his air-brake pedal a fraction. There was a sickening, sucking sound of air escaping, and the pedal sagged to the floor board.

Dude pinned his eyes on the pedal for a split second, saw it did not bounce back to position, then stared at the dead ignition needle. "Great God, Stevie!" he yelled. "The brake—it's dead!"

Slim screamed:

"It's free! We're hitting seventy and this thing is loose!"

"Yeah!" Steve felt the truck shiver as it gathered speed. "*The burglar lock!* You tell him, Dude . . . I got to steer!"

Dude cupped his hands and yelled in Slim's ear. "Steve'll get us out. That damn' burglar lock is rigged so that if anybody monkeys with the door handle, the ignition is cut off. With the ignition off, the motor stops and the manifold chokes. When the manifold chokes, the vacuum system is shot to hell! And with no vacuum you can't get air to the booster brakes! Our speed has busted loose a wire in that lock and the brakes are gone!"

"Grab the emergency!" Slim shrieked.

Steve knocked his hand away.

"Hell, no! You fool! With this speed, the emergency will break the drive shaft. Hold everything. We'll ride it out!"

"There's one chance, Dude," Steve shouted without taking his eyes from the road. "I know every telephone pole along this stretch. There's *one* thing I can do, but if I fail it may kill the kid back there."

"To hell with the kid!" Dude snarled.

As he had said, he knew those telephone poles—knew just exactly how far apart they were. He cut his truck to the right. It careened. The tires screamed as the Traveler darted between two poles.

There was a grating crash. The Traveler jerked, shook itself free. Slim screamed.

Steve pulled the wheel to the right again—then to the left. The Traveler left parts of its fender and much of its speed at each pole it grated against. Right—left—right—left. And with a final grating squeal, the Traveler came to a bumping stop at the bottom of the grade.

Slim wiped great beads of sweat from his face.

"That's truck-driving, mister," he said admiringly.

"Right rear tires blown. Fenders wrecked. I'll patch things up and we'll be ready to roll in about thirty minutes."

Dude stretched, the breath of relief coming from his lungs in a long sigh.

"Get to it, Stevie. If the law happens by, *you* do the talking."

Steve opened the cab door and reached for his tools.

"Oh, no you don't, big boy!" Slim snapped at him. "I'll just go along and watch this repair job." He lifted his gun from his shoulder holster.

"Okay, fellow." Steve shrugged his shoulders. "Coming outside, Dude?"

"Naw. One guard's enough. I'll stay here where it's warm. I'm sleepy."

"Don't blame you. Just a second and I'll fix the ignition."

He adjusted some wires under the hood, straightened up.

"Okay, Dude, start the motor if you want to, and it'll keep the cab warm. And you can close that window by my seat. That'll fix you up!"

But he held his breath when Dude cut on the motor, raised the window, made the cab virtually airtight and curled on the seat for a nap.

Slim already was shivering in the icy air and rain.

EXPERTLY, Steve adjusted his jack under the rear wheels, and began lifting the Traveler. He watched Slim stamp his feet to keep warm and noticed that the revolver shook in his cold hand.

The wheels were changed, the last nut set tightly.

"All right, Slim," Steve said. "Be ready to roll in a minute, soon as I get my jack out. Tell Dude I'm through."

Cautiously, he pulled the handle from the jack as Slim walked toward the cab.

Slim was reaching for the cab door, when suddenly he turned and snarled at Steve. "Wise guy, ain't you! Figured I'd open that door and you could crown me, huh, and then catch Dude asleep? Well, open it yourself, Pinkie!"

Steve hurled the jack handle at the same instant that Slim's gun exploded.

The handle struck the side of Slim's head and Slim collapsed. The shot raked a red streak across Steve's scalp. Staggering, Steve groped back to the rear of the truck and was pulling open the doors when a shrill siren shrieked down the grade.

Steve leaned weakly against his truck and waited until the automobile pulled alongside. There was mist before his eyes, but he saw Blanche jump from the car, and men after her.

"Are you all right, Steve? These are the deputies. Oh, honey—"

Steve squeezed her shoulder and called groggily to the men: "The kid's in the truck. He's okay. There's a man sleeping in the cab—and another in the road by my running board."

Then he walked with Blanche to the side of the road, sat down.

"What—happened, Blanche? How—how did you get here?"

"Right after you left, honey!" She fought back her sobs, her lips muffled against his cheek. "A Louisiana pusher came in and asked for *coffeecake*—said he'd eaten some at Dardanelle with a gypsy who had a New York manifest seal on his truck. And I knew you'd have seen it too. So I—"

"Called the law, and followed me, huh?" He shook his head to clear it, and looked up as the deputies approached.

"Fine job, mister," the leader of the posse said. "The kid's all right. But that guy in the cab is overcome with carbon monoxide—"

"Dead—?" said Steve.

"No, but he'll have a whiz of a headache when he wakes up. So will that other guy you beaned with that jack handle. But they'll have plenty of time to get over it where they're going. Say, mister, that was smart as hell, rigging that hose into the cab from the exhaust—"

"Found it, huh? But it was the only way I could figure to get Dude out of the way. I knew I could get him and Slim to deadhead with me, once they'd heard the weighers were out. But if I hadn't had the side window cracked, the durn' stuff would 'a' got me too before I could get Slim outside to look at that pretended accident—"

"Pretended accident?" The deputy gasped. "Why, you wrecked two tires, and the whole right rear of your truck looks like it had been run through a threshing machine!"

"Yeah. Jimmied that burglar lock so the ignition would go haywire when the Traveler lunged over that big bump back at the top of the hill. Killed the brakes and made me look like a runaway."

"But—you mean you deliberately ruined your brakes and came wild down that hill, just to make it look like an accident you'd have to get out to fix?"

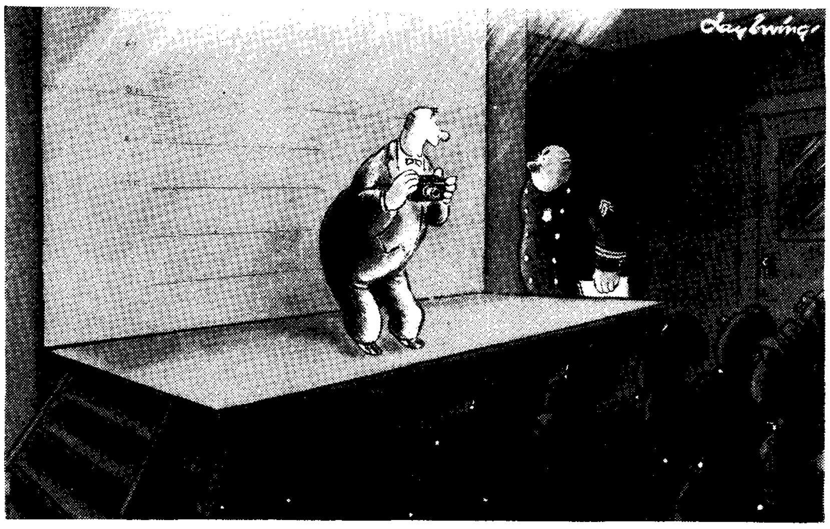
"Mister, it had to look almighty like a real accident to fool two old truck pushers like Dude and Slim. But it wasn't so bad as it sounds. Telephone poles are good enough brakes for any guy—provided he knows how to use 'em."

The deputy stood blinking. Then he swore. "Telephone poles for brakes! Do you take me for a fool—"

"No, mister." Steve grinned. "I was the fool. Flying off my nut and going for Slim with a jack handle instead of waiting till I had him just right."

"You mean you tangled with him with only a jack handle—when he had a gun?"

"Yeah. I got mad and forgot everything." Steve's grin faded and his lips became tight. "That rat called me Pinkie."



"Do you mind? It's kind of a hobby with me"

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It Beats the Dutch

Continued from page 46

is unique. She tells you with naïve directness how she owes her present fame to her husband, who is a sort of silent partner under an eclipse around the bulb farm. Twenty-two—no, twenty-three—years ago (she has the yellowing paper to prove it), while a traveling man, he sent her a clipping from a farm journal predicting a bright and profitable future for gladiolus growers, and explaining how it was possible to start with one bulb and run it up into $400,000 worth before long. She was looking for a hobby, and glads looked like one that might prove a gold mine.

Elizabeth Briggs' garden isn't what you'd expect at all, being just an acre on the mesa, surrounded by a high wire fence. You go through a padlocked gate, and here are fifty rows of glads, each row having in it a thousand plants. It is all very businesslike and you are a little disappointed that it is a small farm instead of an informal garden like your grandmother's. But the blossoms are the most magnificent you have ever seen. The individual blossoms measure from five to eight inches across in gorgeous smooth shades. You wouldn't believe it possible if you were not seeing them with your own two eyes. You don't realize it at first, but you are having a glimpse into the gladiolus gardens of 1942. When these new types in the making are released, they will push today's favorites right out in the cold, just as the new-model autos make those of yesterday obsolete.

Day after day, Mrs. Briggs takes her little folding chair and works down the rows, studying blossoms to decide which to cross with which by careful hand-pollenization. Each cross is marked with little wooden tags so that the seeds may be gathered in labeled packages in the fall. A fertile pod yields from thirty to forty seeds. When they are planted the next spring they make tiny bulblets which do not blossom that season at all. The little bulbs are dug, packaged and labeled, to be replanted the following spring. That summer they blossom and only one out of the two hundred may show the characteristic for which Mrs. Briggs was striving. Or none of them may be what she wants. Once in a blue moon a pod of seeds will yield a whole brood of top-flight glads, just like an outstanding family. Even so, she must wait another year, when the matured bulb produces a full-sized blossom, to see if it is the real McCoy.

Farming Gypsies

Once a strain is established, it is grown only from bulblets. A healthy plant may bear from fifty to one hundred bulblets each year. Mrs. Briggs once grew a glad which, like the old woman in the shoe, had so many children it didn't know what to do. This one had 1,380 offspring in one year!

The prolific nature of glad bulbs is one of the growers' problems. It is utterly impossible to get all of the bulblets out of the soil at the end of a season. Bulbs must be marketed true to color, and one "rogue," or off-color glad, in a batch becomes an error that increases with geometric progression year by year. The only practical way to grow glads is in virgin soil each year, which is what the growers do. They are farming gypsies, moving from acreage to acreage, season by season.

You see this dramatized on the gladiolus farm of A. H. Nichols, who is the Henry Ford of the business, near Santa Maria. Of his 160 acres, Mr. Nichols uses only twenty each year to produce two million bulbs. With this two million having a potential progeny of 100,000,000 each year from bulblets, it keeps Mr. Nichols humping, and that is only half the story.

The two million stems of blossoms are a most glorious blaze of color to the thousands who come to see the spectacle each year, but they are just another headache to Mr. Nichols, who grows only for the bulbs and not for the cut-flower market. As soon as the patches have been "rogued," to destroy off-color blossoms, he goes through the field with a hand scythe and chops off the heads of all the glads. The same practice is followed in southern Oregon, where glads thrive by the acre around Grant's Pass. It is a hard-hearted procedure, but it means better blossoms for your garden next spring.

From South African Jungles

When you have done the glad farms, you think you know a good deal about the bulb game, but you have had just a glimpse into this problem of concocting next year's beauty and fragrance for the homes and gardens of the country. Every bulb has its habits dating back to its original habitat in South Africa, South America, Persia, Palestine or Mexico. The glads have come a long way since their first puny forebears were brought out of Africa by missionaries to be domesticated in Europe and brought to new perfection in this country.

Daffs—which include narcissi in the language of the bulb trade—are the second big-money bulb crop because they, too, can be forced in hothouses for all-year blossoms. It takes a lot more daffodils than glads to supply the market because the clusters are smaller. The growers of Oregon and Washington produce close to 200,000,000 bulbs a year and there are more millions grown at Half Moon Bay, at Santa Cruz, California; on Long Island, and in Michigan. The greatest plantings in this country are around Tacoma, Washington, in the Puyallup Valley, swept by the Puget Sound fogs and breezes.

When the 500 acres of daffodils and tulips burst into a carpet of fragrant color each spring, the citizens of the valley declare a festival and all other work ceases as they gather in the town of Puyallup to review the parade of floats literally buried under masses of blossoms. Last year the float that won first prize was inundated under 35,000 blossoms.

The bulb that is on the up and up these days is the tuberous-rooted begonia. This bulb, too, has traveled far since it first migrated from the South American jungles to the gardens of the Northern Hemisphere. Most of today's tubers wouldn't recognize their forebears at all. One of its outstanding characteristics is that it can be bred to resemble almost any other choice flower in your garden. There are types that look like rosebuds, others that look like camellias, or carnations, or narcissi, or apple blossoms and a host of other posies. They are such good imitators that they put the originals to shame.

For a long time the noted English house of Blackmore had more or less of a strangle hold on tuberous begonia culture, because they knew more about hybridizing them than anyone else. Unlike other bulbs, they do not form bulblets. They grow from a seed so fine you can barely see it with the naked eye. It is something of a trick to germinate the seed, and the first growing season produces only a bulb about an inch in size, which must be taken up in the fall and stored in dry peat in a warm place until spring. Each year for about ten years the bulb grows in size, bearing each season a large plant which outdoes itself for three or four months, bearing dazzling blossoms sometimes six or seven inches across.

The top man in tuberous-rooted begonias today is a young naturalized American named Frank Reinelt. In his greenhouses at Capitola on Monterey Bay, he has succeeded in the past decade in doubling the size of tuberous begonias by careful hybridization. He and his partners have jumped their output of bulbs to two million in a year, or more than half the country's total supply, to keep up with the begonia spree upon which gardeners have embarked.

Soulmates of the Garden

One of the mysteries of the bulb game is why certain types will thrive wholeheartedly in one small area and do but moderately well only fifty miles away. Calla lilies are an example. White callas are grown almost exclusively just south of San Francisco along the coast. Yellow callas grow equally exclusively around Santa Cruz, which has an almost identical climate. Both of these bulbs hail from Africa, which has quite a different climate from that of central California. But the callas find the fogs of the region to their liking, and while the original callas were only two or three inches across, the new models measure six inches. Practically all of them, about eight million callas a year, come from San Francisco and Santa Cruz.

Freesias are another temperamental bulb from the growers' viewpoint. They will grow in anybody's garden, once the bulbs have matured. But, since they are so slow to increase from bulblets, the growers have to raise their bulbs from seed. Their favorite heath, at present, is Carlsbad, which is just north of Encinitas. The growers who are tops in freesias are two brothers, Earl and Frank Frazee, who harvest about four million bulbs each year. You ask Earl Frazee who grows the rest of them.

"They grow within a mile of where you are standing," he says.

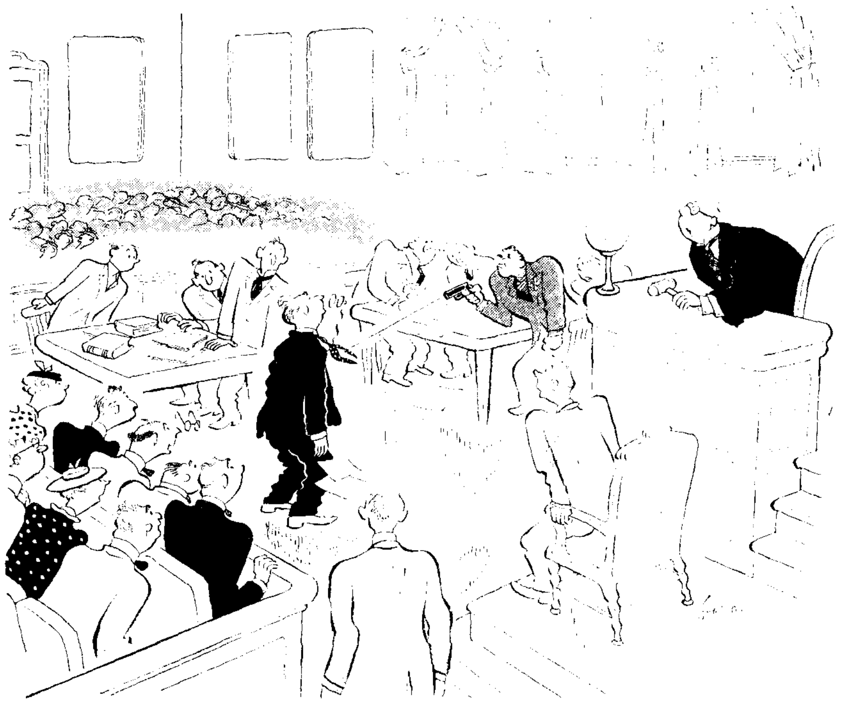
Later, you drive about the town and find about every other vacant lot growing them in long rows. The Carlsbad folks have gone freesia-mad in such a big way and so successfully that they are actually shipping bulbs to Holland now!

Another Carlsbad special is ranunculi and anemones, which for some strange reason are always grouped together. Nobody knows just why. They're just the soulmates of the garden, that's all. Like freesias, they are grown from seed, and most of the five million bulbs come from the vacant lots along the sea cliffs of Carlsbad. The ranunculus, incidentally, is one of the historic flowers of Biblical days. It is said that it was the bright red ranunculus, native to Palestine, that Jesus was looking at when He remarked that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

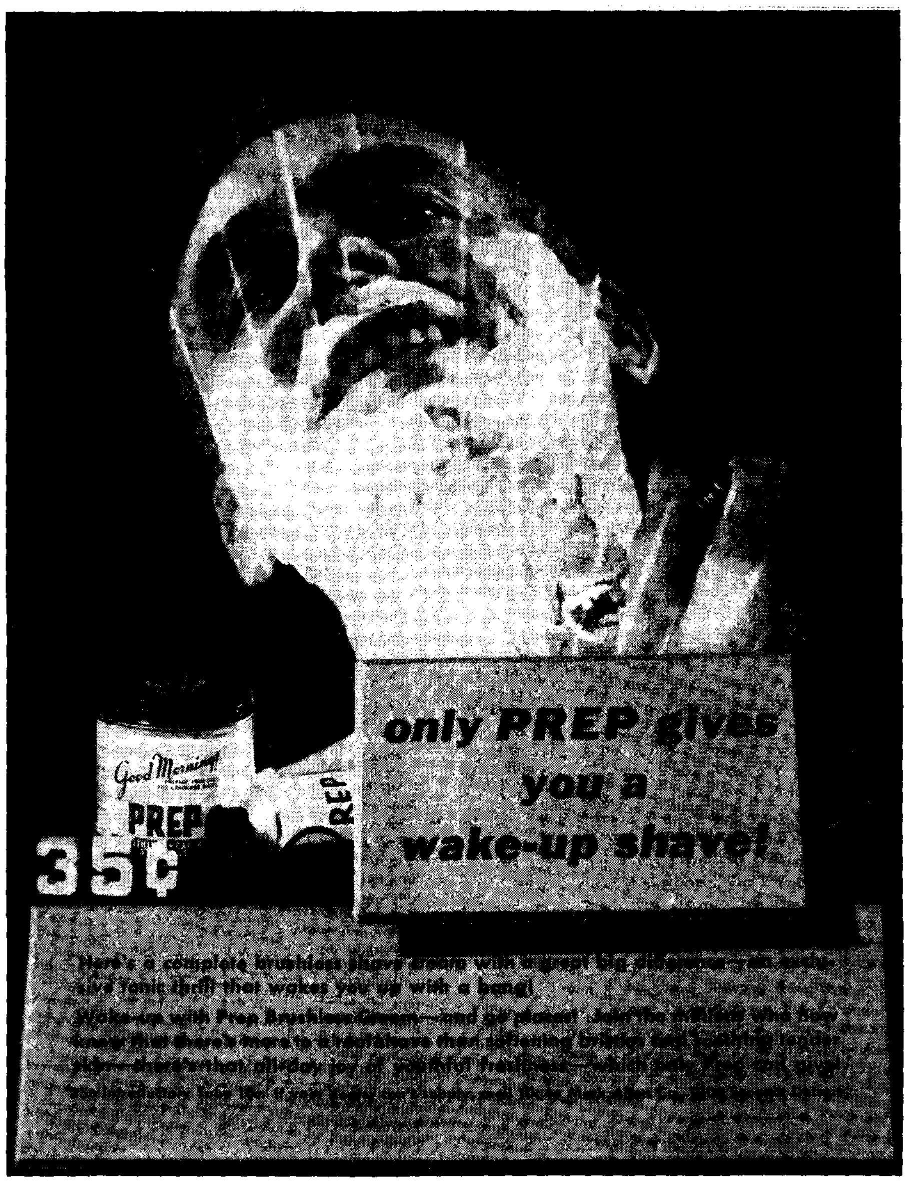
There are some growers who specialize in exotic bulbs, usually grown by some arrangement with the big seed houses which introduce them to gardeners, once the new species is established in its new home. South Africa, Mexico and South America have been the most fruitful fields for new bulbs. Missionaries, consuls and Englishmen have been the best at discovering them. For some reason the British have been the most adventuresome of all gardeners in trying out flowers from faraway places.

One of the leading exotic bulb farms of this country is run by Will E. Rice, a former Englishman, who settled in Artesia, south of Los Angeles. In the past decade he has tested over three hundred new bulbs from foreign lands and succeeded in domesticating about thirty of them. His best bet is a new blood-red, irislike flower from Mexico, known popularly as the St. James lily and scientifically as Amaryllis Sprekelia Formosissima. Another is Bessera elegans, also from Mexico, a red lily with a white stripe inside. India has yielded a coral-red spider lily, Africa a canary-yellow clydanthus fragrans, Peru a conical-shaped blue lily as large as a saucer.

What all this means, of course, is that in the next decade you are going to see a lot of changes in your bulb garden. The old standbys are going to be bigger and the trend is toward the art shades, except in the glads, where pinks and red and whites are still preferred. Some of the several hundred newcomers like the new hardy tigridia and the gloxinia and the tuberous begonias are stealing the spotlight and holding it, because they blossom all summer long. Before long you won't know the old bulb garden. It certainly does beat the Dutch!



"The jury will disregard this incident, which has no bearing upon the case before the court"



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Quick Work

Continued from page 18

everything wrong. He had no style at all. He was caught out of position time after time and he did such things as attempting a front-wall "kill" constantly. A front-wall kill against a top-rank player is usually suicide. Any good player can return almost any ball which has hit only the front wall. But this lad was amazingly getting away with it.

He also used the punch ball almost exclusively. Most players hit the ball with the palm of the hand. Banuet clenched his fist and hit it with his knuckles. This of course gave a terrific drive to the ball but naturally lessened his control. Later Banuet got so that he could control this shot better than most players could control the orthodox stroke. He had been working on the San Francisco docks and he was as strong as a bull. Nobody could stand up against this terror and he won the A. A. U. title with little trouble at all. He won it again the following year and also the year after that and there was nobody who could come near him.

Banuet's training methods resembled those of the late Harry Greb. A tall glass of beer and a haircut—and Banuet was ready to step on any court against anybody. But no matter how good you are at handball you can't trade your medals for beefsteaks and room rent, so Banuet looked for some more lucrative way of using his strong arms and legs and his uncannily accurate eyes. He turned to professional boxing as the magic purse which when opened would immediately start gold to flowing, but something happened in his first fight to change his plans. He got thoroughly shellacked and so he gave up the ring and again turned to his first love. But the A. A. U. fathers shook their heads.

The Hook Serve Puzzles You

That one fight had made him a professional and he could no longer compete with the simon pures. His friends and the whole handball fraternity made earnest pleas for his reinstatement but it was no good. Al Banuet is still the greatest handball player in the world—but he shows his wares only in private. Today he is a bartender in Detroit, hoping for the day when the A. A. U. fathers will relent.

The most interesting of the top-flight players is George Quam of Minneapolis. At one time or another he has taken a game from all of the stars. He has won the Minneapolis A. C. title nine times and been a national semifinalist. When Quam was a youngster a railroad accident deprived him of his left arm. He took up handball at a Y. M. C. A. and soon became proficient. But no one even among his club members thought that he was really good until he entered and won the club tournament.

Bob Kendler, telling of the first time he played Quam, says that before the match he said, "I'll try not to shoot any to your left side, George."

"That's all right," Quam said, smiling. "Send them anywhere."

A few moments later Kendler realized why Quam didn't mind getting them to his left.

"Anything you send to what you'd imagine his weak side to be," Kendler says, "is suicide. He hits all balls to his left with a murderous backhand shot."

Quam was one of the first to develop a hook serve. When the ball lands it doesn't bounce straight—it shoots to one side or the other and you have to guess where it's going even to get your hand on it. Quam has an abnormally large hand which closely resembles a side of beef and his tremendously developed arm muscles give him a great deal of power. He has an uncanny knack of anticipation and is seldom found out of position. In addition to being the only top-flight one-armed handball player in the game he is also an insurance salesman. He is equally good at both. At forty-one, Quam can beat any but perhaps the first ten or twelve players and even they can't relax when they're on the court with him.

Playing with Both Hands

Great as Banuet was and is, there are those who watched Joe Platak win his 1937 national championship at the Lake Shore A. C. in Chicago who insist that the next two or three years will make him the all-time marvel of the game. His current national title is the third he has won in succession. Two other men, Banuet in 1929-30-31 and Maynard Laswell of the Los Angeles A. C. in 1924-25-26 have matched that feat. But Laswell is finished, Banuet's competitive days probably are over and Platak, still in his middle twenties, is only getting under way.

Joe is one of the few players who is absolutely ambidextrous. Naturally left-handed, he has developed until his right is as good as his left—and vice versa. Three or four years ago, he was just another good, strong player. Bob Kendler took hold of him, grafted a bit of finesse on his game, and now he is virtually unbeatable. There is no doubt that he and Banuet are the world's best players but it is doubtful if they will ever meet unless the handball fraternity breaks with the A. A. U.

"Platak is one of the most remarkable physical specimens I've ever seen in any sport," Frederick Rothe, chairman of the New York A. C.'s Handball Committee and current champion of the Downtown Athletic Club in New York, told me. "Rhythm, grace, power, speed, generalship—they are all his in superabundance. Standing about 5 feet 9 inches, and weighing 175 pounds, he would, I'm certain, have been an outstanding competitor at any sport he might have taken up."

Incidentally, Charlie Ruggles was a competitor in the Los Angeles tournament and the semifinal and final rounds were played on Harold Lloyd's courts at his place in Beverly Hills.

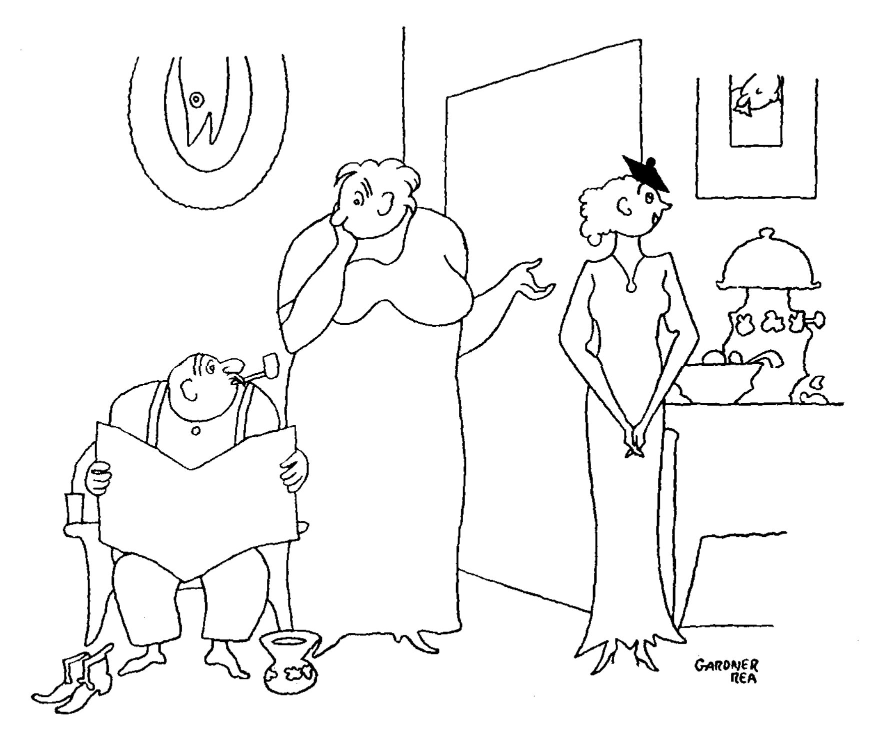
Robert L. "Believe It or Not" Ripley, who has been a first-class player and could still be if he were not dashing off constantly to odd corners of the earth, has had a hand in the development of Platak. The New York A. C. annually stages an invitation tournament of sixteen players for the Robert L. Ripley Trophy and Platak was early discovered and invited to that competition.

Getting away for the moment from the champions, handball is still the fireman's game. There are many great players among the firemen but because of the nature of their profession it is impossible for them to travel from tournament to tournament. Deputy Fire Chief Charles Tremaine of Milwaukee, for instance, has installed four-wall courts in several Milwaukee firehouses. Nearly every fireman in Milwaukee is a handball enthusiast. They have found that a half hour of handball is worth three times as much as the same time spent on any other exercise. You can get a workout quickly at handball and all you need is a round ball and four walls.

Tentative plans are being made for a national association of firemen which will sponsor sectional, then national events, out of which will emerge a fireman champion.

Handball has always been a game for participants—not one for spectators. The very nature of the court makes it difficult to enable more than two or three hundred to watch tournament matches.

Bob Kendler is sponsoring a movement which he hopes will eventually result in the adoption of glass-enclosed courts all over the country. He has been experimenting with a glass composition which he thinks will take the place of the present concrete walls. This will enable spectators to sit about on all four sides of the court watching the play. Handball will hardly ever rival football or baseball as a spectator's game but a national tourney with the world's best players entered is too interesting an event to be played in the semiprivacy it now enjoys.



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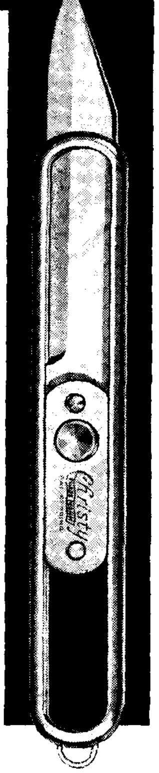

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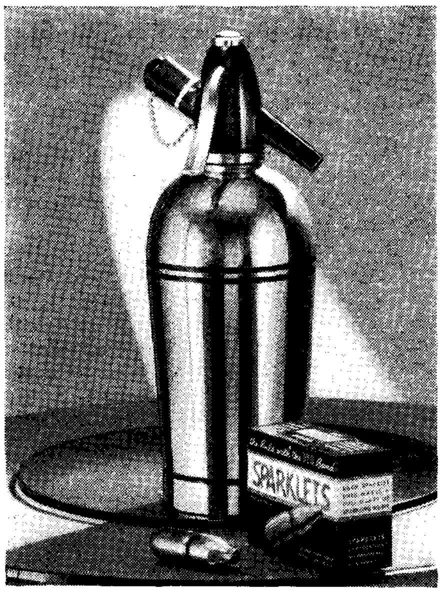

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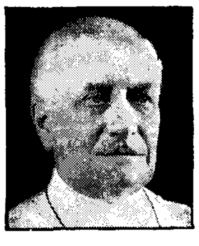

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CONTENTS

PLUTO
WATER
When Nature Won't—Pluto Will

Swing Your Partner

Continued from page 10

"I reckon you didn't, Rufe. Let's shake on it." They shook. "You been right good to me, Rufe, and I aim for you to have a good time."

"You're good to me, too, Cass, and I won't notice anything else."

"All right. One more drink and we're theah."

They pushed on across the field until, through a line of pines, they struck a country road. Then Rufe heard it, faint and sweet, the fiddles.

"Commence firing!" he yelled and broke into a jig. "Whee-hee!" Down the road he jigged, dancing to the music. Cass lumbered behind with the jug, pausing to lift it again. The trees opened and Rufe saw lights glowing yellow in a white frame tavern sprawled against the dark sky. He gave another yell, lifted his blanket like a skirt, and raced toward it. As he ran into the glow of reflected light, the door jerked open and lamplight spilled over him. In a shiny black suit with plum-colored waistcoat and lace cuffs stood a little old man with a red nose and purple-dyed hair.

"What is this ungodly commotion, that has the aspect of an attack?"

"Ain't no attack," Rufe bellowed. "We're coming to this here dance."

CASS panted up. "Howdy, Jugg," he greeted the little man. "This here's my friend from the other end of the line. He allows they have purtier gals at Fiddler's Green and I aim to show him different. He's Private Rufus Landers, called Rufe."

"I shall endeavor to correct your friend's erroneous impression. Enter, Private Landers, and behold this county's flower of pulchritude."

In a recess inside the door Cass shoved the jug, wrapped in his overcoat, against the wall. He covered it with other tattered overcoats and blankets, such as Rufe wore, several pieces of carpet and even two pieces of burlap sewed together. Rufe laid his blanket on top.

"If this is the way your army dresses, I should've come like a scarecrow, like I said."

Cass straightened up with a flushed face. "I done told you about noticin' things. Keep on and they will swing you for a spy, sho' enough."

"Don't be so partial to this swinging," Rufe grinned. The warmth of the room and the soft voices laughing over fiddles and the sweet perfume of young girls were rioting in him. "It's swinging a partner I desire."

"That you shall do, Private Landers, with alacrity and dispatch." Jugg gestured widely and his lace cuff ruffled over his wrist. "Envision the fairest damsels of our county and, as a welcome stranger to our poor hospitality, you shall have your fancy's choice as a partner."

Rufe had to keep from grinning at the fancy speech, but he liked it, only he couldn't answer. His brain was a whirl of pretty faces and flashing ankles and bright dresses spinning. Two years had passed since he had been with young girls dancing and never had he seen girls look up at a man the way these did, not even in Putnam County. Their red lips were smiling and parted, as if they waited to be kissed. Rufe didn't try to hold his grin any longer. If these were Virginia belles he was glad he had joined the army. A red ribbon on yellow hair caught his gaze. He saw a small face with a sweet, smiling mouth and large gray eyes that turned him to jelly.

"Her," he pointed.

"Your taste belies your Fiddler's Green experience, if I might say so. I will request the lady to honor the stranger in our midst." Jugg bowed.

"Who is she, Cass?" Rufe whispered.

"Just a country gal that lives near heah."

"In one of those big houses with slaves?"

"Nary a slave, and I told you I ain't never seen one of them houses you all the time talkin' about."

Jugg was speaking to the girl, who stood between an older lady and a young Reb with his arm in a sling. She turned from them to Rufe and her soft, grave eyes fixed him in a steady appraisal.

"Looks me over like I'm a horse she's buying."

"Don't mind that, Rufe. That's the way Virginia girls act. Grin."

He grinned. She answered with a gentle little smile and then she was coming toward him with Jugg. Rufe's grin broadened into gay exultance.

"How do you talk to gals down here, Cass?"

"Make purty speeches. They like that, call it gallant in these parts. I'm goin' in to have another drink now, Rufe. I'll be in the vestibule if you want me for anything. Just have a good time."

Rufe hardly heard. She stood in front of him, looking so soft and white that she didn't seem to be of the same flesh and blood as soldiers.

"Julie," Jugg bowed, "may I have the honor of presenting Cass' friend, Private Rufus Landers, called Rufe."

She curtsied and smiled shyly up at him. She looked prettier close up. He bowed too.

"May I have the honor of dancing with you, ma'am?"

Still holding that shy little smile, she held out her arms. He had never touched anyone so dainty. She was as light as a feather as they swung out on the floor. The fiddles were playing a waltz.

"*The years creep slowly by, Lorena,*
The snow is on the grass again. . . ."

The spirit of the waltz entered Rufe and he danced as never before. His father would have been astounded to see his Percheron so much like a gazelle. He glided and whirled, glided and spun, and threw his feet in some fancy impromptu steps. He seemed to be floating with the slender girl whose red ribbon brushed his chin. The ribbon tossed back and her small face was lifted to him.

"Why so silent, soldier?"

HER grave, gray eyes were on him in the way the other girls gazed up at their partners. And her lips were parted, too, in a soft little smile. She must be waiting for those "purty speeches." If that was gallant "in these parts," he would be the greatest gallant she had ever seen, because it'd sure be easy to make pretty speeches to Julie.

"I was taking my pleasure in your dancing, ma'am."

Her smile grew softer and he knew he was doing fine.

"You're doin' real handsome yourself, soldier," and her voice sounded like she was making love. "Did you learn your high-steppin' at Fiddler's Green?"

"Fiddler's Green?" Then he remembered Cass had told them he danced there. "Shucks, no. It's your dancing that puts the fire in me, ma'am."

"You talk as nice as you dance, soldier. Wheah you from?"

"Ah—ah—I'm from Richmond."

"Oh, Richmond! How I'd love to go theah and dance at the big hotels like the Spotswood and—"

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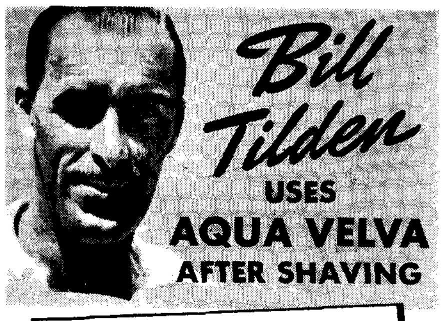

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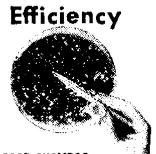

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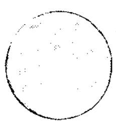

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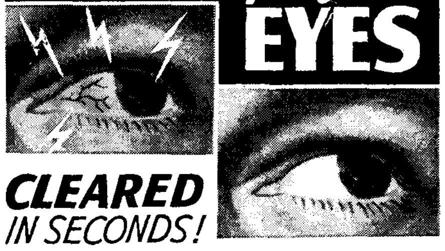

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he said quickly. "I ain't never enjoyed dancing like this." Rufe spoke with real feeling and essayed a wider fling.

"You talk just like all the Richmond soldiers."

"Ma'am, I swear I never said that to a lady before. I never would've said it, I reckon, if I hadn't been so long in that camp. I tell you, soldiering gives a fellow funny thoughts."

"I know," she said in gentle mockery, "you get so lonely that the first girl you see is like nothin' you ever saw before."

"You are like something I've never seen before, ma'am!" Rufe grew urgent. He didn't want to appear like other soldiers to her. "You know where I saw you before?"

"You never did."

HE BENT his head and lowered his voice: "I saw your face when I was on picket duty down by the river and when I looked into the campfire and when I saw night falling over the country houses. There was always one girl I saw then and I made up my mind to find her. I looked at Fiddler's Green and all over this county, and I came here looking for her. When I saw you I knew I'd found her. You can ask Jugg. I pointed when I saw you and I said, 'Her.' "

Julie's smile faded and a strange look touched her, as if she were sort of shy and scared, and at the same time it made her beautiful.

"You're the prettiest girl I ever saw," Rufe said, and gave her a little squeeze.

The music ceased then and she drew away, slowly, looking up at him all the while with her grave gray eyes as though she were trying to study him. Rufe wondered if he had gone too far in his pretty speeches. Then she said in a quiet little voice, "You ought not talk like that to country girls."

Rufe knew he hadn't gone too far. He felt invincible, unconquerable. He believed he might kiss her if they kept dancing together. Just then a young Reb stood before him. He was a blond, handsome devil and gave Rufe a quick appraisal with fiery, reckless eyes. Then he bowed low.

"I don't have the pleasure of your acquaintance, suh, but I'm beggin' your forgiveness in askin' Miss Julie if I might have the honor of the next dance. It's the last one before the square dance."

Rufe was not going to give Julie up now and he bowed even lower than the Reb. "I'm a stranger in these parts and I'm asking your forgiveness in keeping the next dance with Miss Julie, for I've got to travel soon after."

The Reb darkened and he glanced from Rufe to Julie and back again. He bowed very stiffly and there was something in his eyes. Rufe wondered if he had done anything wrong and, as the young Reb stalked off, he turned inquiringly to Julie. She was staring up at him with wide eyes shining and there was a starriness in them that sent a quiver through Rufe's big frame.

"I'm never going to dance with another girl," he said, "till you tell me you've got enough."

"I won't tell you I've got enough now," she answered breathlessly, "because you've proved you meant what you said."

"I meant it all right, ma'am, but how did I prove it?"

"Why, you just provoked Reverly by not givin' me up."

"I don't know anything about Reverly." Rufe wondered if he was getting mixed up with sweethearts, and then the fiddles scraped again and another waltz lilted through the room.

The spirit of romance entered Rufe, as had the spirit of the waltz, and he talked as he had never even thought before. "I don't intend to turn you loose at all, Julie. Now that I've found you, I can't bear to have you flitting from fellow to fellow, not even in a square dance. Before this waltz is over I want you with me alone, out under the stars. Will you come with me?"

He read his answer in her eyes.

"You seem different from other soldiers, Rufe."

Intent only on his maneuver toward the door he said, "I am, Julie."

"How are you different?"

"I'll tell you when we're outside. I don't want anyone else to hear."

Picking an opening, he gave a prodigious glide and then they whirled into the little recess. A quick glance revealed that no one had noticed them. One spin and they were at the outer door and Rufe's huge hand was fumbling with the latch. There he paused. Lying on the pile of blankets and overcoats, his hand on the open jug, was Cass. Rufe started to speak and then he saw that poor Cass was fast asleep. Rufe grinned. Outdrunk him, by golly, he thought, and opened the door. They stepped into the clear, cold, moonless night, with nothing to see but the bright stars. Julie looked expectantly up to him, her face pale and soft in the darkness.

"Your eyes are like those stars, Julie," he said impulsively, and took her in his arms.

"What were you goin' to tell me?"

"About what, Julie?" He forgot everything except the sweet softness he was touching.

"About why you're different from other men?"

"Oh! Because I'm the one who loves you," and he kissed her. When he touched the fresh, cool innocence of her lips, he felt a sudden pang. She moved back from him and her head was lowered.

"You ought not say things like that to country girls, Rufe, unless you mean them."

HE LOOKED down at the little ribbon on her hair and all at once he felt sad and lonelier than he ever had in his life. "I'm a country boy myself, Julie," he said and now he really wanted to talk to her.

"I thought you were from Richmond."

"I—ah—live outside Richmond a piece."

"A right good piece, I vow." Suddenly her grave eyes were fixed on him and there was no glow in them.

"Why, Julie," he croaked and his voice sounded thick in his ears. "What on earth can you be talking about?"

"You, Rufe," she said quietly.

"What could you mean, Julie?" His brain was a lump of clay inside his skull and all he could think of were the pretty speeches that had betrayed him.

"I mean the piece you're from Richmond is a long ways north of Virginia." Her voice broke but she controlled it and went on steadily. "I thought there was something funny about you all the time, and now I know you're not one of us, Rufe. You're not like any Southern boy I ever knew. The way you talk—oh, everything!" Again her voice broke and this time she couldn't go on.

A wild hope seized Rufe. Maybe her eyes had lost their glow because she was sad and she wasn't mad at him at all. Maybe those pretty speeches would save him now. "Julie, it's true I'm not from Richmond. I'm a country boy from New York State, but everything else I told you is true. I mean, I got Cass to bring me into your lines because I was looking for a girl like you, and somehow my heart told me she was in Virginia. Then I did see you. . . ."

She was crying and shaking her head.

"You crying because I'm a Yank, Julie?"

She nodded and cried all the more.

"You mean you're mad at me?"

She shook her head in vigorous denial.

The wind was cold but Rufe was warmer than he had ever been in his life. "What then, Julie?"

"Because you're a Yankee and—and you won't come back again!"

The sigh that Rufe released was like a gust of the wind. "But I will, Julie, I will! That was all true."

"You can't."

"I can after the war."

"You won't."

"Julie, I swear to you, the day it's over I'll come back to you."

The sobs faltered and slowly stopped. "Then all you told me wasn't lies."

"Every word was the truth, Julie, except about being from Richmond." There was the passion of desperation in his voice.

SHE was silent a long time as though she were thinking it over. Rufe began to fidget. He wondered if she were waiting for more pretty speeches. He had no heart for them now. Finally he blurted, "I guess I'd better go now, Julie."

"I reckon you had." She seemed still busy with her own thoughts.

"I'll get Cass to take me back to my lines."

She nodded. He knew now he had to say something. "Julie, I'll write you notes and get Cass to bring them to you, until the war is over. Then I'll come back for you. You believe me, don't you, Julie?"

Then she raised her gray eyes, so grave and soft. "I believe you, Rufe. I'll be heah. Now we better go and get Cass."

By golly, Cass was right. They sure liked pretty speeches in these parts and Julie sure was sweet. His hand swallowed up her little one and they tiptoed to the door. Inside, the laughing voices struck him and he shook like the floor was shaking under the feet of the square dance. He slid along the wall to Cass while Julie watched the room. He prodded Cass. No response. He shook him again and put some strength behind it. Cass only moaned. He glanced up at Julie in mute appeal.

"You'll have to slap him. That's the way soldiers wake each other."

Rufe gave a few gentle taps and Cass only moaned the louder. Frantic, he brought down his hand so that it sounded like a shot. Cass came swarming out of the blankets and waving his hands. He howled.

"Sh-h. It's me—Rufe. You got to get me back to the lines, Cass."

"Lemme alone. All the time noticin' things." He started to sink back.

Rufe shook him. "Wake up, Cass. You got to get me back to my lines!"

"Ain't goin' to do it—done told you about noticin' things . . . guns . . . sentries like scarecrows. . . ."

Rufe forgot himself in a mighty shake. When he heard Cass gasping through chattering teeth, he exhorted, "Don't you know me, Cass?"

"Sho' I know you!" It was a choked howl. "They're goin' to hang you for a Yankee spy, like I told you, on account of you all the time noticin' things. Now you take your hands off me."

Rufe took his hands off as if Cass were something hot. He heard those choked words echoing in the sudden dead silence of the room. He spun around and stopped. One look at Julie's white face told him everything. He had time only to straighten and assume an attitude of passive innocence when the roomful of Rebs swarmed into the little recess. The fiery-eyed Reverly, whom he had provoked, was in the van, like the leader of an attack.

"A Yank spy!" he yelled in savage triumph. "I thought theah was something funny about you. Get your hands up before we shoot you right heah!"

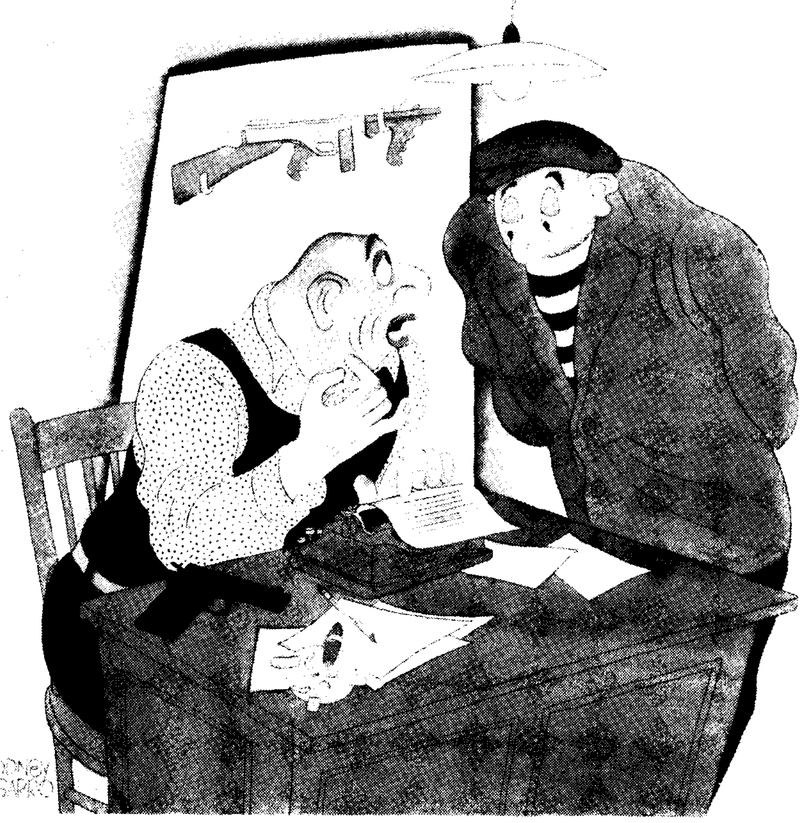
Rufe reached so high the tips of his fingers touched the ceiling. "Now wait a minute, fellows. I'm a friend of Cass'. We've been pickets together down by the river. He brought me over here to dance, that's all. He's drunk now, that's why he's talking so. If you'll just wait till he's sober, he'll—"

"Drunken men's words are sober men's thoughts," Jugg pronounced.

"But you saw us come here together. He told you I was his friend."

"Maybe Cass is a spy too," Reverly yelled. "Let's swing 'em both!"

"No!" It was a stricken cry from



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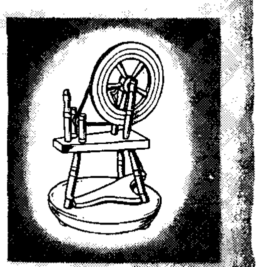

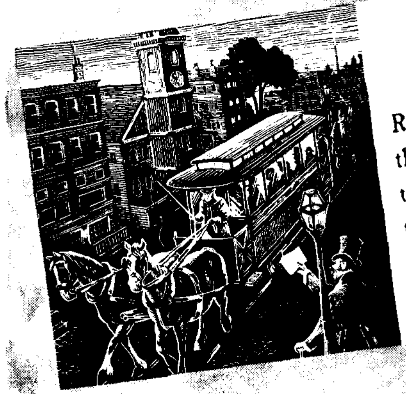
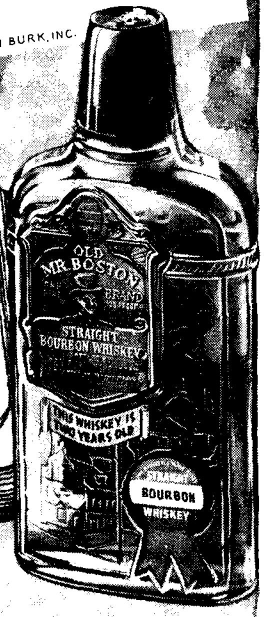

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Julie and it was the sweetest word he'd heard yet. "He did come over heah to dance, just like he told you. I heard him talkin' to Cass. And what kind of spyin' could he be doin' at a country dance like this?"

"We'd expect you to take up for him," Reverly said with contempt. "Anybody who'd get stuck on a Yank—and he did get you stuck on him—"

The quick flush in her cheeks seemed to heat Rufe's brain. He never figured anything out, but all at once he had Reverly's throat in his great hands and hard fists were bouncing off him from all sides. He felt himself being pressed back, as if a great weight were on him, and the wall crashed dully against his head. Blurred faces ringed him in. Through a blur inside his head he understood what the old soldiers meant when they said a Rebel charge was a terrible thing to see. Shrill and loud voices beat at him and then he heard one distinctly, sweetly familiar:

"If you hurt him, I'll tell about Cass and they'll hang him, too."

"Cass was merely the victim of our enemy's chicanery." That was Jugg. "He was misled and inebriated. We will protect him."

"Then I'll tell the officers who you-all are and you'll get court-martialed for harmin' a prisoner."

"He ain't no prisoner, he's a spy." That was Reverly. "Ain't he got on our uniform?"

"Boys, nothing is achieved by disregarding reason and Miss Julie has uttered words of rare wisdom." Jugg was changing his tune and Rufe saw why. "Complications with the army might lead to the suspension of our tavern's dances. Tomorrow morning we can deliver him to the officers for a trial."

"Why let them swing him?"

"Because reason dictates it. We can incarcerate him for the night in the Widow Beech's corncrib. There he will languish in durance as vile as any guardhouse."

"Swing him now!" Reverly shouted and supporters rallied to him.

"Let reason reign!" Jugg screamed and allies flocked to him.

Rufe went cold and hot and Jugg's forces lost ground and regained it. His vision was clearing and he saw Julie trying to communicate something to him with an encouraging smile. He tried to smile back but he felt his grimace was a mockery. He watched her as she turned to the girls and then he saw she was haranguing them. In a body they swung to Jugg's support. Slowly Reverly's strength ebbed. Rufe felt that he had not breathed for a long time and the effort left him weak. He knew he was safe until morning when Reverly spoke.

"Then I'll hawg-tie him," he grumbled, "and stand guard too."

NOBODY objected to that and Reverly went for a rope. Rufe was anxious to please and he stuck out his hands meekly behind him. Two vicious twists of the rope and he knew that even a sure-enough Percheron couldn't break that knot.

"Now march, spy," Reverly commanded, and prodded him with a shotgun.

Out into the cold, clear night, where the stars were still bright, he marched like an ancient martyr, and all the gay crowd from the dance followed. They were murmuring, but he did not hear Julie's voice. Nor did she come near. Even she had deserted him now. About fifty yards back of the tavern he saw a stout corncrib, and beyond, the lines of a house against the sky. Reverly opened the door and pushed him into the pitch blackness. When he said, "When you come out of heah, it'll be to swing," Rufe believed him. The door slammed and the latch caught. Rufe sank limply to the rough floor, his back against the wall, and tried to ease the pressure of the ropes.

Soon the voices receded outside and there was only the sound of Reverly's sullen feet. Soon the fiddles scraped again, but they didn't sound sweet any more. Soon the feet stomped again and the young voices laughed, but they didn't sound gay any more. Nothing would ever be sweet or gay any more, and all because of his pretty speeches. And Julie was most likely listening to other pretty speeches, while he alone waited for the dawn to bring his fate.

He wouldn't have gone so far with his speeches if he had been as sober as he was now.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright. There was a voice outside. He heard Reverly answer, and then the other again, very low. Reverly's lowered, too, as if he feared Rufe might hear him. It was a plot, that's what it was, most likely one of Reverly's cronies who had crept back and they meant to do him in before morning. Rufe came scrambling up and all his weakness fell from him. He clawed at the walls in the corners, at the roof, where they joined the floor. It was no use. One thing about Virginia that was like Putnam County was the corncribs. He stopped his frenzied clawings to listen. There was only one voice now, so soft it sounded like a whisper. Then he heard a thud and an eerie sound like a groan. He knew what people meant when they said their hair stood on end, but it was too late now ever to tell anybody.

THE latch clicked. He backed from the door and gathered himself. Hands tied or not, he'd show these Johnnies that his father hadn't called him a Percheron for nothing. The door eased open and Rufe drew in his breath.

"Rufe." It was the gentlest, sweetest sound he'd ever heard. "It's me—Julie. Hurry."

He was already stumbling toward the dim slit of night light.

"I brought a kitchen knife," she whispered, and in a moment he was free.

Before he could take her in his arms, he heard the groan again, like the one when he was in the corncrib. Julie whispered in his ear.

"It's Reverly. I brought him Cass' jug and told him I didn't want him to get cold out heah, and when he was drinkin' I—I hit him on the head with his shotgun."

RUFE did take her in his arms then, gently and protectively. "I can't go then, because when he comes to he'll—"

"When he comes to," she said brightly, "he'll be ashamed to say anything about it. A girl gettin' his prisoner."

"But the others, and poor Cass?"

"They'll be scared to say they let a spy escape. And, anyway, Cass will tell them about you when he's sober, and they'll all keep quiet to keep from gettin' him in trouble, and themselves, too. Don't you see?"

"I see," he said admiringly, "and I see that you're the smartest girl I ever saw."

"I'm glad you think so, Rufe," she said shyly; "and now you must go."

"Yes, I must go, Julie." He held her tighter.

"You just walk straight ahead, by the tavern, and turn right at the road—"

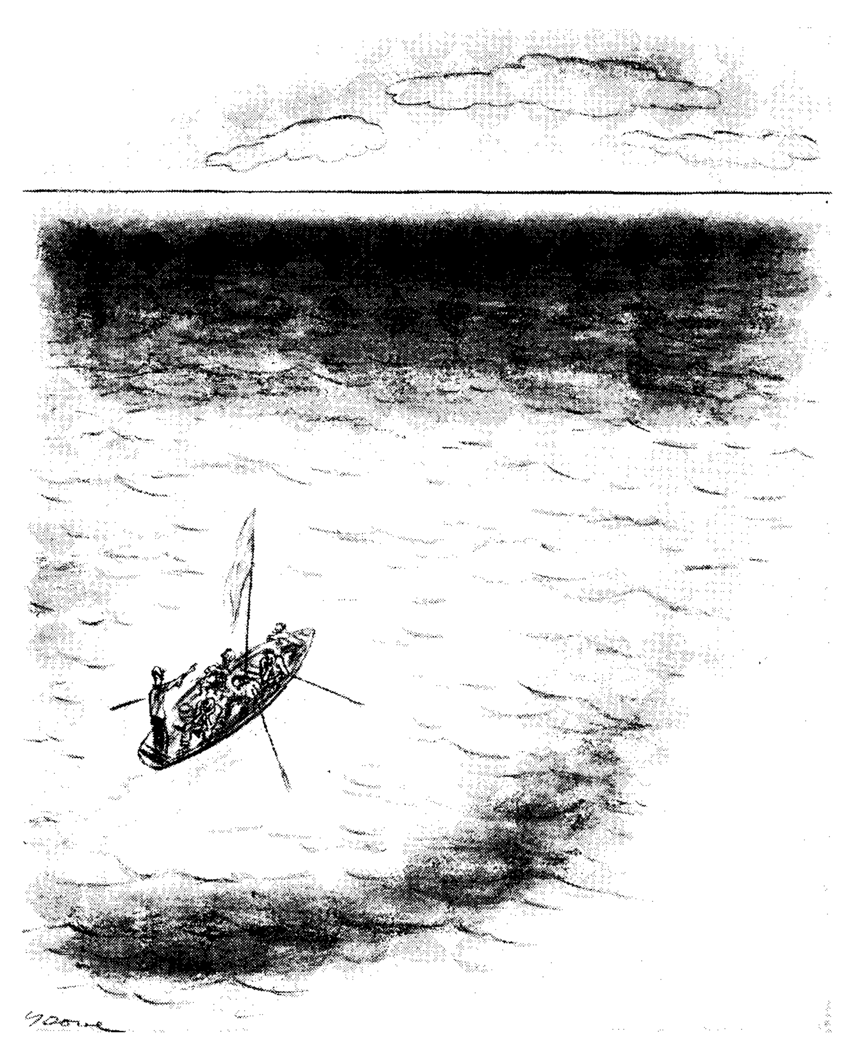
"I'm not worried about getting back to my lines, Julie. I'm thinking about coming back here, like I said. I meant that."

"I meant what I said about still being heah, too."

"Well, goodby then, Julie. I'll be back."

"Goodby, Rufe. I'll be waitin'."

He ran across the dark field to the road he had come down with Cass. He wouldn't have anything to tell back in Putnam County, after all, but he didn't care. He didn't care now if he never got in a battle.



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The General is Surprised

By Thomas Rourke

HE DIDN'T look anything like a conquering war lord. He looked more like a scoutmaster—an elderly and not a very keen one.

He walked into the patio of the Hotel San Carlos, out of the roaring enthusiasm of the street, mounted the stairway at the rear of the patio, marched along the balcony and halted at the door of his room. He saluted as smartly as he could, dismissed his staff, closed the door behind him, sat down in the chair at the desk and wilted into the comfortable posture of his classroom days. Then, with an effort, he cleared his throat and tried to clothe himself in efficiency once more.

There were so many papers. He signed one paper after another, hardly knowing what he signed.

An orderly opened the door and Colonel Ferrer, the chief of staff, came in, bringing still more papers.

"If you will be so kind, my general," the colonel said, "there are some urgent matters which I should like to take up with you."

"Yes, of course, Colonel. I have been going over these papers here. I haven't quite finished with them."

Colonel Ferrer made a slight gesture of impatience. "If you will permit me, General, your time is too valuable to be wasted upon routine. Now these matters here," he placed a sheaf of papers on the desk, "are rather more urgent."

"What are they?" the general asked.

"The sentences of the Military Court which sat this morning."

"*Por Dios!* More of them?"

"It is to be expected, General. We all regret this severity, of course, but you can see that it is absolutely necessary for the good of the cause, my general."

"Oh, absolutely, of course. Leave the findings here and I'll go over them."

The colonel spoke patiently as to a child: "They must be signed at once, General. We must wipe out these rebellious elements without delay in order to prevent more useless bloodshed."

The general sighed. "I suppose you're right," he said.

"Now then," said Ferrer briskly. He sat down, sorted his papers and began his comments in rapid summary:

"Case of Juan Garcia. Secreting enemy arms. Seven witnesses. Sentenced to death. Sign here." The general signed.

"Cases of Diego Sánchez, Pablo Mateo and Fernando Swartz. Sniping. Taken in the act. Death. Sign here." Again the general signed.

THE colonel went on with the papers, one after another, and the faint noises of a city in revelry came through the lattice above the door.

"Case of Matilda Padron—"

"Another woman!" the general exclaimed.

"It cannot be helped, General. Women have fought in this war with the men and we must treat them as men. Sign here."

"Case of Arturo Gil Méndez. Harboring fugitives, possessing arms, inciting to riot—"

"Arturo Gil Méndez?" the general repeated slowly. "I once had a student by that name."

"A dangerous man. He killed an officer resisting arrest."

"Arturo Gil Méndez. He must be the same. I want to see him."

"It is impossible, General—"

"He was my best student. Send for him at once."

Ferrer looked at the general and shrugged.

They brought Arturo Méndez into the general's room and he was too weak to stand, so they put him into a chair. The general ordered everyone to leave them alone. He looked into the eyes that stared out from a bloodstained face.

"Arturo," he said, "don't you know me?"

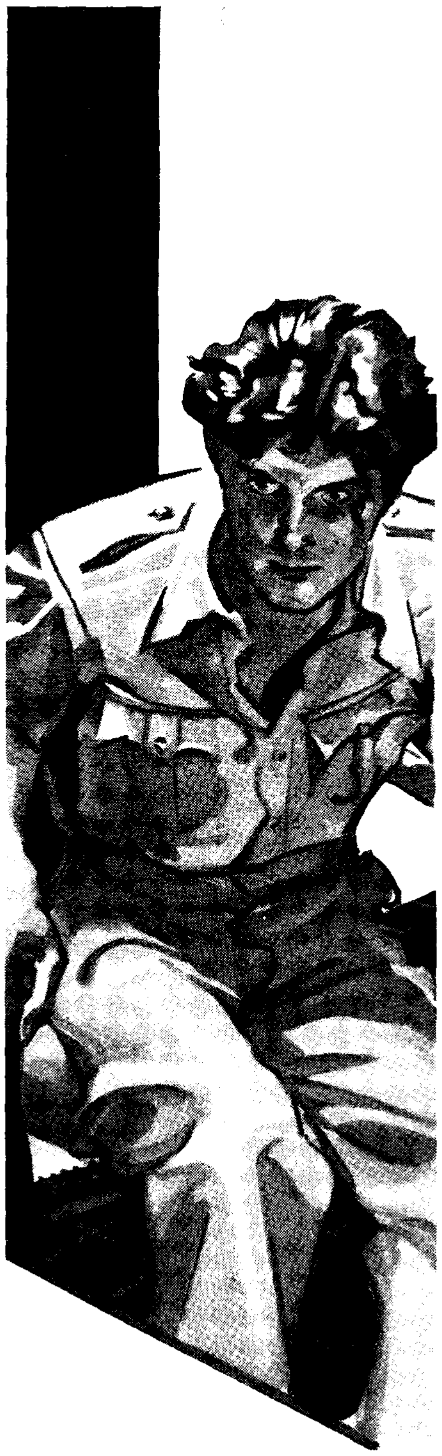
The boy's face showed nothing. "I know you," he said.

"What happened, my boy? How did you get into this trouble? You weren't with the enemy, surely?"

"I wasn't with anybody."

"Ah, I'm glad to hear that." The general straightened in his chair. "I knew you couldn't be with the enemy. You were my best student. I know we never agreed entirely but we were in accord on fundamental principles. I knew you couldn't be with the enemy. We always respected each other's views. I had no patience with mere stupid partisanship, as you know. My aim was always to stimulate thought and political consciousness—"

The boy made a slight sound, like bitter laughter.



Arturo Méndez spoke quietly. "I was trying to protect some innocent people from the mob of murderers you loosed here," he said

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

"Did you say something? No? Now, then, where were we? Oh, yes. How did you get into this trouble, my boy? What were you doing?"

Arturo Méndez spoke quietly, with no expression at all. "I was trying to protect some innocent people from the mob of murderers you loosed here," he said.

"Murderers!" The general sputtered. "Murderers? I loosed a mob of murderers? Come, my boy, don't talk nonsense. You know why I am here. I have come here as the savior of the people. I have overthrown the tyranny that has held us in slavery and I shall establish a popular government under which all men—"

"Yes," the young man said, wearily, "I've heard all that. But when will your popular government begin to function?"

THE general spoke a little apologetically. "Well, I'll admit there's been no time to do much as yet. It has been very difficult."

"You've been too busy killing people."

"What's that? Oh, yes, there has been a lot of killing. Too much killing." The general shook his head sadly, then straightened up and spoke in the manner of an orator, mechanically as one delivering an oft-repeated address: "But we must realize that all great movements for social betterment have demanded their sacrifices. Soon we shall place this land with all its wealth and greatness in the hands of the people!"

"If there are any people left," Arturo Méndez said. "How many people did your men kill last night?"

"Last night? What do you mean? Why, none, of course. There has been no killing here except where there has been sniping by enemy groups in hiding."

Arturo laughed bitterly. "There were at least two hundred people killed last night. Many of them were women. I was arrested because I shot a soldier who had bayoneted an old man."

THE general stared. "Why, I don't believe it. You're lying."

"There have been thousands killed in every city."

"You're lying, Arturo Méndez."

"I always knew you were stupid but I didn't think you could be that stupid. The whole world knows it. They killed thousands, and tortured others—noncombatants, old men, boys, women and little children."

"They said it was all lies. My officers said it was enemy propaganda when I heard reports over the radio."

"The reports were true."

"I gave orders against reprisals. I declared amnesty in every city."

"No one paid any attention to your orders."

"They formed a wall around me everywhere I went," the general said, talking to himself. "I knew less than anybody."

"What did you expect when you started this thing?"

"I didn't start it. The movement started of its own accord. It was a nationwide wave, a spontaneous uprising of the masses against the forces that held them in slavery and I was chosen to lead it because of my political ideals. The movement was inevitable."

"How long have you been telling yourself that? It was inevitable because of you and others like you who have been preaching it for years."

The general sat still in his chair, his lips moving but no sound coming out, and Arturo talked on in the flat, bitter voice that came out of the battered face:

"You are the one to blame. You are the stupid, weak one they used to draw the people in. They traded on your name and reputation to fool the people. They hid behind you and pulled the strings until they had what they wanted."

When Arturo Méndez had been led away the general sat alone for a long time, staring at nothing through his thick glasses. Then he sent an orderly for Colonel Ferrer.

Ferrer stood silent and unconcerned while the general talked. Once he muttered to himself, "I told the fools they should have shot this one."

"You have disobeyed my orders on innumerable occasions," the general said. "You are relieved of your post and under arrest for gross insubordination."

Ferrer laughed then. He said one word, "*Imbécil!*" and then he drew his revolver very negligently and shot the general.

The general slumped into the comfortable posture of his classroom days.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

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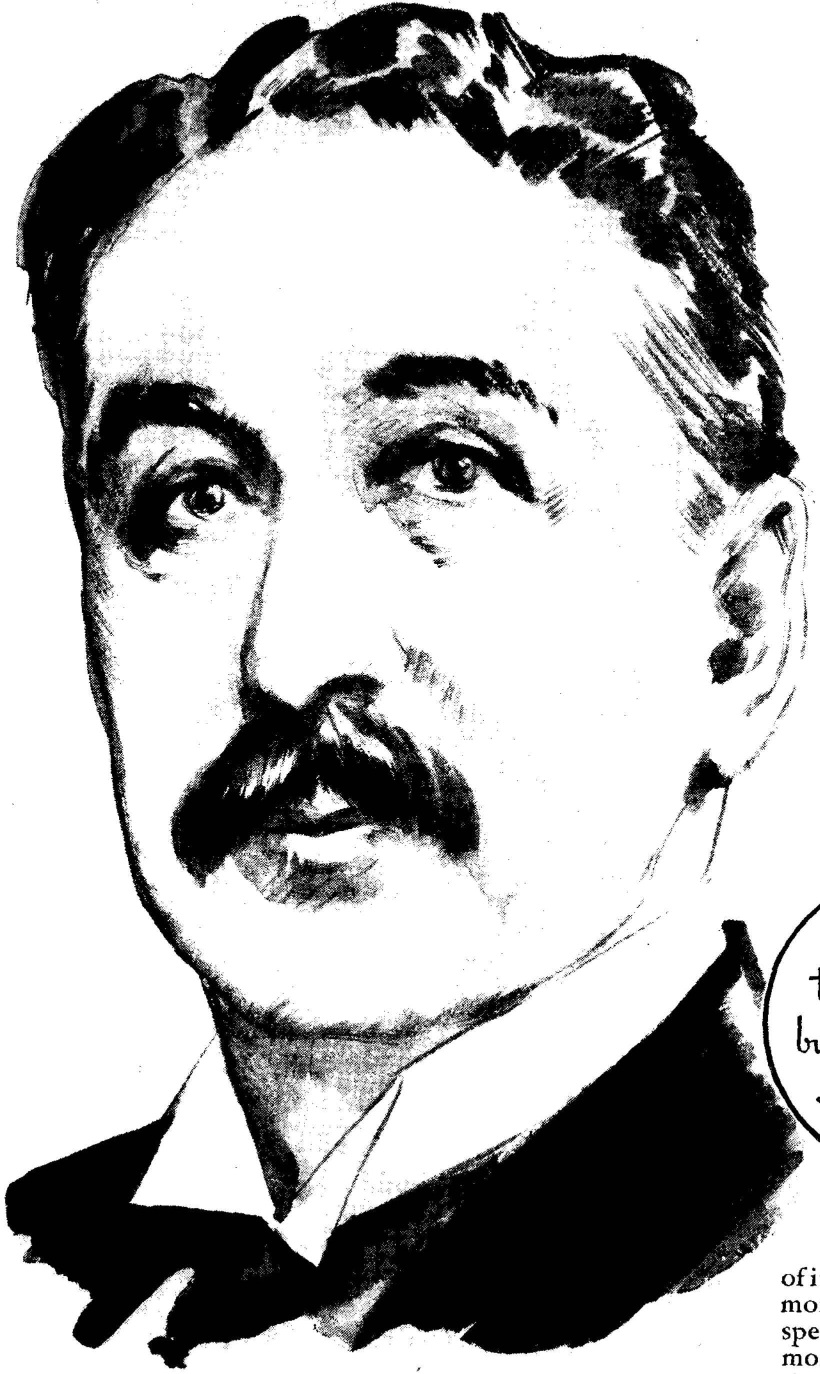

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Keep Your Head

HOW many times, gentle reader, have you seen "the government of the United States restored to the people?" Think before you answer because your answer will betray your age. If you are in your twenties, the present "restoration" at the hands of Franklin D. Roosevelt is your first. If you are between thirty and forty, you will recall the high and scathing fashion in which Woodrow Wilson scourged the mighty from their seats and wrought his "restoration." But if fifty is just around the corner, then there still echoes in the recesses of memory the thump of the Big Stick, the tumult of Armageddon, as Theodore Roosevelt marshaled the masses and routed the foes forever.

Always these "restorations" are hot and lively. They are likely to come when a period of long business activity has climaxed in a panic. Most of the time the people of the United States don't want their government "restored"; they don't want to be bothered. Only about half of them are even interested enough to vote. What they want is to be let alone and given a chance to make money. With the slightest encouragement they plunge joyously into speculation. Industry booms; stock prices skyrocket; farmers multiply their debts.

Suddenly, the crash. Then arises a leader who buckles on his shining armor and cries: "You, my friends, have been betrayed. The rich and powerful have victimized you. The politicians have sold their souls to Wall Street. Put me in, and I will throw the rascals out."

The speech is always about the same; even the epithets have a family resemblance. Theodore Roosevelt had his "Malefactors of Great Wealth"; Woodrow Wilson his "little group of willful men"; and Franklin Roosevelt his "Economic Royalists." Always there are investigations, denunciations of the rich, new laws by the carload. How long has this been going on?

It went on in Greece and in Rome. The speeches of the political reformers of those days have the same technique and much of the same language as the speeches of today. Most specifically and interestingly it went on in France and England after the collapse of the Mississippi Company and the South Sea Bubble. Consult the record of those days and you have to rub your eyes to be sure you are not reading the saga of the New Era and the New Deal. Then, as in our own 1929, the financiers were the national heroes, the magicians who would make everyone rich. With the bust they became villains overnight, denounced, degraded, hounded out of the country. Noble utterances and fireside talks rang through the land; solemn inquisitions were conducted; all sorts of reform legislation were hurried onto the books.

These facts are set down in no spirit of cynicism. The writer is one who hails these periodic purges as wholesome and necessary. Each one removes some evils, enacts some reforms, erases some abuses. But why must there be so much heat and distortion? Why not more calmness, a longer look? In the United States we have the world's most expensive and inclusive educational system. Surely, the first fruits of real education ought to be a large and patient tolerance. The educated man should be differentiated from the uneducated by a certain poise and balance; he should read headlines in terms of history.

It is disturbing to find college men and women as rabidly partisan as the unschooled. Conversation at high-class dinner tables, in the past three years, has often been not a good testimonial to the steadying influence of higher education. Perhaps the college curriculum has become too diluted; perhaps the pouring in of so many new fancy courses has crowded history out. Certainly the conduct of many college folks gives little hint that past events have taught them how human nature acts.

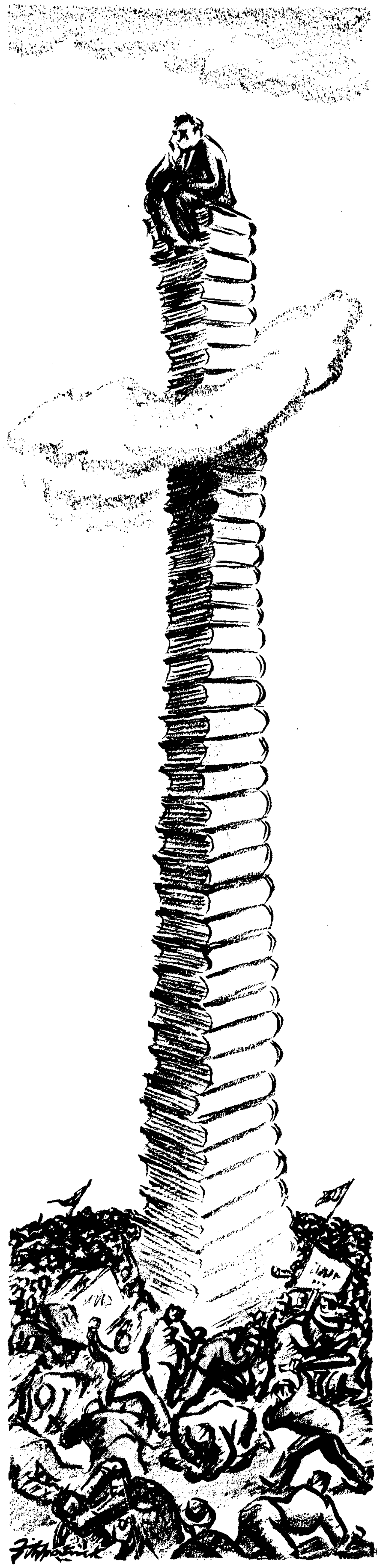
It would seem that a well-ordered social structure ought to include three fairly definite groups. There should be a strong, well-officered Left, made up of the young and the less privileged; a compact Right of those who, by temperament, circumstance or years, are more conservative; a Middle of the Road group which, recognizing the need and accepting the sincerity of each of the other two, constitutes a moderating influence between. This middle group should certainly include a majority of the more mature college-trained minds. These should attempt to discover and encourage the truth on both sides. They should not be easily inflamed or swept into panic. In them should be a serenity born of sound historical perspective. They should be like the ancient Egyptians of whom it was written, "Their strength is to sit still." Whenever the tides of controversy rise too high, they should steady themselves by rereading Emerson's essay on *Compensation.*

"Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature," he wrote, "in darkness and light, in heat and cold, in the ebb and flow of waters, in male and female, in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals, in the systole and diastole of the heart, in the undulations of fluids and of sound. . . .

"This Law writes the law of cities and nation. It will not be baulked of its end in the smallest iota. It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it. Things refuse to be mismanaged long. . . . Though no checks to a new evil appear, the checks exist, and will appear. If the government is cruel the governor's life is not safe. If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing. If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict. Nothing arbitrary, nothing artificial can endure. . . . Under all governments the influence of character remains the same. . . ."

He who knows this truth and acts upon it is not violent either in his thinking or his speech. He neither shouts condemnations of the political reformer nor kids himself that any political reform is going to usher in the millennium. His roots run deep into the past; he is not swayed by every gust. He may never be acclaimed a popular leader, but in his hands is power. The power to judge calmly and speak peaceably, the power to reconcile conflicting viewpoints, the healing power of tolerance.

BRUCE BARTON



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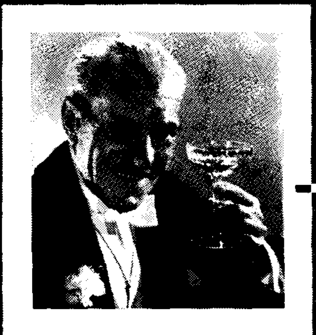

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